



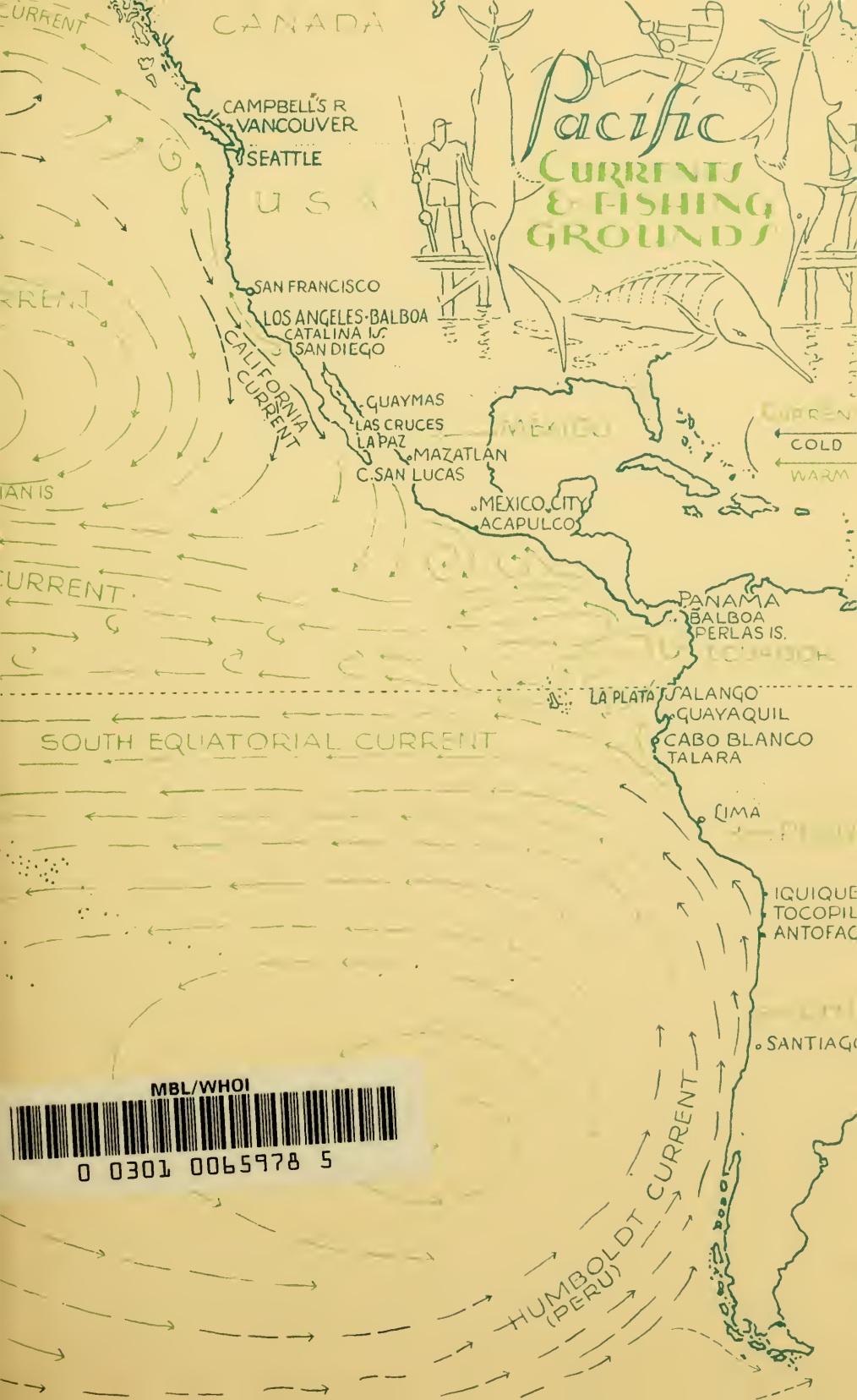
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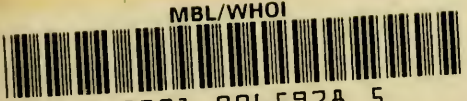


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FISHING THE PACIFIC
OFFSHORE AND ON

Books by S. Kip Farrington, Jr.

FISHING THE PACIFIC, OFFSHORE AND ON
FISHING THE ATLANTIC, OFFSHORE AND ON

PACIFIC GAME FISHING

SPORT FISHING BOATS

A BOOK OF FISHES

ATLANTIC GAME FISHING

THE DUCKS CAME BACK

SHIPS OF THE U. S. MERCHANT MARINE

INTERESTING BIRDS OF OUR COUNTRY

GIANTS OF THE RAILS

RAILROADING FROM THE HEAD END

RAILROADING FROM THE REAR END

RAILROADS AT WAR

RAILROADS OF TODAY

RAILROADING THE MODERN WAY

Juvenile

BILL, THE BROADBILL SWORDFISH



Alfred C. Glassell, Jr.'s 1025-pound black marlin jumping off Cabo Blanco, Peru,
the first thousand-pounder ever caught.

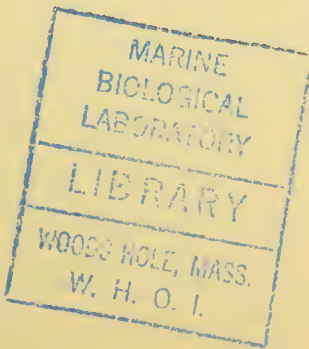
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FISHING THE PACIFIC

OFFSHORE AND ON

by S. Kip Farrington, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY
LYNN BOGUE HUNT



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This book is dedicated to

MICHAEL LERNER

a great citizen, sportsman and angler. His catches throughout the world, as well as his contribution to the International Game Fishing Association and the American Museum of Natural History Lerner Marine Laboratory, have meant much to the sport.

Foreword

It has been the author's good fortune to fish in the great majority of places where salt-water fish have been taken in the Pacific Ocean and it is for this reason this book has been written. This vast territory has not been touched since *Pacific Game Fishing* was written in 1942 and so it gives me great pleasure to tell all the people who were kind enough to write, that this book is now published and I hope it will meet with their approval and with the approval of sportsmen and fishermen the world over. I also hope that it will prove interesting to the many people who served in the armed forces in the Pacific in World War II and the Korean action.

With the introduction of new grounds off Cabo Blanco, Peru, salt-water fishing has received the biggest boom in history. It is the greatest thing that ever happened to any sport and the results for the future of Chile as well as Peru have only been scratched.

I would advise anyone who is interested in fishing for striped bass along the California coast to get a copy of Leon D. Adams' new book *Striped Bass Fishing in California and Oregon*, published by Pacific Books. It is an extraordinarily good job.

Due to the fact that Robert Turner, Alfred C. Glassell, Jr.'s

FOREWORD

photographer, was kind enough to supply me with so many action pictures—the finest I have ever seen—and that so many unbelievable catches were made, I've been lucky to be able to reproduce these extraordinary photographs so recently taken. My most sincere thanks are due to Turner as well as Tom Bates for his help in captioning the pictures, to Olive C. Flannery for her work on the manuscript, and to Edna Brooks of the Dictaphone Corporation who, as usual, helped me greatly on typing and whose Dictaphone Time Master I have used on my last seven books.

S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.

Finning Out

East Hampton, Long Island, New York

September 17, 1953

Contents

Foreword	vii
Introduction	xvii
1. Chile	3
2. Peru	56
3. Ecuador	108
4. Panama	116
5. Mexico	123
6. Catalina	132
7. California	138
8. Washington and British Columbia	153
9. Hawaiian Islands	158
10. New Zealand	164
11. Australia	172
12. Western Pacific	187
13. Yale University's Research on Game Fish	195
14. Fishing Tackle and Comments on the Sport	204
15. Signposts of the Ocean	267
16. Glossary of Fishing Terms	272
Index	285

Illustrations

Alfred C. Glassell, Jr., and the first 1000-pound black marlin to be caught off Peru.
Frontispiece

FOLLOWING PAGE 14

Mrs. Don Allison with her ladies' record swordfish.

Lou Marron with his 1182-pound world's record swordfish. Captain Eddie Wall is pictured also.

The fishing boat Albacora.

Jack Anderson with a swordfish caught off Iquique.

Fred Maly, Otto Kohler and Jack Coffey shown with a day's catch.

Bill Negley with a striped marlin he caught.

Mrs. Michael Lerner, the first of only two women to catch a broad-bill swordfish in both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

Horace Graham with a 458-pound swordfish caught off Chile.

Federico Weisner's 628-pound swordfish.

S. Kip Farrington, Jr., becomes the first man to catch a marlin and a swordfish in one day. W. E. S. Toker stands with him.

The late Bill Hatch and Michael Lerner.

Mrs. S. Kip Farrington, Jr., with the only two swordfish ever taken by a woman in one day.

The author with a 853-pound swordfish.

Pablo Bardin and his four days' catch.

Francesca LaMonte, world's leading lady fishing authority.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Alfred Glassell with an albacora caught on a Penn reel.
The author with his greatest catch—two swordfish taken in the same day.
Mr and Mrs. Don Allison return from fishing off Iquique.
Oceanic bonito rigged for swordfish in the Chilean style.
S. Kip Farrington, Jr., and two marlin, one a 9-thread striped marlin record.

FOLLOWING PAGE 78

Alfred Glassell and the first 1000-pound fish ever caught in the world.
Alfred Glassell's 1025-pounder leaping off Cabo Blanco.
Another picture of the record fish jumping.
The huge black marlin tail walking.
Another jump by this black marlin.
Enrique Pardo with the first black marlin taken after World War II.
Joe Gale becomes the third man to catch swordfish in both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.
Tony Hulman with his first Peruvian black marlin.
Striped marlin starting to race.
The same fish coming up and shaking his head.
Raymondo de Castro Maya and his first black marlin.
Alfred Glassell and the largest swordfish ever taken off Peru.
Jamie Llavallol and his 777-pound black marlin.
Peruvian broadbill swordfish finning out off Cabo Blanco.
A jumping bull dolphin.
Action pictures of striped marlin.
Alfred Glassell with the two swordfish he took in one day.
Tom Bates with the second 1000-pound fish ever caught on rod and reel.
Mrs. Wendell Anderson, Jr., with the ladies' world's record big-eye tuna.

ILLUSTRATIONS

- Alfred Glassell flips a dolphin into the cockpit.*
Inez Alvarez Calderon with a 202-pound striped marlin.
A view of the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club under construction.
A view of the beach from the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club.
Mrs. Jack Anderson and her 648-pound black marlin.
Raymondo de Castro Maya with his 721-pound black marlin on board the Petrel.
Alfred Glassell with a beautiful, big black marlin.
Manta ray surfacing.
Los Organos, a famous landmark north of Cabo Blanco.
Alfred Glassell fighting a small marlin.
An active black marlin.
A chiquita flies through the air.
A black marlin jumping.
Alfred Glassell with his world's record 1090-pound marlin.
Mackerel with two-hook rig for black marlin.
Mackerel rigged with a single hook for trolling.
S. Kip Farrington, Jr., with his 1100-pound world's record marlin.
Alfred Glassell with a large striped marlin.
Douglas Houston fighting a big broadbill.
Alfred Glassell stands with the two largest fish of any kind caught in one day.
H. L. Woodward shown with his world's record big-eye tuna.
The fireplace at the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club.
View from the terrace of the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club.
The author with a 865-pound black marlin.

FOLLOWING PAGE 126

- Tony Hulman with a fine catch.*
A remora riding on the belly of a striped marlin. Mrs. Wendell Anderson, Sr., is fighting the fish.

ILLUSTRATIONS

- One afternoon's catch off Cabo Blanco.*
The Cabo Blanco Fishing Club's new tackle room under construction.
A view from the bedrooms of the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club.
Inez Alvarez Calderon de Bates and her fine black marlin.
A striped marlin going under.
A striped marlin disappears under water.
Mrs. Alice Price with the largest fish ever caught by a woman.
An active black marlin.
A black marlin flying over the surface of the water.
A black marlin fighting Alfred Glassell.
The same fish goes under for the thirty-third time.
A commercial boat rigged for big game fishing.
Dick Norris weighing a black marlin.
A black marlin with no bill.
A striped marlin sees the bait.
He's really interested now.
The marlin fights Alfred Glassell.
He greyhounds.
On board the Miss Texas Alfred Glassell displays his catch for the day.
The manager's house at the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club.
The little clubhouse at the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club.
Wendell Anderson, Sr., with his crew and a black marlin he has just landed.
The youngest angler to catch a black marlin. Peter Carpenter, fifteen.
The Petrel with Captain Bert Tuma and Enrique Pardo on board.
Captain Stuart leads a marlin as it is being gaffed.
Captain Stuart holds up a rigged squid.
Humpback whales traveling south.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Joe Peeler, one of United States' leading anglers.

Alfred Glassell backing into the sea as he fights a marlin.

*Maurice Meyer, Jr., Dr. John Davis, Mrs. Farrington and the author
about to board a plane in Miami.*

*Showing what a 622-pound swordfish can do to a 39-thread double
line.*

Another view of the line.

Tom Bates and his world's record marlin.

The author and Roberto Moullett stand with a fine marlin.

The Pescador Dos, Petrel and Miss Texas.

*Alfred Glassell stands with the bills of the eight black marlins he
caught in eighteen days of fishing.*

Alfred Glassell with the largest fish ever taken on rod and reel.

Mrs. John Manning with a fine striped marlin.

Mrs. Don Allison with a sailfish she caught off Acapulco.

*Mrs. John Manning with the largest marlin ever caught by a woman
off Catalina.*

A typical live-bait boat used in fishing in California waters.

Alfred Glassell with a marlin that took two baits at the same time.

Frances Arlidge and the author boating a striped marlin.

The Bird Rock at Bay of Islands.

Otehei Bay Fishing Lodge at Bay of Islands, New Zealand.

The Rosemary stopping in Bay of Islands.

FOLLOWING PAGE 190

*The author with the striped marlin and mako he caught in one
morning's fishing.*

*Mrs. S. Kip Farrington, Jr., with the largest striped marlin caught
by a woman in 1949.*

Michael Lerner with the two marlins he took on a double strike.

Mrs. Farrington and Winnie Gordon.

ILLUSTRATIONS

A striped marlin hooked by Mrs. Farrington.

The Muttawolge seen off Sydney.

The bridle rig and the New Zealand rig.

A striped marlin tail walking.

Clive Firth, the late Bill Hatch and Michael Lerner.

The author talking at the Philippine Sea Frontier.

The author with Michael Lerner.

S. Kip Farrington, Jr., showing fishing tackle to naval personnel.

Mr. and Mrs. Farrington with the crew of the Navy Flying Boat assigned to them.

Jim Morrow measuring a black marlin.

Wendell Anderson, Sr., with a sailfish he caught.

Jim Morrow making notes.

Mrs. William Ford, II, with her record big-eye tuna.

Jim Morrow cutting off the gill-cover bone of a black marlin.

A group picture of the Yale University scientists who went on the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory Expedition.

The Marise belonging to the Yale Expedition.

Mrs. Wendell Anderson, Sr., fighting a striped marlin.

Undergraduate officers and faculty advisers of the Yale Fishing Club.

Tackle and equipment used by the author when he caught his record black marlin.

Some of Mr. and Mrs. Farrington's rods, reels and equipment.

Cross sections of Tycoon rods.

Bills of various Pacific fish.

Various sizes of the Ashaway linen line.

A frigate bird.

Pelicans off Cabo Blanco.

Introduction

by Edgar T. Rigg, *Publisher*, FIELD & STREAM

In this age of air travel the great fishing spots in the far reaches of the Pacific Ocean have been brought close to the United States, and an increasingly larger number of anglers are availing themselves of the chance to fish these prolific waters. Offshore fishing along the west coast of continental North America is also showing a tremendous increase in popularity. From Mexico to British Columbia thousands of salt-water anglers are fishing every day, and it is probably safe to say that there is more salt-water interest in California than in any other state in the country.

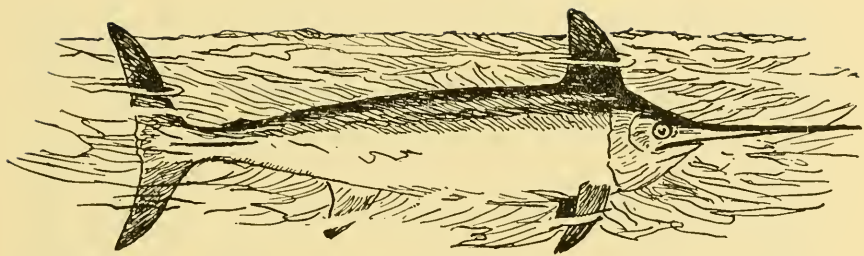
Kip Farrington probably has fished the far-off Pacific places—as well as the ones close to home—more than any other salt-water angler. He was primarily responsible for opening up the famous new broadbill and marlin grounds off Chile and Peru which had been closed down since before World War II. Whether the fish are large or small, and no matter what the method—surfcasting, bait casting, spinning, live-bait or bottom fishing—Kip is fishing the year 'round and loves it all.

Field & Stream magazine, of which Kip Farrington has been salt-water editor for seventeen years, has always been a

INTRODUCTION

leading exponent of salt-water fishing, both for small and big game fish. As have his many magazine columns, this new Kip Farrington book will, I am confident, bring enjoyment to all salt-water anglers, and prove helpful in telling them where to go and how to catch their favorite game fish.

FISHING THE PACIFIC
OFFSHORE AND ON



BROADBILL SWORDFISH (ALBACORA) FINNING OUT OFF IQUIQUE

1. Chile

CHILE is not only one of the most beautiful countries in the world but I consider it the greatest all-round sporting country that I have ever visited—and I am familiar with twenty-seven.

Chile not only boasts the world's finest trout fishing in the loveliest surroundings imaginable for both large rainbows and browns in the lake district south of Santiago, but it also affords the world's finest dove shooting as well as excellent *perdiz* shooting.

Skiing in Chile is the equal of that in any part of the globe, and there is the best fishing to be had anywhere for broadbill swordfish (albacora) and striped marlin in this wonderful country. The striped marlin are the biggest to be found anywhere, and it is not uncommon to catch them weighing over 400 pounds, and the largest striped marlin I know of, weighing 483 pounds, was taken there.

The broadbill swordfish average over 500 pounds and

FISHING THE PACIFIC

every one yet caught that weighed in excess of 601 pounds, with the exception of one in New Zealand waters and three off Peru, was taken off the north coast of Chile.

On top of that you have wonderful food and find unbounded hospitality everywhere. Chileans are a sporting race. The women are beautiful, the men gallant, the children appealing, as in other South American countries.

The commercial fishermen have been well trained as rod-and-reel guides and, like the Peruvians, are fearless when it comes to handling big fish and handling a boat as she should be handled.

Northern Chile is completely arid. It probably rains only two or three times a year there at most, and as this book deals primarily with salt-water fishing, I shall confine myself to this northerly region. The first port, southbound, is Arica, where there is a very good hotel, with swordfishing if there are boats available. A little over a hundred miles farther south lies Iquique—one of the most attractive cities I have ever visited, and the Gloucester or Louisburg of Chile. Here there is energetic commercial fishing for swordfish and there are several tuna canneries. The citizens are interesting and hospitable.

Iquique is the Palm Beach of Chile, boasting the best swimming beach I've ever bathed from in that country. It has a fine Union Club, a Spanish Club, an airport within the city limits. Most important attribute is its fine new Hotel Pratt, built a little over three years ago, only 100 meters from the dock, with forty single rooms and bath plus four suites. Here one gets excellent service and may feast on fine Chilean delicacies such as *congrío*, the Chilean lobster (American crayfish),

CHILE

drink the native wines which are excellent, and enjoy a good rest after a hard day's fishing.

It was due to the owners of this fine hotel—the Consorcio Hotelero de Chile—that salt-water fishing was restored to this region after the war and it was the management which, on my advice, again made boats available. The Grace Line fishing boats had been taken over by the government during the war as they had been in Peru, and it was necessary to get the entire apparatus of sport angling reorganized.

I was able to accomplish this on two visits made in 1949 and 1950 respectively. Nothing has ever pleased me more than to see the catches that were made as soon as facilities again were provided. The main reason for the switch to Iquique was, of course, the existence of excellent hotel accommodations, the good harbor and the flourishing commercial fishing. This lively city is a hundred miles north of Tocopilla and commercial fishermen from that port constantly harpoon fish off Iquique.

Tuker originally lived there before he moved to Tocopilla, and he caught many fish there, as did Mike Lerner when he was down in 1940. While there are big fish all along the coast, this is the best spot for them.

Tocopilla lies 125 miles from Antofagasta by automobile road and Iquique is reached by a 200-mile flight of a little over an hour in the DC-3 planes of the fine Chilean Air Line—called Linea Aéreo Nacional. It employs excellent pilots and other personnel and the planes are maintained at the peak of efficiency throughout the year. It is possible to leave Miami via Pan American Grace Airways at eight P.M. Wednesdays and Thursdays. After an excellent dinner and a

FISHING THE PACIFIC

good night's sleep in a berth you arrive at Antofagasta around noon the following day and board a plane for Iquique shortly afterward. This speedy travel brings the greatest swordfishing ground in the world very close to the United States. Direct connections can be made from California. One may leave Los Angeles at midnight, arriving at Tucuman Airport, Panama, around one the next day and depart thence at midnight via *El Inter-Americano*. There are also two flights northbound—on Wednesdays and Saturdays—the Saturday flight being on the *Fiesta Lounge*, as the Thursday night plane southward out of Miami is also called.

There is a fine new hotel being built in Antofagasta. Here the commercial fishing fleet has to go either south or north to the fishing grounds which are a long way off. Hence it is my opinion that no sport fishing will ever be done out of this port.

There are swordfish south of Antofagasta at Chañaral, but none has ever been brought in south of Caldera, some 300 miles below Antofagasta.

Of course there are plenty of small varieties in this vicinity, such as big-eye tuna and several varieties of bonitos. There are more mako sharks than there are off Peru and I've even seen a thresher shark hit a bait in those waters. I know that black marlin have been struck off Iquique. None, however, have been taken on rod and reel. I saw the largest broadbill swordfish I've ever seen brought in to Tocopilla. This fish weighed 1565 pounds and was in fact the biggest fish of any kind I've ever seen anywhere—and I've seen quite a number that went over 1000 (that is, not dressed for market).

Commercial fishing is usually done from small open boats,

CHILE

often under sail since their motors are unreliable. Commercial craft rarely have pulpits and kegs are not in use. Sometimes the fishermen will live out with their fish for days at a time or go back and forth up and down the coast before putting in to sell them. They are generally fine fellows who will always give the rod and reel man a chance and he in turn can repay them by calling them in to harpoon fish that fail to strike.

As in Peru, sporting harpooners have never been seen here and would not be tolerated. Another advantage for the visiting angler in Chile is the extremely favorable rate of exchange. The charge for a boat and crew at Tocopilla is sixty dollars a day U. S. currency and you pay your bill at the hotel in Chilean money. As in Peru, extravagant tipping is frowned upon. I usually give ten Chilean pesos for every fish spotted, twenty for every strike, thirty if the fish is caught. In Peru I tip at the same rate in soles.

Chile is the longest and narrowest country in the world. With a coastline of approximately 3000 miles, in only a few places is it more than 100 miles wide. The Peru current, erroneously called the Humboldt, flows up from the Antarctic close by its shores and off the north coast averages about 15 miles in width. The water here is unusually deep, 2000 fathoms or more in some places. The mean temperature of the Humboldt Current is about 62° Fahrenheit and the color of the water is a dirty dark brown. Beyond the main current the temperature rises and the water appears white—and two or three miles farther out it becomes a beautiful azure blue and has a temperature of about 66°. This fine clear water is not found in the vicinity of the Hum-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

boldt. It can usually be located—in fact it *must* be—for by all odds it's the fishiest water that you will find off Chile. At Iquique I should say it would be found, other things being equal, from fifteen to eighteen miles off shore. Sometimes you might have to go twenty or twenty-five, other times possibly only twelve or fourteen if the Humboldt was running close inshore and there was a variation in its edge. It is very difficult to bait fish and get strikes in the dirty water and so it is highly important that you find the clear water, just as it is in many other fishing areas. I believe the swordfish and striped marlin running here come in from offshore in the equatorial currents, possibly turning and going out again. They work up the coast into Peruvian waters but not too far—and while of course I can't be sure, my guess is that there is no connection between the Chilean fish and those found off northern Peru. The reason you don't find the black marlin off Chile is that the water is probably too cold there for this species most of the time.

When fishing out of Iquique you always have the mountains back of the port in view, and it is a simple matter to find the way to and from the harbor. There is also a great deal of shipping coming and going and the commercial fleets are constantly in evidence.

The charter boats are equipped with radiotelephone, powered with Chrysler marine motors, are 40 feet in length with a 12-foot beam, and very seaworthy.

In *Pacific Game Fishing*, published in 1942, I included a paragraph that said that my own feeling was that I would rather catch one broadbill swordfish than five black marlin, ten blue or silver marlin, twenty giant bluefin tuna, twenty-

CHILE

five striped marlin or fifty white marlin. I would not change this opinion even after having caught an 1135-pound black marlin and had plenty of experience with the species. And I would only qualify the statement by saying that I would now want the swordfish to be over 500 pounds to be worth the five black marlin—and I would up the twenty giant blue-fin tuna to forty, the twenty-five striped marlin to a hundred, and the fifty white marlin to two hundred.

The more you see of these fish the greater the fascination they hold for you, as is the case with black marlin off Peru and New Zealand. I don't feel that anyone ever really knows swordfish—of course he never will know them completely—until he has gone after them in Chilean waters.

No words of mine could ever do justice to the broadbill swordfish as the greatest sporting game fish of them all. He certainly has more idiosyncrasies and greater guile than any other fish I have ever encountered and is by all odds the most difficult to hook and, next to the black marlin, the most difficult to find.

Mike Lerner has taken twenty-three of these fish and he says if he ever comes out of retirement and fishes again there's but one thing he'll go after—the swordfish off Chile and Peru. Tucker, who still lives in Tocopilla as well as Viña del Mar, the great watering place of Chile near Valparaiso, has taken nineteen, and the author is next with a dozen.

Other big swordfish catches were made by the famed George Garey, who had eleven—three of them over 800 pounds—when he retired and left Chile; George Pillsbury of Catalina, who had ten in the old days; George Thomas

FISHING THE PACIFIC

who has taken half a dozen, and Mrs. Farrington with seven. No other woman has caught more than two. Lerner, Joe Gale and I are the only men who have caught swordfish in both oceans and each of us has caught them at three different places. Lerner, in fact, has taken them in more than three—having been successful in several spots off Nova Scotia, as well as at Iquique and Tocopilla. Taking all my fishing into consideration I still regard the two swordfish I took in one day my biggest achievement.

The latest man to pull this trick was Alfred Glassell in Peru and, incidentally, he has taken ten broadbill swordfish and it won't be long before he exceeds that number because he visits Chile every year. Texas had a great year in 1953 with two of her sons—Glassell and Hogan—confounding the fishing and golfing worlds respectively. Houston and Dallas certainly rival one another more than ever with one boasting Hogan and the other Glassell as residents.

Chile has a ten-month season for striped marlin and an eight- to ten-month one for swordfish—but remember—off Peru, Chile and Ecuador you cannot always take fish at the exact times they were caught the preceding year. The trouble is that you may not always find them. That is the risk you have to run even at these fantastically wonderful places.

Striped marlin are picked up in January and February and begin to come in pretty strong off Iquique in March. Swordfish have been taken in February and are usually caught in March and April—the latter an excellent month. May, June, July, August, September and October are very good. November and December are the only two months that salt-water

CHILE

fishing is disappointing in these waters and I would never recommend that anyone go to Chile to fish at that time.

When Ruben Garcia, general manager of the Chilean Hotel Company, finally had boats available at Iquique, fishing began three days later and they were in constant demand thereafter. Following is the score card of the charter parties for the first season. It makes exciting reading and shows what Iquique and Chile have to offer.

<i>Date</i>	<i>Angler</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>Swordfish</i>	<i>Striped Marlin</i>
April 3, 1952	George Holstein	Los Angeles	452 lbs.	
April 22	Jack Anderson	Detroit	732	340
April 25	Graham Reeves	Summit, N.J.		258
May 4	William Negley	San Antonio		416
May 7	Otto Koehler	San Antonio	546	258
				174
May 7	Jack Coffey	San Antonio		268
May 8	Fred Maly	San Antonio		244
May 9	William Negley	San Antonio		273
				253
May 9	Jack Coffey	San Antonio	442	
June 4	F. C. Wood	New York		305
June 5	Helen Wood	New York		288
June 5	Cecil Wallace	South Bend, Ind.		310
June 7	Cecil Wallace	South Bend		296
June 7	Federico Weisner	Santiago	200	
June 9	Stuart Pritchard	South Bend		252
June 11	Helen Wood	New York	441	
June 12	C. Wallace	South Bend	443	
June 12	S. Pritchard	South Bend		264
June 19	Don Allison	Los Angeles	626	
June 21	Don Allison	Los Angeles	285	
June 23	Don Allison	Los Angeles	780	
June 24	Mrs. Don Allison	Los Angeles		255
June 25	Don Allison	Los Angeles		319
June 27	Robert Brane	Santiago, Calif.	772	
June 28	Mrs. Don Allison	Los Angeles	529	

FISHING THE PACIFIC

<i>Date</i>	<i>Angler</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>Swordfish</i>	<i>Striped Marlin</i>
June 30	Mrs. Don Allison	Los Angeles	759	
July 21	Federico Weisner	Santiago, Chile	291	
July 24	Federico Weisner	Santiago, Chile	259	
Aug. 5	R. Grassidy	Santiago, Chile	542	
Aug. 20	W. S. Montgomery	Spartanburg, S.C.		297
Aug. 22	W. S. Montgomery	Spartanburg, S.C.	249	
Aug. 22	F. Coulson	Spartanburg, S.C.		265
Aug. 27	Holt Jewell	Midland, Tex.	748	
Aug. 28	Holt Jewell	Midland, Tex.		309
Aug. 31	Ralph E. Cowden	Midland, Tex.		280
Sept. 1	Ralph E. Cowden	Midland, Tex.	574	
Sept. 1	Holt Jewell	Midland, Tex.	508	
Sept. 2	Ralph E. Cowden	Midland, Tex.	387	

Where there are spaces in between these catches it's because the boats were not chartered, which was the case in October and November. If you add up the weights of these swordfish and striped marlin you will be astonished at how high the average runs.

Turning to March, 1953, up to the time I wrote the Chilean chapter, the following fish had been caught in that year:

<i>Date</i>	<i>Angler</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>Swordfish</i>	<i>Striped Marlin</i>
March 31, 1953	Chauncey Hatch	U.S.		335
April 17	Arthur Hall	U.S.	937	
April 18	D. Grant	U.S.		362
April 19	Mrs. Marilyn Grant		781	
	(This fish does not count, as Mrs. Grant had help from Mr. Grant.)			
April 21	Sr. Grazziani	Argentina		284
April 23	Sr. Grazziani	Argentina	683	291
May 6	Mrs. Thelma Krieger	U.S.		277
May 7	Lou Marron	U.S.	1182	
May 8	Walter Pam	U.S.	511	

CHILE

<i>Date</i>	<i>Angler</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>Swordfish</i>	<i>Striped Marlin</i>
May 9	Lou Marron	U.S.		260
May 9	Louis Verdugo	Chile	617	
May 9	Lou Marron	U.S.		248
May 11	Lou Marron	U.S.	665	
May 12	Genie Marron	U.S.		302
May 12	Federico Weisner	Chile		330
May 12	Federico Weisner	Chile		440
May 12	Mrs. Thelma	U.S.		420
	Krieger			
May 13	Federico Weisner	Chile	628	
May 15	Genie Marron	U.S.	530	
May 16	Lou Marron	U.S.		285
May 17	Thelma Krieger	U.S.	625	
May 17	Genie Marron	U.S.		265
May 17	W. Krieger	U.S.		380
May 17	Lou Marron	U.S.		365
May 18	Thelma Krieger	U.S.		320
May 18	Lou Marron	U.S.		360
May 18	W. Krieger	U.S.		277
May 18	Lou Marron	U.S.		270
May 18	Genie Marron	U.S.		220
May 19	Lou Marron	U.S.		280
May 25	William Hardy	U.S.		293
May 28	William Hardy	U.S.	511	
June 5	Eugenio Cavaglia	Argentina		293
June 6	Ezequias Allende	Chile		295
June 6	Julio Bustamante	Chile		291
June 6	Ezequias Allende	Chile		198
June 18	Mrs. Clarisse	Argentina		242
	Accardo			
June 19	Mrs. Clarisse	Argentina	330	
	Accardo			
June 21	Mrs. Clarisse	Argentina	567	
	Accardo			
July 7	Alfred Glassell	U.S.		264
July 7	Douglas Gorman	U.S.		260

FISHING THE PACIFIC

It might also interest the reader to average up the size of the swordfish taken here.

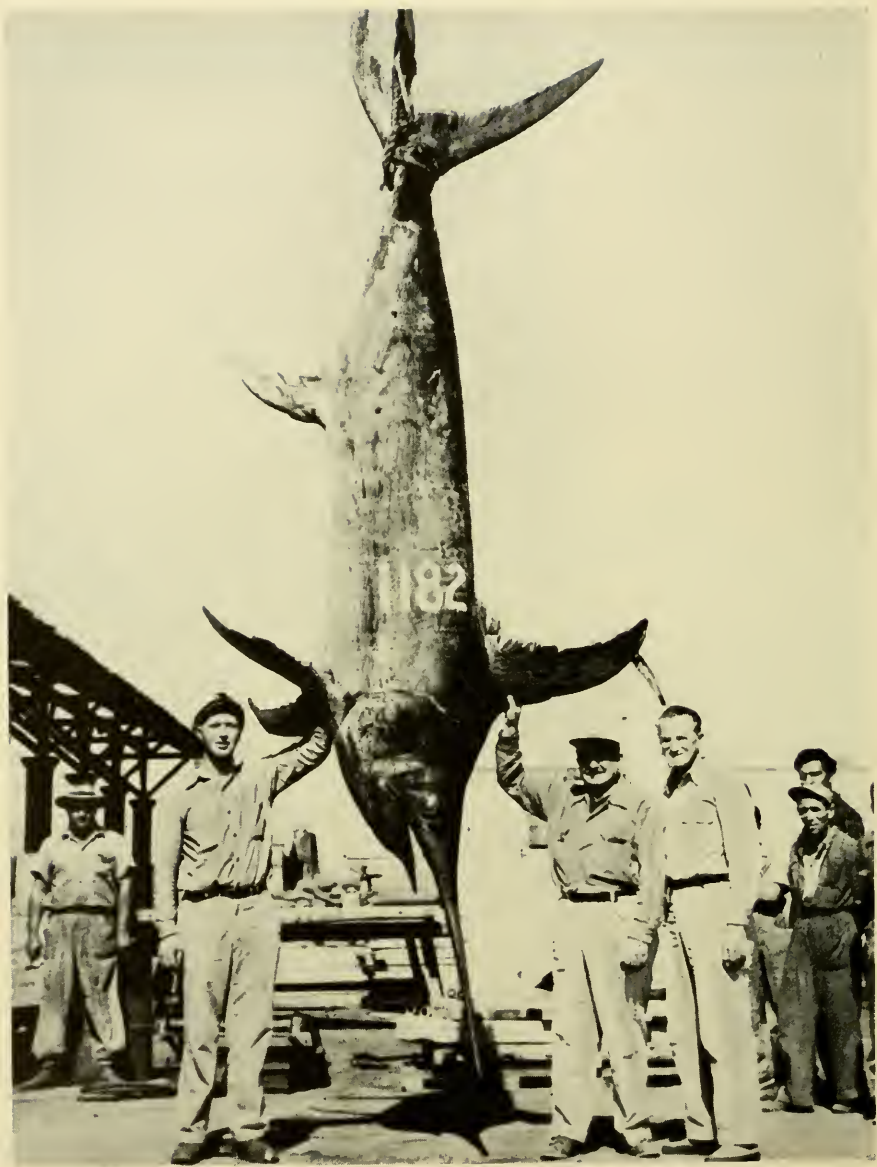
It took me six years to catch my first swordfish in the Atlantic—and the twenty-ninth fish I baited I caught. Yet, in seventeen days' fishing off Chile on my first trip I caught three and was told I had bad luck. You will never know much about swordfish unless you try them off Chile. Even then you won't know half there is to know although you may return again and again. I shall attempt to set down here the knowledge of baiting, hooking and catching them that I have acquired in the many years I've put in at the game.

It is generally agreed that swordfish usually feed beneath the sea's surface—much of the time very close to the bottom. Their swords would not be so chipped, scratched and battered simply as a result of fighting. I am confident these injuries are suffered when they slash them against rocks or other submarine obstructions while feeding.

In all my experience I can remember only four occasions on which I have seen swordfish feeding on the surface, as marlin do, and I've never seen them feeding thus off Chile. In these waters 90 per cent of the contents of the stomach proves to be squid and while it is true that squid come to the surface at night in South American waters, I do not believe the swordfish feed only in the dark. Off the New England coast a great many squid are also found in them together with butterfish and whiting, and the last two varieties are never known to come to the surface—except for the butterfish which may do so in very rare instances. Another factor that leads me to believe that low feeding is typical is that so many swordfish are taken at various points in the Mediter-



Mrs. DON ALLISON, OF CALIFORNIA, WITH HER LADIES' RECORD SWORDFISH
CAUGHT OFF IQUIQUE, 758 POUNDS.



LOU MARRON WITH 1182-POUND WORLD'S RECORD SWORDFISH CAUGHT OFF IQUIQUE, MAY 7, 1953. CAPTAIN EDDIE WALL (NO HAT), POPULAR UNITED STATES FISH GUIDE, STANDS WITH HIM. ALSO 39-THREAD RECORD.



THE *Albacora*, A NEW FISHING BOAT OWNED BY THE HOTEL PRATT. NOTE THE PORT'S FINE HARBOR.



JACK ANDERSON, OF MICHIGAN, ONE OF THIS COUNTRY'S FINEST YOUNG ANGLERS, WITH A 732-POUND SWORDFISH TAKEN DURING A THREE DAYS' STAY AT IQUIQUE.



FRED Maly, one of UNITED STATES' finest rod and gun editors, stands between OTTO KOHLER and JACK COFFEY with the day's catch off IQUIQUE. (PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY PANAGRA)



BILL NEGLEY, a leading UNITED STATES angler from TEXAS, with a FINE STRIPED MARLIN caught off IQUIQUE. (PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY PANAGRA)



MRS. MICHAEL LERNER BECOMES THE FIRST OF ONLY TWO WOMEN TO CATCH A BROADBILL SWORDFISH IN BOTH THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS. A 570-POUNDER.



HORACE GRAHAM, GREAT U. S. SPORTSMAN WHO HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR CHILE AND ITS FISHING, WITH ONE OF THE SWORDFISH HE CAUGHT THERE, 458 POUNDS.



FEDERICO WEISNER, CHILE'S LEADING SALT-WATER FISHERMAN AND CAPTAIN OF HER WINNING SHARP CUP TEAM, COMING INTO IQUIQUE WITH A 628-POUND SWORDFISH TAKEN ON A 39-THREAD ASHAWAY LINE, TYCOON HICKORY ROD, 14/0 PENN REEL.



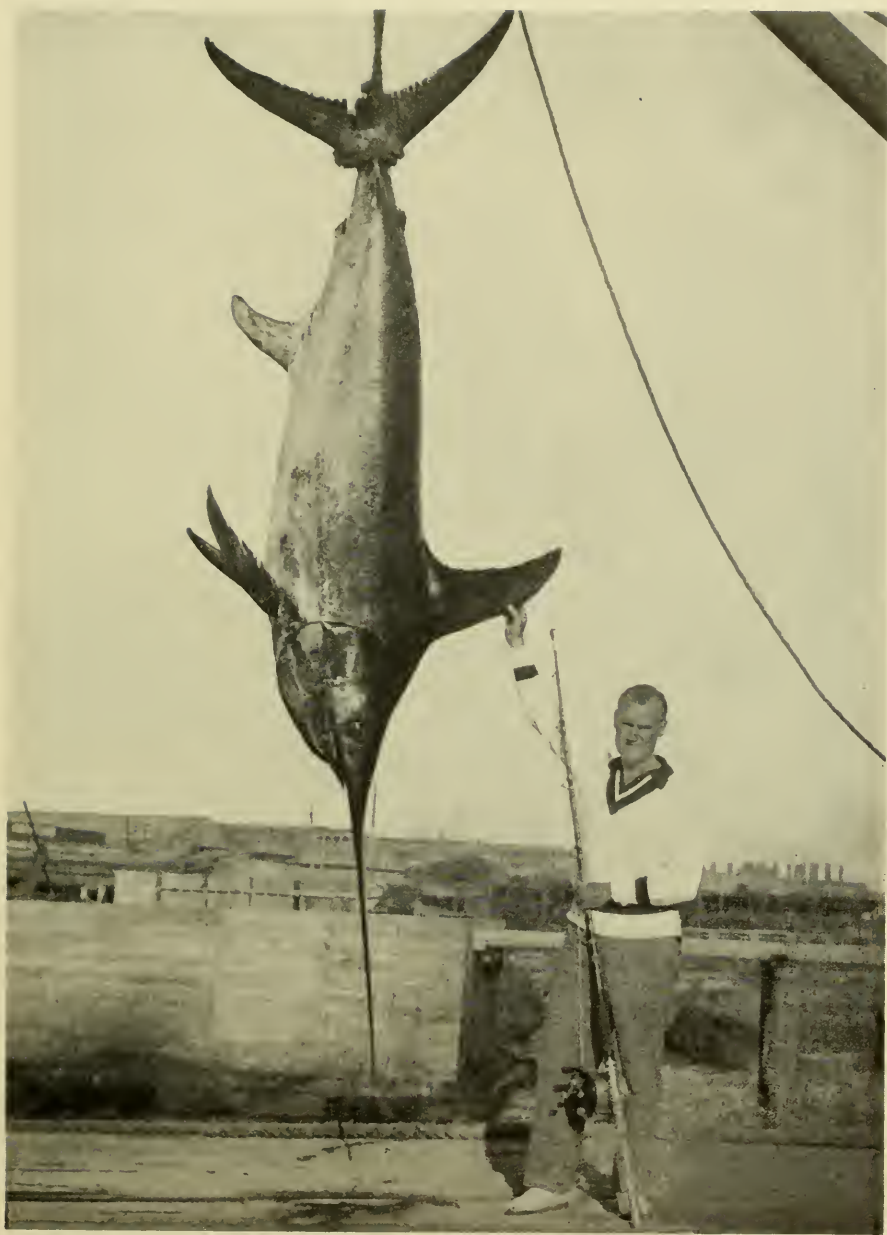
W. E. S. TUKER, WITH A FINE SWORDFISH OF HIS OWN, STANDS WITH THE AUTHOR WHO HAS JUST CAUGHT THE FIRST MARLIN AND SWORDFISH TO BE TAKEN IN ONE DAY.



THE LATE BILL HATCH STANDS WITH MICHAEL LERNER AND THE PAIR OF SWORDFISH HE TOOK IN ONE DAY OFF CHILE.



MRS. S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR., WITH THE ONLY TWO SWORDFISH EVER TAKEN BY A WOMAN IN ONE DAY, 659 AND 396 POUNDS, CHILE. SWORDFISH ON LEFT IS LADIES' 24-THREAD RECORD.



THE AUTHOR WITH A 853-POUND CHILEAN SWORDFISH, 7 POUNDS UNDER TUKER'S WORLD'S RECORD FISH—A RECORD THAT STOOD FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.



PABLO BARDIN, CAPTAIN OF THE ARGENTINIA SHARP CUP TEAM AND I. G. F. A. REPRESENTATIVE THERE, STANDS WITH THREE STRIPED MARLIN AND A SWORD-FISH TAKEN IN FOUR DAYS' FISHING OFF IQUIQUE.



FRANCESCA LA MONTE, WORLD'S LEADING LADY FISHING AUTHORITY, WEIGHS THE OVARIES OF A SWORDFISH CAUGHT OFF IQUIQUE.



ALFRED GLASSELL, OF TEXAS, COMING IN WITH A NICE ALBACORA, CAUGHT ON A PENN REEL AT TOCOPILLA.



THE AUTHOR'S GREATEST DAY—TWO SWORDFISH, WEIGHING 617 POUNDS EACH. ONE WAS TAKEN IN FORTY MINUTES AND THE OTHER IN SIX HOURS AND ELEVEN MINUTES. BOTH OFF CHILE.



RESTING UP FROM HIS DUTIES AS PRESIDENT OF THE CATALINA TUNA CLUB, DON ALLISON STANDS WITH HIS WIFE AND HIS YOUNG ANGLERS OF THE FUTURE. THEY WERE FISHING OFF IQUIQUE.



OCEANIC BONITO (*cachorreta*) RIGGED FOR SWORDFISH IN THE CHILEAN STYLE.



THE AUTHOR STANDS WITH 9-THREAD STRIPED MARLIN RECORD, TAKEN ON 6-OUNCE ROD TIP, OFF CHILE, MAY 8, 1941. THE OTHER MARLIN, 323 POUNDS, WAS TAKEN THE SAME MORNING WITH THE SAME TACKLE.

CHILE

ranean, the Straits of Gibraltar, Japan and Cuba by commercial fishermen on hand lines usually lowered to depths of many fathoms.

The reason more rod-and-reel anglers haven't fished deep with their rigs is, first, it is a dull way to fish; second, it is not too much fun rolling around in a seaway aboard a drifting boat; third, the sharks, dogfish and—off Chile and Peru—the squid are very likely to take all your bait and hook themselves to such an extent as to become a first-class nuisance. Then of course this method of angling cannot be practiced at all when there is a very rough sea or unusually strong current.

Some people have asked me why, if the swordfish is a bottom feeder, he will hit the bait you offer him on the surface. The logical answer to this question, it seems to me, is that when he isn't hungry the bait either annoys him or simply arouses his curiosity—or perhaps a fat fish enticingly displayed can always tempt him, just as a plate of ice cream or other delicacy may tempt a human being between meals. Then again a swordfish does not hit the bait exactly on the surface. When correctly presented to him, the bait should be at least two feet below. Furthermore, I believe the broadbill's temptation is greatly increased if you can give him as bait a fish he does not usually feed on.

Another observation—he will rarely hit the bait unless you offer it within twenty feet of him or less and, finally, regardless of theory, 98 per cent of the strikes he makes are from beneath the surface.

In Peru there are many small swordfish and, at times, when we put the bait to these 250-pounders, they just shear off

FISHING THE PACIFIC

as if thoroughly frightened—but if we keep on putting it to them they finally get curious and start to follow it like a marlin does. There is more of this sort of pursuit of the bait by little fish off Peru than I've ever seen elsewhere. They start snatching at it and grabbing for it. It is not the regulation strike that one gets from the big swordfish in Chile. They are most difficult to hook, these little fellows off Cabo Blanco.

The fact that swordfish will rarely hit a skipping bait being trolled was forcibly brought home to me when trying to catch them off outriggers. When the outrigger first became popular I, along with a lot of others, was of the opinion that it would revolutionize swordfishing—that you would be able to get many more strikes with this device which has raised so many marlin and sailfish in other places. I soon found out, however, that I was wrong. True, I did catch my first one on an outrigger but I have since decided it was by a stroke of sheer good luck. Many times since I have tried without success to make a fish strike by putting the bait in the outrigger after he had refused to strike it in the water—and this, to my mind, is the only excuse an angler has for trying to bait swordfish from an outrigger. There is no need for the contraption in Chile since the great majority of striped marlin are also seen on the surface tailing. If you keep trolling baits in Chile you'll have so many marlin after them on most days that you won't have a chance to look for swordfish.

It may happen, as it has with me, that putting the bait on the outrigger will make the swordfish swish his tail and suddenly start for it. In that event I pull the line out of the outrigger, thus allowing the bait to drop below the surface, and then attempt to hook him in the orthodox way. And

CHILE

this I have succeeded in doing. I have attempted to bait many broadbill from outriggers only to have them strike immediately after I have pulled it down.

I've baited a lot of swordfish no less than ten times and as many as sixteen times without causing them to strike before going down. The sum of my experience is that if the fish hasn't struck by the fourth time the bait is put across him you may as well give up—the exception being when you're off Peru or Chile. A crack swordfish guide, whether Chilean or Peruvian or from the United States (the natives usually are best), can tell almost instantly after he has baited a fish twice whether or not it is going to strike.

It is only human nature to keep on trying and even off Chile where the albacora, as the swordfish are called, are most numerous, you hate to abandon one to look for a substitute. Other means failing, I have even thrown the bait at them in a last desperate effort. Although this may result in putting the fish down for good, there have been times when I've had them come right up again. I know of two fish that have been hooked and caught by this final, desperate stragem. If ever you are goaded into trying it, back the boat right up, make sure the leader is clear and toss the bait straight at him.

I don't like to see a fish that is wild. I mean by that a fish that is swimming fast and going irresponsibly from one direction to another. A fish that is moving in either large or small circles is also an exceedingly tough customer. Every time the boatman gets the bait in proper position the fish sees to it that he just misses it and continues to circle.

The only way to deal with a fish acting like this is to run

FISHING THE PACIFIC

him down and try to drive him out of the circle. Even if he goes down I believe you have just as much chance of getting a strike as if he'd stayed on the surface. I saw Hugo Rutherford succeed with this maneuver on the fish that Mrs. Farrington caught with him off Montauk in 1940, and that was as bad an actor as I have ever seen baited. I've never witnessed a better job than that which Rutherford performed on that lovely Saturday afternoon, the 6th of July, 1940, some fifteen miles off Montauk.

The perfect swordfish to bait and the one that permits the angler to make the most of his opportunities is the fish that keeps swimming steadily and slowly on the same course. The fish that is acting this way allows the boat much more freedom in getting the bait to him. They are rarely afraid of the boat—in fact they appear to fear nothing save the mako shark and perhaps not even that predator which, I believe, is their only marine enemy.

When the bait is being presented the boat should be run as slowly as possible, barely making steerageway. Most important, the speed of the motor should never be changed, for the sound in the water bothers the fish more than anything else. Of course, all of this routine cannot always be observed. When the fish strikes, the clutch must be disengaged so that the boat will be barely moving before she loses way altogether. The boat should remain stationary until the angler tells the boatman that he's going to strike—and to gun the motor. Conversation should be carried on in undertones and nobody should speak except the guide, the mate and the angler.

As in all kinds of fishing, whether for large or small fish,

CHILE

with light or heavy tackle, one of the most important factors in broadbill swordfishing is perfect teamwork between the fisherman and the guide. You should be completely organized and ready before you raise or sight the fish.

At least three completely rigged baits should be ready to hand in the bait box, with the leaders led into the cockpit and one of them snapped to the line on your rod and reel. There should be a minimum of three of your first choice of bait. If you have other varieties on board, have them rigged and ready also because it is sometimes possible to obtain a strike by giving the fish a new kind of bait after he has refused some other type three or four times. The rod and reel you are going to use should be ready and in the chair, and your harness and gloves laid out. Women anglers should wear their harnesses at all times. Mrs. Farrington does, and slips a sweater on over it. She finds it most convenient to wear outer garments that don't have to be put on and pulled over the head.

When everything else is in order, hop into the chair and test the drag. The mate is responsible for getting the bait out of the bait box and overboard. The man on top will tell you when you're about the correct distance away from the bait. You will of course have talked everything over with your boat crew beforehand, seen that everyone has certain things to do and that he does them. This applies even though the crew speaks only Spanish and you don't. If you're a novice, get the captain of the boat to do the organizing. That is what you are paying him for—and be sure to listen to him and follow his instructions exactly.

Before we get into the method of baiting and hooking swordfish, take a tip from me and don't get excited about

FISHING THE PACIFIC

breaching fish. If a fish starts to breach near the boat he is usually a wild one. In water temperatures of 60° or less swordfish will breach a great deal in attempting to rid himself of sucker fish or other parasites. In water temperatures below that they carry very few parasites and seldom if ever breach.

In Nova Scotia waters, for instance, a breaching fish is an oddity and the only time one is ever seen is during September when the migration is about to start and the fish are leaving the ground. The commercials up there will tell you that when the fish are seen acting in this way they will not be in the neighborhood the next day.

On only two occasions have I had a strike from a breaching fish, though I have often had them jump five or six times all around the boat as if trying to get a good look at her. Some of the fish I've baited have breached within thirty feet of the boat, as if they'd come up to thumb their noses at me. One of the toughest jobs I know is to bait fish sighted under water that have not been finning. They very seldom strike.

As soon as the boat has left the dock—or at least as soon as the bait has been caught or purchased from a commercial fisherman—the tackle should be prepared and the baits rigged. To my mind there are only two ways of rigging a swordfish bait. If a whole fish is being used there are two systems, either of which may be followed in fitting this bait to the hook. One is the Lerner system, the other the Tucker system, or South American way. If these gentlemen have a whole fish into which they can get two hooks from 11/0 to 14/0, they will use it whole. The only time they don't employ twin hooks is when the bait is the tiny squid such as we have off

CHILE

Long Island and the New England coast. Swordfishing is the only type of fishing outside of big Peruvian black marlin for which we find the double rig suitable—the principal reason being the large bait required—at least a 4- or 5-pound fish—since we're fishing for giant fish with huge mouths. It is also better to use two hooks when attempting to catch these fish because they can knock the bait off one hook much more readily than off two. Besides, there is always the outside chance that either of the two hooks may lodge in a solid spot, whereas a single hook is less likely to do so. Furthermore, even if one hook pulls out, which can easily happen since the swordfish has the softest mouth of any fish, the other may catch—and, lastly, there is always the possibility that both hooks may take hold. Both Tucker and Lerner always offset their hooks just a trifle—and this is most important. Both prefer the 14/0's and their first choice is the Mustad, second the Sobey, and they prefer not to use any other kind although Tucker has caught a good many fish on Hardy hooks.

To use the Lerner system, take the entire insides and backbone out of the fish and sew the two hooks completely inside, facing the head, with points buried in the belly. As a variation Lerner sometimes leaves the points outside, still facing the head and protruding across the belly. In this system the bait is exceedingly supple and Lerner takes great pains to have it swim well and look lifelike in the water.

In the Tucker system the fish is split along the belly and the insides taken out, but the backbone is left intact. None of the meat is removed as in the Lerner process, although Tucker himself now favors removing some of it. George

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Garey and I are inclined to prefer his original method. If two 14/0 hooks or two of any kind are used, they are put in facing the tail and the bait sewn up. The leader comes out at the tail and is tied to it, then brought up over the fish's back, where it is tied to the line which has sewn up the bait's mouth. Rigged thus, the fish swims head first when thrown over and a broadbill almost always hits a bait at the head. This cuts the line between the bait's mouth and the leader and allows it to reverse itself. Then when the broadbill picks up the bait he takes it head first and is not so much bothered by the leader as the head is further removed from it. This system works exceedingly well anywhere—particularly in Peru.

Lerner also ties the fish's mouth to the leader so that when the bait goes over it is towed headfirst, remaining in that position after the fish has struck. After the bait is in the water enough line to keep it just below the surface is reeled off—usually about 250 feet. Then Lerner takes the line in his hand, rips off from 100 to 150 feet of slack. He usually stands in the stern of the boat or goes up on top where he can watch the fish, sometimes having the satisfaction of seeing him strike under water. When the fish strikes he simply lets go the line, gets into the chair, adjusts his harness and is ready to strike the instant the line becomes taut—or if he wants to give more line he can do so by free-spooling the reel, but he almost always strikes as soon as the slack comes up taut. The motor is then gunned, Lerner strikes as many times as he can—and he can hit them harder than any man I ever saw.

After he has made sure the fish is hooked he turns the boat, recovers his line and from that minute until the battle is over

stays as close as possible to the fish and never gives him an easy second.

The chief purpose of having a slack line in the water is to eliminate the danger of any backlashes or runovers. Slack also eliminates any vibration which may go down the line from the reel and be felt by the fish. It also compensates for any forward progress of the boat.

The Toker method is the one I favor. After the bait is put out from 200 to 250 feet astern, far enough to make absolutely sure it is submerged, the reel is left on free spool attached to the harness and the angler in the chair. As in the Lerner system, the striking drag of the reel has been set beforehand if using a Penn or Zwarg. Then I hold the line in my left hand about two feet away from the reel and below the first guide. With my right hand I keep a very slight pressure on the spool to eliminate a backlash on the initial strike if possible. I always keep the click on the reel (one of the advantages of using a Zwarg or a Penn), to give it that tiny bit of drag when free-spooling, with the hope that this will also help to prevent any backlash or runover. When the strike comes it may be a wallop so hard that before you can release the line from your left hand it will be pulled right down on top of the reel, or it may be a tap so gentle you may think it is just a wave. It may be a rip-roaring strike—the most savage thing you ever felt. It may jar you. You will get them in all kinds of ways but the chances are that the average strike will be a pretty heavy clout—at least one from a big fish. Be careful when in rough water that you don't drop back to a wave as practically all of us have done and don't let the bait surface. If it starts to ride there, release more line im-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

mediately. Tucker claims, and rightly so, that a swordfish will almost never strike a bait on the surface. On the rare occasion when he does, the slash will usually be hard enough to strip the two hooks out of the bait no matter how well you've tied them in.

It is a grave mistake to reel in a bait for even 10 feet though you may think by so doing you can get in front of the fish if he's going across the wake between the bait and the boat. I do not believe that crossing a wake puts a finning fish down, although a good swordfish guide endeavors to prevent it if possible just as he tries to keep the sun at his back. The fish may strike thirty seconds after he's gone down or, as I have found, he may take as long as twelve or fifteen minutes. Of course if the guide tells you to reel in, do so because he has a better view, if the boat has uptop controls, than you can possibly have sitting in the chair.

When the strike comes and the line starts running out, the boat, as I have already said, should be stopped. Then when everything is working smoothly, or perhaps I should say if the fish is doing what you wish him to, the line will go out very, very slowly for about 100 feet. Tucker says that this first run is only the preliminary hit and does not always mean that the bait has been taken. He assures the angler there is no cause to feel disappointed if nothing happens right away, for the fish will almost invariably take his time either because he isn't very hungry or because he fancies he has killed the bait. A pause of eight or ten minutes may ensue before a pull on the line gives the angler the signal his quarry has returned and taken the bait in his mouth. However, it usually lasts only a minute or two. And if everything is still going smoothly an-

other good jerk or two will follow and the fish will really start to take the line. Toker usually lets them run 400 to 500 feet, sometimes as much as 700, before striking. I usually hit them when they are at high speed—when about 250 feet of the fast running line has spun off the spool.

This is the only modification I make in the system until the instant the fish is hooked or presumably hooked. There are four or five other typical ways for the fish to act after its original hit. Sometimes the line will start running off fast without slowing down and there will never be that pause that is so important to wait for. When this happens to me I usually let about 500 feet of line spin off and then strike. Sometimes 250 feet is enough. Occasionally there is nothing but a series of jerks with only the shortest pauses in between. If this is the case I let the fish go about 800 feet before striking—500 at least. It is a dangerous situation when a fish acts this way because of the likelihood of backlashes and having the reel overrun.

Preventative measures can be taken with the right hand while the line is pulled out with the left, for it is never well to put too much pressure on the spool with the right hand if you can avoid it. Be sure your gloves are wet.

Another time you may get the slow run after the strike, the pause will follow—and then the jerk sequence develops. If the fish acts like this I would give him 300 or 400 feet after the wait. Still another thing he may do is to give a great many quick pulls such as I have described happens a great deal with small fish in Peru—and there may be so many pauses that you won't know which is the important one. Some of the pulls will be runoffs to as much as 100 feet, and

FISHING THE PACIFIC

I must say it is disconcerting to have this cessation of activity follow each run. In this event I would give him about 400 feet from the initial strike. There is a great deal less danger in giving too much line than not enough and that goes for all the billfish.

Another thing to remember is that after the strike, when the boat has been gunned ahead, you must not turn on the fish too quickly in an effort to get back line. If you do, the belly of the line in the water may pull the hook out—so keep the boat on a straight course without speeding her up in order to help you in setting the hook—until you feel confident that it is safe to run the fish down and recover your line.

This is twice as important in the case of broadbill as it is with marlin, although it is vitally important when you're fishing for black marlin and absolutely essential when big tuna are your game.

Many an angler has had a broadbill hooked for an hour or longer and hence thought the fish would never get off, only to have him break away without leaving a mark on the bait. The fish has simply had his jaws clamped down on the bait and been swimming around playing with it just as a dog would play with a bone in his mouth. Swordfish can also get rid of a bait by ejecting it through their gills.

Tuker has had them hooked in the side well back of the dorsal fins with the leader out through the gills. Like the marlin, swordfish will on occasion vomit everything in their bellies if hooked in the mouth, throat or stomach—and when hooked in the stomach they may even eject this vital organ itself. When line is being slacked back to a swordfish, if he appears quietly on the surface just finning out, do noth-

ing about it except to follow the regular procedure. On the other hand, if he starts threshing about on the surface or flinging his sword around, gun the boat ahead and strike immediately—because this is a sure sign that he has felt the hook and is trying to get rid of it. If a fish gets off, race the bait to the boat and leave it in the water at least fifteen minutes with boat stopped. You may be surprised at what happens.

When searching for swordfish, particularly off Chile and Peru, it is wise to pay close attention to the actions of the birds—for where there are birds there are usually swordfish. The fish betray their presence by a distinctive odor—something between a fishy and a briny smell. Sometimes you may find fish floating on the surface that have been killed or stunned by the swordfish, or you may run across a breakfast or lunch that some stomach rejected. Other telltale signs can be found in the water at times when the fish has surfaced and then sounded. An oily patch is left from which the same distinctive odor emanates.

A good swordfisherman can almost instinctively tell when he is on the fishing grounds. Keep a sharp lookout for current and tide rips. The color and temperature of the water are very important. If you sight any schools of bait fish surfacing, cruise over and circle them—although you will be more likely to raise a marlin in these circumstances than a broadbill. If it is a broadbill the chances of getting a strike from him will be very slim.

In all my swordfishing career and all the places I have fished I have almost invariably found that the fish surface best from 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., 9:00 o'clock in the morning and 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon being the absolute

FISHING THE PACIFIC

earliest and latest hours at which I have found them. So don't think you have to be out at daybreak or anywhere near that hour. Off Chile the fish hardly ever begin to show until around 11:00 o'clock in the morning. Off Peru I would say that 9:00 A.M. would be the earliest one could look for them to appear.

In fighting a swordfish, just as with any other fish large or small, it is always best to keep the boat near the fish. This is doubly important if a woman is in the fighting chair. It requires no dazzling intelligence to figure that if you're fighting a fish on the surface 700 or 800 feet away and he starts down, he's going to end up 400 or 500 feet below the surface, or even farther, you will have that much more difficulty stopping him. Whereas, if he is only 200 feet from the boat when he starts to sound, he can probably be stopped at 100 feet—or better.

The broadbill is capable of jumping if he wants to, but I think most of them are too smart to do it. He loves to fin out on the surface and make fast rushes just beneath it. At other times he will come to the surface and roll in the leader and slash at it. The leader should always be 25 feet in length and of 500-pound stainless steel cable. It should be closely inspected after every fight since the first five feet usually get badly kinked, to say nothing of the beating it takes from the sword. More than one broadbill has been lost because the angler overworked his leader. It is rarely that you can catch more than two fish on the same leader unless you're willing to cut it down about 10 feet, and a 15-foot leader is much too short for catching a fish that is from 11 to 14 feet long.

Remember to fight a broadbill hard all the time. Tucker and

CHILE

Lerner both agree that if you are going to lose them you may as well lose them quickly. Don't give them their heads—just an even, quiet, hard fight. You must remain master of the situation. These fish constantly try to outwit the angler with every move they make. When a fish is down—be it 100 feet or 500—and starts swimming on a course don't let him stay there. If you can't lift him and make him change his course, try planing him—at least after he's been hooked an hour or two. This maneuver is accomplished by gunning the boat ahead with a very heavy drag still on the reel and if you know your line it need hardly be lightened at all.

After the boat has gone ahead about 300 feet she should quickly be reversed and run backward as fast as possible to permit the angler to get back the line he has lost. When you get back to your original position and find the fish hasn't moved or isn't doing anything, repeat the procedure six or eight times if necessary. Old man broadbill won't like it and you'll be surprised how many times you can get him started for the surface. If he won't come all the way up, he will at least attain a higher level. Planing a fish may sound alarming to the inexperienced angler yet I have never seen a fish broken off by this maneuver and I have planed a 323-pound striped marlin that was fighting on 9-thread and also some fish on 6-thread.

If planing doesn't work, try circling on him—always against the direction he is taking or attempting to take. If it doesn't work one way try it the other; fifteen or twenty times in succession aren't too many. Circling is more dangerous than planing because there is much more chance of the boatman running over the line and parting it. Consequently the

FISHING THE PACIFIC

angler must work hard every second to recover the slack that is left to reel in while the circle is being made. When fighting a broadbill with a heavy drag great care should be exercised lest the surges he makes break the line—for every time he lowers his head it puts a terrific strain on the tackle.

It is good strategy to hold the line out from the reel around the grip in order to get the drag that way instead of using a very heavy drag with the pilot wheel. Then you can let go the line the instant the fish makes a move.

It is amazing to feel the variety of gyrations that come up the line when you're fighting a swordfish. Probably the most terrifying one comes when he is slamming the leader with his sword, for then you realize that he may cut himself off any second. When he hits it with his tail you can feel it right down to your toes. Most of these fish fight to the finish but when one is brought alongside be sure that the most experienced man on board takes the leader and the best gaffer handles the gaff. A detachable gaff is very necessary for swordfish as with all big fish. It is usually impossible to grab one by the sword and hold on. A green swordfish can be very difficult to handle alongside—easily the toughest of all the big game fish. Regardless of what you read I've never heard of anybody being seriously injured while a swordfish was being gaffed or boated. Don't fail to tie up the mouth before you lift him out—that is if you care to retain the 40 or 50 pounds that the food in his belly may easily represent.

Commercial fishermen off Chile always gut their fish as soon as they are boated and great quantities of birds gather round while this operation is being performed. They never

CHILE

fail to pay the angler a visit too when he is boating a fish—evidently thinking they are going to get another free meal.

I believe 39-thread is the correct line to use for the swordfish off Chile while 24 can be utilized more suitably in Peru. It has been demonstrated that some very large fish have been taken on 24-thread, but, as I have said before, every minute counts and if you are using 24-thread you may lose a fish that you might readily have boated on 39-thread. Fifty-four thread is far too heavy for swordfish and if used will only serve to pull the hook out. In general there are no fish in the Pacific for which such heavy line is needed. I believe we have demonstrated that pretty conclusively when one considers the 1560-pound black marlin taken at Cabo Blanco.

Any account of swordfishing off Chile would be seriously deficient if it omitted Michael Lerner's contribution to scientific knowledge of the broadbill. Believing that the world's finest fishing grounds for them would also provide the world's finest natural laboratory, Lerner brought to Chile several members of the Ichthyology Staff of the American Museum of Natural History, including Miss Francesca LaMonte. Accompanied by two photographers, this expedition not only collected much valuable information on the swordfish as well as on various other species, but provided the best pictures ever taken of the swordfish in action up to as recently as a year ago.

This expedition was one of six so far made possible through Lerner's desire to add to the lore of fish and fishing in distant parts of the world and has done far more than fully achieve its basic purpose. It did much to cement the friendship and

FISHING THE PACIFIC

mutual good will already existing between Chile and the United States.

LOG OF MR. & MRS. DON ALLISON'S FISHING TRIP OFF IQUIQUE, CHILE, JUNE 17-JULY 3, 1952

Tuesday	June 17	Went W.	No fish sighted
Wednesday	June 18	Don: Went S.W.	
	9:30	Hit—no pick up	
	11:45	Landed 626-pound Albacora	55 minutes
	1:00	Hooked second Albacora, pulled hook 1 hour and 45 minutes later	
Thursday	June 19	Millie: S.W. again	
	12:10	Hooked large one—fought 3 hours 40 minutes, chair gimbal broke and hook pulled	
Friday	June 20	Don: W.	
	9:30	Strike—no pick up	No more sighted
Saturday	June 21	Don: 35 miles N.W.	
	12:30	Strike—Landed 295-pound Albacora	21 minutes
		hooked through mouth and around tail	
Sunday	June 22	Millie: W.	
	11:00	Strike—Failed to break nose string and no pick up	
	2:00	Strike—Fought 10 minutes and hooks came back clear	
Monday	June 23	Don: Rest of trip N.W. toward Pinagra	
	11:30	Baited circling Albacora—no strike	
	4:00	Albacora took bait in mouth—it came out and hooked in fin—Landed 780 pounds	2 hours—10 minutes
Tuesday	June 24	Millie: 1st Sunny day—Very rough sea	
	11:00	Hooked Marlin—Landed 253 pound	20 minutes
	4:00	Baited Albacora—He picked bait clean and could not set hook	

CHILE

- Wednesday June 25 Don:
 12:30 Landed 319-pound Marlin (had hold of leader 4 times)
 25 minutes
 No Albacora sighted
- Thursday June 26 Millie:
 9:30 6 slight jerks and hooks were cleared—no chance to set
 1:30 hooks
 3:00 Strike—hooked up—pulled hook in 25 minutes
 4:30 Strike—no hook up
 Strike—hooked up. Hard fight for 1 hour 50 minutes.
 (Ruperto had hold of leader in 50 minutes but had to
 let go) Hook finally pulled out. Very unlucky day.
- Friday June 27 Don: Only one bait today.
 10:00 Strike—Knocked bait apart but did not hook up.
 Caught a second bait at 10:30
 11:00 Baited fish—Got light tap, left out 20 minutes and
 finally brought bait in only slightly skinned. In sight
 of Pisagua and sea very rough so headed in early.
- Saturday June 28 Millie:
 9:30 Strike—Landed 528-pound Albacora 25 minutes
 1:00 Baited Albacora with a 2-day old piece of strip bait
 (all we had). He followed it for fully 5 minutes on
 top of the water and finally struck. Had him on for
 10 minutes until he finally threw the hook, all on top
 of water. Must have been first cousin to a Marlin. No
 more bait so put back to port.
- Sunday June 29 Don:
 9:00 Baited Albacora. He went down—had a strike but very
 sluggish. It was an 8' blue shark—only one we had
 trouble with on the entire trip. No more action.
- Monday June 30 Millie:
 2:05 Baited Albacora—hooked up. Had leader out of water
 10 times and finally landed 759-pound Albacora.
 4 hours—35 minutes
 at 6:50, just at dark. Had very rough ride home.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Tuesday July 1

Worst storm in years according to fishermen and all boats and commercial fishermen stayed in. We went out about 2 miles and came right back. Spent day taking pictures and resting.

Wednesday July 2 Don:

10:00 Strike—hooked up. Pulled hook in 2 hours

Thursday July 3 Don:

Took frozen fish for bait—could not catch fresh ones. Baited 3 Albacora. All went down but would not touch the bait. Not a strike.

Don: Nine days' fishing

9 Albacora hits	1 Marlin hit
5 Albacora hook-ups	1 Marlin hook-up
3 Albacora landed	1 Marlin landed
2 Albacora hooks pulled	

Albacora #1	626 pounds	55 minutes
2	295 pounds	21 minutes
3	780 pounds	2 hours—10 minutes
4	Pulled hook	1 hour—45 minutes
5	Pulled hook	2 hours

Marlin #1	319 pounds	25 minutes
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Hits of any kind included in above

Total Albacora sighted—10—these nine days

All Albacora foul hooked

Saw about 14 Marlin—took 1 each and forgot the rest in favor of Albacora

Bothered by only one shark

Millie: Six days' fishing

11 Albacora hits	1 Marlin hit
6 Albacora hook-ups	1 Marlin hook-up
2 Albacora landed	1 Marlin landed
4 Albacora hooks pulled	

CHILE

Albacora #1	528 pounds	21 minutes
2	729 pounds	1 hour —40 minutes
3	Hook pulled	3 hours—45 minutes
4	Hook pulled	10 minutes
5	Hook pulled	25 minutes
6	Hook pulled	1 hour —50 minutes

Marlin #1 255 pounds 20 minutes

Total Albacora sighted—14—these six days

All Albacora foul hooked

STRIPED MARLIN

As found off Chile the striped marlin is in my opinion the world's most beautiful fish. I do not mean to imply that this species is not beautiful off Peru, California, Mexico and New Zealand. The reason I discriminate is that they are in such wonderful condition off Chile and run larger there than they do anywhere else in the world. They are also beautiful off Peru, but the blue I think is usually darker—more of a navy shade than the majority of the fish you see, especially when they're jumping. It probably is not as striking as the iridescent blue that distinguishes them in Chile. In Chilean waters they'll average about 325 pounds—off New Zealand about 240. Off Catalina they'll run around 200 and off Mexico about 175. In recent years they have been getting a lot of 125-pound fish in Mexico and a lot of small 90- to 125-pound fish off California.

The largest striped marlin taken off Chile was caught by George Garey and weighed 483 pounds. This was the second largest striped marlin ever boated, the world's record of 692 pounds having been made off Balboa, California. It certainly

FISHING THE PACIFIC

must have been a most unusual fish. It seems strange that no one has ever taken a striped marlin between these weights with all the striped marlin that are caught. We know the biggest are off Chile, with Peru second.

The bait used for marlin off Chile consists of strips from the bellies of oceanic bonitos and the hooks are 9/0 or 10/0. These fish are so easy to hook down there that the late Captain Bill Hatch remarked to me on his return that it was like feeding a dolphin. The tackle at the very heaviest should be 24-thread with a 16-ounce tip. The 15-thread and 10-ounce tip is about the proper size for the experienced angler, but he can also take fish in 9-thread line with a 6-ounce tip. On the other hand they are so heavy for this size tackle off Chile that a lot of time will be wasted in trying to catch them with it. The leader may be no longer than 15 feet and for cable I prefer the lightweight that would test no heavier than 250 pounds. The great majority of the marlin off Chile are seen tailing and it is then that the bait should be presented.

Glassell, Lerner and I have never trolled in these waters. If we want to catch one, we simply stop. As already stated, the trolling bait slows you down so much you waste time on your swordfishing. Personally, while I know you can raise striped marlin in these waters, I believe that with so many of them around you have just as good chance of finding one on the surface as raising one with bait.

It is very hard for the average angler to pass them up, but the swordfish angler must remember that stopping to bait, fight and catch a marlin means wasting that much time when he might be sighting and perhaps hooking a swordfish. I've seen twenty-two tailing striped marlin in a day's fishing off

CHILE

Chile without stopping for a single one and, believe it or not, Lerner has seen fifty-one in a day without being seduced from his quest of broadbill. After you've caught a few of these beautiful creatures you really have no desire to take any more except possibly on 6- or 9-thread line. ATTENTION PLEASE: Do not fail to remember that I am talking about *striped* marlin—not black marlin, blue marlin or silver marlin.

To show you the kind of catches of striped marlin that can be made on these grounds when an angler is really hot after them, just take a glance at what Dr. Leon Storz, the great American angler from Worcester, accomplished in his first day—March 15, 1941. He left the mole at half past eight, got in the proper water around 11 o'clock, and by 2 o'clock had boated six striped marlin, lost two others. After that there was ample time for each of his boat crew to catch a fish. In six days' fishing he boated eighteen striped marlin. I took a couple out for two days in 1941 and the man caught a 359-pound marlin and his wife a 275-pounder.

In 1940 Mike Lerner caught twenty-five marlin that he stopped for and the number could just as easily have been one hundred and twenty-five. Frequently off Chile the striped marlin are seen tailing in pairs and if you start baiting one on 6-thread line you will be cut off by the mate of the fish. They can do it very easily with 6- and 9-thread line and seem to know where the hindrance is coming from. You can never convince me that they don't know how to cut the line when the hook is in their mate. I had it happen six times with eight fish I hooked in 1941. Keep close to the striped marlin, particularly with the light tackle, and you won't have too much trouble with him. Of course on 6-thread you've got to

FISHING THE PACIFIC

beat them, tire them out, standing up there—and it gets pretty boring. Three-thread fishing is perfectly ridiculous for them and we have barred it at Cabo Blanco for all species. It is simply a means of running down your engines as the boat is run around after the fish. The 3-thread fishing has been greatly overdone even though the man or woman has to hold the rod and reel. It is now practiced primarily by people who are chiefly interested in records.

THE MAKO SHARK

The shark that is called “mako” off Chile is exactly the same as that found in New Zealand, Peru, off Montauk, Cat Cay, Havana and other fishing centers throughout the world. No large ones have been caught off Chile, the largest weighing some 360 pounds, as I recall, and it was caught by Mr. Toker. As is the case off Montauk there are plenty that weigh around 100 pounds. We have very few specimens off Peru, thank God.

It is interesting to note that even the meat of the mako shark is very similar to that of the swordfish—in fact it is shipped as such to many parts of the world. The commercial fishermen of Chile have never been interested in sharks of any kind. They have nothing but loathing for the creatures and can't understand why anybody should bother with them. In this the Peruvians feel the same way. I believe it would be a great thing if some of the representative anglers in two or three countries we know of should take stock of and go after their game fish. After all, a shark is a shark! And it's ironic that after the sport-fishing world took fifty-four years

CHILE

to catch a fish weighing over a thousand pounds and then accomplished that feat seven times more, it should be informed from certain quarters that this was not a record—that sharks of larger size had been taken. I really get a bang out of that one.

Sometimes when the mako shark is finning it is difficult to distinguish him from the swordfish, as his dorsal fin and tail, unlike those of other sharks, resemble the broadbill's. Chilean lookout men who have to study the mako before they can identify him never fail to say, "*Albacora con dientes*," meaning "swordfish with teeth." Next to the mako, the best shark to catch off Chile or anywhere else, is the thresher, primarily because of his long tail and the way he comes up and hits the bait with it. The thresher is good for a hard-rolling type of fight but if he didn't have that awesome tail nobody would give him a second thought. I have never heard of one being sighted off Peru.

DOLPHIN

Dolphin are found off Chile in great schools from December to June and favor the warm areas of blue water well offshore. Just as in other water they are found around patches of grass and all kinds of flotsam. They will take a feather or cut baits. Off Chile as well as elsewhere they are fast and spectacular and here too their meat is delicious.

YELLOWFIN TUNA—BIG-EYE TUNA

We are now told by some authorities that what we have been calling yellowfin in the Pacific Ocean is now the big-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

eye. Probably they are right. At any rate, they can tell the difference when they examine the livers. The majority of the fish taken in Peru are big-eye tuna and I guess a good many of the ex-former yellowfins in Chile were big-eye. Their outside measurements are pretty nearly the same. Call these tuna that weigh up to 300 pounds and larger off Peru anything you want—they are still terrific, hard-fighting wonderful fish and I believe fight harder pound for pound than the bluefins.

ALBACORE*

The albacore is one of the most attractive as well as one of the sweetest fish, both to catch and eat, that swim the Pacific. They run up to about 50 pounds off Chile and you can find them out there in the blue water the year round. They show a preference for the feather jig but will also bite extremely well on cut baits—too well, you may decide after you've had a few of your marlin baits ruined if you're foolish enough to troll for them. Don't fail to order albacore any time you see it on a menu. It is usually baked and tastes much like the white meat of chicken.

YELLOWTAIL

Another great Pacific fish is the yellowtail, a close relative of the jack family. Running up to 50 or 60 pounds in Chile and Peru, they can be caught in the bays and around boats and buoys. They will take feathers. The bait they prefer is a trolled sardinia or cut bait. Like the dolphin and the alba-

* Not to be confused with albacora, the broadbill swordfish.

CHILE

core this is a splendid light tackle fish and can also be taken from the surf at certain times of the year.

OCEANIC BONITO

You've heard so much about oceanic bonito figuring so prominently as a bait fish in Chilean waters that perhaps you have not realized that the senior member of the bonito family runs to impressive size—30 pounds or more in Hawaiian waters—and is a dandy game fish himself. He is found off Chile the year round near the coast and out to sea. Where you see the small sardinias or anchovies off Chile you will usually see the oceanic bonitos. They are called skipjacks by the English since they jump on the surface as they feed on small fry. They are fine fish to catch on 6-thread line.

CONGRIO

The congrio is a favorite commercial fish in Chile and I mention it here entirely because of its pre-eminence as a wonderful table delicacy. Don't be surprised if when eating in one of Santiago's fine restaurants and start talking about your albacora you are interrupted by the question, "Ah! But have you caught a congrio?" I bet I've had this pulled on me fifty times. They're very proud of their congrio and have every right to be.

CHILE SALT-WATER FISHING PIONEERS

By all odds the most prominent among the men who developed salt-water fishing off Chile are W. E. S. Tucker and

FISHING THE PACIFIC

his friend and fishing companion, George Garey. Tucker went out after the fish when he saw the commercial men bringing their albacora catches into Iquique. In 1933 he caught the first swordfish ever taken on rod and reel off Chile and on May 28, 1932, he caught the first striped marlin taken off that marvelous coast. When the Anglo-Chilean Nitrate Company opened their big *oficianas* in the Pampa above Tocopilla, Tucker was transferred to that post. He is the engineer in charge of the railroad which transports nitrate, supervises the ship loading and, in addition, he serves as British Consul in Tocopilla.

George Garey, now retired and living in California, hails from Vermont. A wonderful sportsman and companion, he was in charge of the Mechanical Department of Anglo-Chilean Nitrate at Maria Elena. Garey was first talked into going salt-water fishing by Tucker, and his wife often joined him on his trips.

Two other Anglo-Chilean Nitrate officials who have done much to further the sport of fishing off Chile and stood solidly behind Tucker and Garey in their efforts to develop it off Tocopilla are Horace Graham and Paul Krueger. Krueger now is also retired. Every fisherman who ever catches a fish off Chile should feel highly indebted to Graham, a citizen of the United States who has probably done more for Chile than any other North American. If he had not been entirely enthusiastic and allowed his friends to go to Tocopilla and use the Nitrate Company's facilities and boats, the fish would never have been caught, the Grace Line would never have put the boats in there for others to use and the switch to Iquique would never have been made. The

CHILE

fishing would not be going off Iquique now if it had not been made world famous off Tocopilla, and when you make a switch from a place like Tocopilla, considering the reputation it had, it's like moving a night club like El Morocco to a new address under a new name. Luckily (not that I ever thought that it wouldn't), in a single year Iquique has left Tocopilla far behind.

RECORDS AND FAMOUS FIRSTS

The largest fish I have ever personally seen was a broadbill swordfish harpooned off Chile that weighed 1565 pounds not dressed. Lou Marron's fish, taken May 7, 1953, is the rod-and-reel record, weighing 1182 pounds. This fish got wrapped up and was hooked in the dorsal fin and at that it took a hard angler like Marron an hour and fifty-five minutes to catch. It's a lucky thing it got wrapped up because I have been eight hours and fifty minutes with a 316-pounder hooked in the dorsal fin, so I don't envy Lou Marron the job he might have had if he'd had to fight this fish for five or six hours.

He had Eddie Wall, Michael Lerner's regular guide, with him. Wall has been of infinite assistance to Lerner in the establishment of the Lerner Museum of Natural History Laboratory in Bimini and he learned his swordfishing from the resourceful Mike. It was a wonderful thing for Eddie Wall to be in on that catch for he's a great fellow. After Marron's catch comes Arthur Hall's 937-pound record off Iquique; next we have Tucker's old 860-pounder, my 853-pounder, George Garey's 849- and 842-pounders, Tucker's

FISHING THE PACIFIC

837 and another 800-pounder caught by Garey. Up until 1941 only one swordfish between 700 and 800 had been caught. Now there have been nine.

With six exceptions every swordfish weighing over 600 pounds caught on rod and reel has been taken off Chile, the exceptions being White-Wickham's 674-pound fish caught off New Zealand, Michael Lerner's Atlantic 601-pound record off Louisburg, Nova Scotia, his 637-pounder (the first ever caught off Peru), Glassell's 687-pounder brought in to Mankora, Peru, and my own 622-pounder taken off Cabo Blanco. The average is about 590 pounds and of the 500 or so that have been taken in the world, about 160-odd have been caught off Chile.

By all odds the neatest trick to accomplish in salt-water fishing is to take two broadbill swordfish in one day; and next to that is to catch two black marlin, two blue marlin or two silver marlin on the same day. These four species are tops in game fish and the most difficult to hook, fight and find.

When you're taking two in a day, remember you've got to get the first one first, and as far as I'm concerned that second one psychologically is the toughest thing imaginable to fight. Only nine men and one woman have caught two swordfish in one day. This hat trick was pulled off Tocopilla six times, once off Catalina by J. W. Jump in 1928, once off Montauk by Norman F. Windsor; off Louisburg, Nova Scotia, by Dr. Storz in 1941, and three times by Michael Lerner—in 1936, 1938, 1941—who also pulled it off Tocopilla in 1940. Lerner, with his four doubles, is the only man who has accomplished the feat more than once. Alfred C.

CHILE

Glassell, Jr., is the most recent member of this select club, having qualified for membership with his two-in-a-day take off Cabo Blanco—the only time the stunt has been pulled there—in March of 1952. Both of Glassell's fish were caught drifting. Incidentally, he has regained the possession of the presidency of the Thousand-Pound Club, most exclusive club in the world, of which there are only five members—namely, Glassell, P. W. Griffiths, Tom Bates, Lou Marron and the author.

Mrs. Farrington is the only woman who has accomplished the trick of catching two swordfish in one day.

The first three anglers to make double-headers off Chile were Toker, who on July 22, 1934, got a 445-pounder in forty minutes and a 672-pounder in five hours and thirty-five minutes; F. W. Utz, a guest of Toker, who took a 615-pounder in four hours and five minutes and a 487-pounder in two hours in June, 1938; Lerner, whose pair in Chile were taken on May 10, 1940, and weighed 454 pounds and 658 pounds, both taken in thirty-nine minutes. The next three anglers caught theirs in the space of nine days in 1941. On June 8 I got the thrill that I would trade for no other experience in my fishing career when I boated two weighing 617 pounds apiece—one in thirty-seven minutes, the other in six hours, eleven minutes.

On June 12 Mrs. Farrington gained the distinction of being the only woman who has ever taken two in a day by boating a 396-pounder in four minutes, the fastest time in which a broadbill ever has been caught, and a 659-pounder in thirty-eight minutes on 24-thread. On June 17, Clarence Ellis took the two heaviest ever caught in a day—a 741-pounder

FISHING THE PACIFIC

in five hours and forty minutes and a 651-pounder in fifty-one minutes, thus topping my pair as the largest two to be taken in a day's fishing. The longest successful fight off Chile lasted nine hours and twenty-five minutes. This occurred on August 26, 1934, when Tucker caught his 837-pound fish, then the world's record. This was followed by my six-hour, eleven-minute fight. There have been several longer battles than mine but in every such instance the fish got away.

It is still a bit difficult to realize that the finest broadbill swordfishing grounds in the world produced their first rod-and-reel gladiator of the sea as recently as 1933—yet September 10 of that year was the red-letter day when Tucker inaugurated the sport in Chile with a 619-pounder, taken in five hours flat. And Tucker was fishing from an unmaneuverable tub with a fighting chair that came out of somebody's law office!

CHILEAN GLOSSARY

In this great country the broadbill swordfish is called the *albacora*. It is a thrilling word to the angler and doubly so when he hears it enunciated in ringing tones by a Chilean fisherman.

The black marlin is called *peje zuncho*, which means barrel fish. None of them has been taken off Chile on rod and reel, but two harpooned by commercials fishing out of Iquique weighed 1040 pounds and another 750 pounds dressed—so when and if they are caught they will be definitely big league.

The striped marlin is called *pez aguja*. As already stated, many striped marlin off Chile run larger in size than they do

CHILE

in any other waters in the world. Here are the most prodigious of the species to be found anywhere.

The mako shark is sometimes contemptuously called *toyo*, a name the commercial fishermen give to any kind of small shark in Peru as well as Chile. The small species found off Chile are blue sharks. In those waters a shark has to be very big indeed to be called *tiburón*. This is the name the fishermen usually give sharks large enough to escape the stigma *toyo*. The hammerhead shark is called *tiburón cabeza martillo*. He frequently visits Chilean waters, coming in closer to the shore than the others. These three species and the thresher shark are the only ones I have ever seen off Chile.

The yellowfin and big-eye tuna are called *atun*.

The dolphin is *dorado de la altura*. The word *dorado* denotes its golden color and the last three words mean that the fish is found well offshore rather than near the coast, as is the yellowtail which is simply known as *dorado*. This salt-water species should not be confused with the great fresh-water *dorado* of the Argentine, Uruguay and Brazil, which jumps repeatedly and looks like a golden striped bass with a chinook salmon head boasting terrific teeth. No one should miss a try for these fish when they go to South America. The best season is November through January.

The oceanic bonito, called skipjack by the English, is named *cachorreta*. The common bonito is called *barrillotta* as it is off Peru.

The Chilean bonito, a fine fish, seems to be native to the South American coast. They are caught close to shore on feathers and the birds will always lead you to them. Very lively, they can be seen breaking a mile away while feeding.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

They run up to 15 pounds and are most abundant from May to October.

The corbina is known by that name in Chile. It is a wonderful fish for the table and is a prime favorite on the menu in many localities. A game fighter, this fish provides surf-casting devotees with rare sport at Iquique as well as at Cabo Blanco. There is good surfcasting, mostly with bait, at Iquique. The corbina runs up to 15 pounds, can be taken on block tin squids, plugs and artificial minnows.

ENGLISH

Sardines

Anchovies

SPANISH

Sardinias

Anchoas

HOW TO DRESS

Remember that the seasons are reversed in Chile. When it is spring in the States it is fall down there. Regardless of the season, however, in the lower latitudes it is always warm in the daytime, particularly in the North. Off Iquique you need a couple of sweaters and perhaps a woolen jacket or wind-breaker when riding on top looking for fish. You wear either shorts or slacks; sneakers, and have some kind of a shirt to don while fighting your quarry. You need no raincoat or rubber clothing of any kind and nobody dresses in the evening. You don't have to wear a necktie in the Hotel Pratt at any time. Every attention is given to the comfort of the anglers and you can get breakfast at any time in the morning you wish. For those who do not bring tackle there is an ample supply of Tycoon rods, Penn reels of all sizes, Ash-

CHILE

away line, hooks, leaders, gaffs and other paraphernalia. You will greatly enjoy eating the swordfish which I have had prepared four different ways and I recommend it particularly in Chilean style, flaked with rice—and I have had striped marlin cooked five different ways and black marlin two different ways in Peru.

Meat is imported from the Argentine and there is always a large stock of American canned goods on hand. Coca-Cola and tonic are in good supply. You are provided with excellent lunches to take on fishing trips. Dinner of course is always late but it is served whenever the angler returns. Chileans seldom dine before ten o'clock, anyway, because they have tea in the afternoon, so waiting for the returning fishermen does not inconvenience the household staff to any great extent. The first movies begin at six o'clock and many of the people attend and dine afterward. The drinking water is excellent and flows down from the lofty Andes.

One drink you will surely appreciate at Iquique as well as in all of Peru is the pisco sour. If you like daiquiris, frozen or otherwise, you will love this concoction. The pisco sour is made with the white of egg, has a beautiful head on it and is perfectly delicious. Pisco is a type of rum that is also very good when taken straight. The lemon that is mixed with this drink is grown in the environs of Iquique and it was in northern and southern Peru that this great drink originated. There are few drinks that I care for but I never refuse a pisco sour.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

THE COMMERCIAL FISHERMEN OF CHILE

Like all the commercial men I have met wherever I have fished, these native Chilean fishermen are great fellows. They always call the rod-and-reel fisherman over and give him a chance to bait a fish first before they attempt to harpoon him. This is typical of the good sportsmanship evident throughout this charming land. In return, if a rod-and-reel angler raises a fish that refuses to strike he always hails a commercial fisherman who takes over.

In the clear water outside of the Humboldt I've seen the professional swordfishermen attempt to bait a fish with a hand line because the water is so clear that they realize they can't throw a harpoon into him before he goes down because he has spied the boat approaching.

These men traditionally go barefoot and venture out in their little boats with practically no food or water aboard. They cruise up and down the coast for from two days to a week at a stretch—sometimes going northward and southward for as much as 150 miles. When they catch fish they stow them aboard their tiny craft and sleep on top of them at night on burlap bags. If they are near Iquique with a full boat they run in to sell the fish there, thus providing more cargo space for their return to Tocopilla or vice versa.

Their engines are so poor and so old it's a wonder they ever run so long over such distances. Some of them go out in sailboats and when they are on the fishing grounds they row down on the swordfish and marlin. We often gave these fellows a tow in and out of port.

CHILE

There is a Commercial Fishermen's Syndicate in Tocopilla and Iquique. When I arrived in 1941 they had been having tough going for there weren't many fish around at the time. After I had been there for about two weeks and had lost the first five I had hooked, the syndicate came to me and asked me to turn over my fish. I still have the letter in my fishing jacket. Considering that I had not caught a single one at that time, I thought the man had a rare sense of humor. However, I gave him the first one I did catch and from then on he was always at my side when I arrived at the mole in the evening and when I went out the following day. That fish of mine had made it possible for the syndicate to pay its government tax. During that trip, in addition to several more donations to the syndicate, we gave away fish to the townspeople, the hospital, the mines up in the Pampa and our friends—more than 6000 pounds of swordfish which dressed down for the table at more than a ton.

The commercial men receive only about three pesos a kilo for swordfish, about one peso a kilo for marlin—a far cry from the prices paid North Atlantic fishermen who get from ten to fifty cents a pound for their catches—sometimes more, depending on the time and season. Small as the return is, however, swordfish bring the Chilean fishermen better prices than any other kind, so it is the ambition of all of them to become swordfishermen.

In Peru the commercials get twenty dollars a fish for any size and about three hundred soles for every black marlin. Of course there are very few boats engaged in the business compared with the myriad in Nova Scotia and American waters. I doubt if there are twenty-five out of Tocopilla and fifty out

FISHING THE PACIFIC

of Iquique, and of these fleets you will probably never sight more than eight or ten boats in a single day. This number contrasts sharply with the hundreds of craft you see in a day's fishing off Louisburg, Nova Scotia.

GASTRONOMIC NOTE

The swordfish off Chile are exactly the same as those caught off Peru and in all the other oceans of the world. Both the white- and the pink-meated fish are there; the latter—considered better eating—predominate.

EDITORIAL NOTE

A pulpit or harpooning stand has never been seen in Chile. If any foreigner ever went down there and attempted to harpoon swordfish or marlin for sport I'm sure he'd be run out of the country in very short order.

From Punta Arenas to Arica, Chile is tops and the Palm Beach of Chile, Iquique, is as fine and attractive a city as you can find anywhere. No place will offer you a better reception or more appreciation from the mayor right down to the commercial fishermen who will aid you in every way to take fish.

The Iquique people are very proud that this fabulous fishing has been developed off their shores. The first night I arrived I was met by a delegation numbering thirty-seven citizens at their charming little airport. Don't fail to go south to Santiago. You will never see a more beautiful inland metropolis with the high Cordilleras as a backdrop and two majestic mountains towering within the city itself. And as I

CHILE

said before, don't miss the dove shooting. A 20-gauge gun is all you have to take along and shells are to be had in Chile. Try the *tocazza*, the wood pigeon that is shot in Cuba and is found here in August. It's easy enough to combine your salt-water fishing with shooting and skiing—and if you are here in February, March or April you can also take trout.

The snipe are wonderful and you should by all means sample some of the shore bird shooting south of Valparaiso. Golden plover are found in great numbers as well as the curlew, willet, greater yellowlegs and black-breasted plover. And there is no law against shooting any of them. There are no decoys used in duck shooting in Chile—it is all pass shooting.

When in Santiago, stay at the Hotel Carrerra. Tony Vaughn, the manager, will give you terrific service. It's a fine modern hotel, convenient to everything in Santiago. Ray Grassidy, who runs the Travel Bureau downstairs, will make all your arrangements for hunting in the vicinity.

You don't have to know anybody to enjoy yourself in Chilè. Even without considering its swordfish and trout it is truly a sportsman's paradise. Never will you find people more *simpatico*—and I use their expression *picho-caluga*, which means a well-done caramel, to express this tender quality. For the trout fishermen going to the south of Chile I'm listing a few English-Spanish words which I trust may be helpful.

ENGLISH

Rod

Reel

SPANISH

Caña

Carrete

FISHING THE PACIFIC

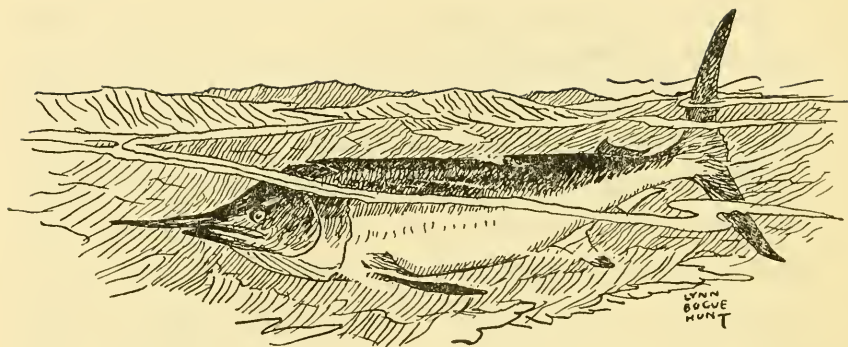
Line	<i>Hilo curda</i>
Fly	<i>Mosca (artificial)</i>
Bait	<i>Cabo-carnada</i>
Hook	<i>Anzuelo-arpón</i>
Cast a fly	<i>Lanzar el anzuelo</i>
Trout	<i>Trucha</i>
Rainbow	<i>Arco iris</i>
Brown	<i>Marron</i>
Fresh water	<i>Agua dulce</i>
Sea	<i>Mar</i>

For the man going after the *tortollila*—the morning dove—or the *perdiz*, which is about like a Hungarian partridge though not quite as pretty, perhaps the following terms will be useful:

ENGLISH	SPANISH
Gun	<i>Escopeta fusil pistola</i>
Shell	<i>Cartucho</i>
Gauge	<i>Calibre</i>
Length of barrel	<i>Largo del cañon</i>
Shell box	<i>Cargador</i>
Butt	<i>Culata</i>
Trigger	<i>Gatillo</i>
Sight	<i>Punto de mira</i>
Shot	<i>Perdigón</i>
Bullet	<i>Bala</i>
Hunt	<i>Cazar</i>
Butt	<i>Culata</i>

CHILE

And don't forget that when you visit Chile you will meet some of the best trout fishermen in the world as well as some of the most brilliant shots to be found anywhere. You will also meet Chilean fishermen at Iquique who have taken a respectable number of albacora and *pez aguja*. I almost neglected to say that no visas are required in Chile—only the passport issued by the country of which you are a citizen. In conclusion, to Chile and all Chileans—*hasta siempre*, which means “until always.” And to you—don't miss trying the “big league.”



BLACK MARLIN HEADED NORTH OFF CABO BLANCO WITH DORSAL FIN DOWN

2. *Peru*

THIS BOOK is the sixteenth I have written, and of all the chapters in these volumes this is the most difficult and at the same time the most exciting for me to write. By no stretch of the imagination could I get down on paper all the feelings that I have which would do justice to the grounds off Cabo Blanco, Peru, which is a salt-water fishing place every month in the year—the only one where you can fish twelve months and take fish; not only the largest fish in the world, but the greatest number of species.

Stop for a second and try to visualize what has happened off Cabo Blanco, and I can tell you that if the game of golf had five Bobby Joneses and five Ben Hogans playing today, that would be its equal. If the U.S. Polo Association had ten ten-goal players ready to mount and ride they would have its equal. If tennis had Tilden, Johnston, Budge and Kramer

PERU

ready to play with Tony Trabert and Dick Seixas on the present U.S. Davis Cup Team they would equal it.

Take all the good Yankee baseball teams, put them together, and you will have it. Put a hockey team on the ice composed of a line of Morenz, Milt Schmidt and Gordy Howe; a defense of Eddie Shore, and Red Kelly, and with Frank Brimsek playing goal, and you would have hockey's equal. How can I get so enthusiastic? How can I make such statements? Here are the figures.

Let us take the large fish first. Almost every variety caught in the Pacific Ocean has been taken here except Allison tuna, now called yellowfin by some, and wahoo. Large and small, and the finest surfcasting ever known. Some half a dozen species go along with it. For fifty-four years of salt-water fishing a 1000-pound fish had never been caught legitimately by an angler. In one year and eight months on these grounds, with only three boats fishing spasmodically, fish weighing 1025, 1060, 1090, 1135, 1352 and 1560 pounds were caught.

The old New Zealand record on black marlin that had stood since 1926 was broken seven times the first year with only three boats fishing and has since been broken twice more as I write this in the second year. The first 25 black marlin averaged 817 pounds. Broadbill swordfish were taken weighing up to 687 pounds. Striped marlin were caught weighing up to 382 pounds.

This is the only place in the world where black marlin, striped marlin, broadbill swordfish and big-eye tuna abound in the same waters. All the records for men and women for big-eye tuna have been established here, fish weighing up to 368 pounds being caught—and the catch is constantly increas-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

ing in weight per fish. Pacific sailfish were practically ignored, as were striped marlin on many occasions. Few sportsmen bothered with mako sharks. Roosterfish by the dozens were picked up close to shore. One caught jacks, several varieties of grouper, two or three species only native to Peru. Dolphin fishing was the finest to be had anywhere—and the fish the biggest. Bonitos, blackfin tuna and large Sierra mackerel were reeled in like crazy—and this fabulous fishing went on at points from 300 yards to 8 miles offshore, in an area, running north and south, of 20 miles at most.

The Cabo Blanco Fishing Club had boats in operation by December 20, 1951. The first party to fare forth saw forty-four billfish in ten days. From that date to May 1, 1952, with three boats fishing from February 25 to April 11 and only two boats for the remainder of the time, nine black marlin were caught, some twenty others lost.

Alfred C. Glassell, Jr., caught the largest fish ever taken on rod and reel in all history, weighing 1025 pounds on April 7, 1952. He also took the smallest for that period, weighing 520. Glassell caught over twenty-odd striped marlin fishing there during March—also two big-eye tuna of 265 and 275 pounds respectively—a record at the time. He was primarily responsible for pioneering the place, and anglers throughout the world can never be sufficiently grateful to this noted angler for the time and energy he has devoted on their behalf.

On February 3, 4 and 6, Tony Hulman caught three black marlin weighing 918 pounds, 837 pounds, and 762 pounds respectively, and lost another. This was two months before that memorable April 7 when Glassell caught the big black. From February 6 until March 20 no more blacks were taken

PERU

until Raymondo de Castro Maya took one weighing 625 pounds. The author then took three, weighing 725, 701 and 650 pounds respectively. Every fish brought into Cabo Blanco is used for food.

I sighted as many as sixteen striped marlin in one day and didn't even pause to bait them. During this time, over 150 striped marlin were caught weighing up to 310 pounds. Some forty of these grand fish were released. Two mako sharks were also picked up, the largest weighing 243 pounds and Glassell took the first Pacific sailfish, at 123 pounds, since Michael Lerner's original one in 1940. In the club report it is stated that yellowfin tuna were taken weighing 275 pounds. The weight of this fish on the average probably soon will be exceeded. The bait is always extremely plentiful, the water excellent, the boats ideal, the crews efficient and new ones constantly being trained. Not a fish has been mutilated by a shark or other fish. These catches were made by some twenty-seven anglers. They are generally agreed that of the twelve-month season, August and September may prove to be the best black marlin months. One party went in to Cabo Blanco for a ten-day stay. They took six striped marlin and a broadbill swordfish in six days. Another party came in for a single day and the two men and their wives each took a striped marlin. In all, seventeen broadbill swordfish were caught, weighing up to 599 pounds.

From May 1, 1952, until July 22, no one wet a line on these grounds. A small clubhouse was being erected and the boats were taken out of service, but on July 22 Rod Rockefeller boated a 655-pound black marlin on a blind strike.

On August 2, Mrs. Tom Bates boated a 752-pound black

FISHING THE PACIFIC

marlin, to become the first Peruvian woman to catch a black marlin as well as the first woman to take one off Cabo Blanco. The following day her husband boated a 1060-pounder, to break the record. The official report of the Cabo Blanco Club relates: "From August 5 to August 22, Alfred C. Glassell, Jr., saw 12 black marlin, had 10 strikes, caught 5, weighing respectively 1090, 985, 980, 855 and 720 pounds, with the phenomenal average of 926 pounds." The 985- and 855-pounders were caught in one day, making them by far the two largest fish ever taken in that length of time—and they still are. He also baited 5 broadbill swordfish during this trip. And this was the man who had broken the old New Zealand record three times!

The author fished 9 days—from September 22 to October 1—sighted 9 black marlin, had 6 strikes; hooked 5 and caught 3—weighing respectively 865, 555 and 1135 pounds—the last two having been caught the same day and being the second two largest fish to be boated in that length of time, which they still are.

I also lost a broadbill swordfish, a species that was just coming in again in large numbers. Jamie Llavallol, member of the club from Buenos Aires, fished from October 1 to October 11 and caught black marlin weighing 777 pounds, 595 pounds and 820 pounds, and lost four others. A Dr. Hill from Buenos Aires fished for a single day. He boated a 991-pounder in the morning and on the way back to port passed up the chance of baiting another. He said he felt he had had enough sport for one day!!!???

These fish that were taken were all headed north, were all sighted, no trolling being necessary. Sierra mackerel were

PERU

used for bait with the three varieties of bonitos the second choice and they were always to be had in abundance. Some 20-odd large black marlin were harpooned by commercial fishermen from July to September. Twelve excellent fishing guides were trained and broken in as well as three fine captains. Llavollol and I had no American guides with us. They were trained by Captain Red Stuart of Miami and captains Bert Tuma and John Sweeting of Montauk, who had taken boats down there the previous winter. The three fishing boats installed by the club had proved themselves the finest ever built and able to take 1000-pound fish in their stride. The surfcasting had been opened up with lead jigs and plugs and phenomenal results were being obtained for big snook, corvina, jacks, etc., and the present hope is that roosterfish will be taken eventually all along the beaches.

The next club report was issued May 1, 1953, for the period from November 1, 1952. In November and December the boats went out only from time to time. After January 1 reservations were taken by the club from friends and members for daily fishing. From February 1 on, conditions off Cabo Blanco were considerably disturbed when the warm equatorial current from the north forced the cold Humboldt, or Peru, Current some miles farther offshore than its usual course.

Naturally, the broadbill swordfish were the most seriously affected and only one was caught during this abnormal period. The water was unusually warm, a great deal of dirty water from swollen rivers was emptying into the waters off Cabo Blanco, discoloring them seriously.

But to make up for the lack of swordfish there was excel-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

lent fishing of the big-eye tuna. The world's record for this variety was 368 pounds, the fish caught by H. A. Woodward, and it was the third time the record had been broken in these waters in two months.

Mrs. Wendell Anderson, Jr., broke the woman's record as well as the 24-thread record with a 337-pounder, and Mrs. William Ford II took the lady's 39-thread record with a 307-pounder. A total of 15 fish were caught, the smallest weighing 274 pounds, and all were taken drifting.

Mrs. Maurice Meyer, Jr., one of America's greatest women fishermen, held the record for a couple of days, only to have it broken by Mrs. Anderson.

In the meantime, some terrific black marlin had been lost in November and December. Mrs. Alice Price of San Bernardino, California, broke the woman's world record with a 920-pounder, the largest fish of any kind a woman has ever caught. Wendell Anderson, Sr., took one weighing 792 pounds; William K. Carpenter two weighing 700 and 465 pounds respectively; Joe Peeler a 685-pounder; Mrs. Jack Anderson one that tipped the beam at 648. Then the low of 465 was broken by Arvid Carlander, great Swedish fisherman and member of the club who nailed a 385-pounder. One 800-pounder and a 700-pounder were also brought in but were disqualified as the anglers had help in taking them. Four giant blacks were hooked and lost. And I almost forgot the case of J. C. Tippet of Lima, Peru, who came within one pound of equaling Woodward's record with a 367-pound big-eye tuna. Sixty-two striped marlin were caught, along with seventeen Pacific sailfish and eight makos.

Fishing for the big dolphin proved the best ever experi-

enced, roosterfishing was as good as ever and bonitos, mackerel and other varieties were plentiful. The surfcasting was as good as ever. Although this was a comparatively poor season for Cabo Blanco, this spot still was the leader for big fish caught in all-round angling in these months—ahead of any other place in the world, and it has now been demonstrated that this locale is unique in that one may enjoy prime sport the year round.

Conditions had returned to normal by the 15th of April and as many as twenty striped marlin were sighted from a single boat in a day's fishing.

The highlight of the year, of course, was the visit of the Yale University Expedition headed by Wendell Anderson, a member of the club. The oceanographers aboard the laboratory boat studied the currents and took temperatures and were thankful for their good fortune in happening to be there during one of the few years when abnormal water conditions obtained. This phenomenon had not occurred since 1925.

In May, 1953, Raymondo de Castro Maya, club member from Rio de Janeiro, took a 721-pounder and lost a couple of other good ones, as well as a few striped marlin and Pacific sailfish. In June, Peter Carpenter, fifteen, youngest man ever to catch a black marlin, boated a 752-pound beauty and his father lost a fish which was reputed bigger than Glassell's 1560-pounder, caught later. Enrique Cavaglia of Buenos Aires dropped in for four days and left with an 880-pounder and a 742-pounder.

During early July a good many big fish were seen that did not strike, and four or five were lost. Then on the 29th came Tom Bates' 1352-pounder. Glassell started his fishing on July

FISHING THE PACIFIC

15th, and in eighteen days he had nine strikes and was to boat eight black marlin which weighed 878, 746, 911, 900, 755, 630, 532 and 1560 pounds.

Glassell to date has taken seven black marlin weighing over 900 pounds and three over 1000—an enviable record for any species. In all he has boated seventeen black marlin—fifteen off Cabo Blanco, two off New Zealand. He is indeed the black-marlin master of the world and has probably set a record for this species that may never be equaled. It takes guts and patience to go out day after day for any variety of fish and Glassell does not miss when he gets the chance.

Cabo Blanco has nothing further to report at this writing except a 622-pound swordfish caught by the author and a 1045-pound black marlin by B. W. Griffiths. It seems to me that the foregoing constitutes a sensational record, and imagine what it might have been if the nine boats of New Zealand or the 20-odd boats that today fish at Bimini and Cat Cay had been working those waters.

PERU HISTORY

The early development of Cabo Blanco is well worth a glance. In 1935 Thomas G. Stokes, a Canadian now retired and living at Vancouver Island, was in business in Lima, Peru, and resided there. He got hold of an old boat, put a Diesel engine in her and ran her up to Cabo Blanco to try the waters with rod and reel. A fine fresh-water fisherman and all-round sportsman, Stokes had heard fabulous tales of the big fish the commercials had been taking, principally marlin. He

PERU

soon proved that what he had heard was no fish tale when he boated a 601-pounder and returned the following year to take another of 712 pounds, and thus convinced the most particular of the angling fraternity that there was another superlative fishing ground off the west coast of South America. Cabo Blanco was not fished again until January, 1939, when G. P. Ted Seeley of New York, president of the Frederick Snare Corporation, who had been spending some months each year in Lima, went up to Cabo Blanco in a 60-foot motor sailer. He brought with him four of his regular golf companions from Lima—H. S. Hunter, E. Roberts, C. F. Fritz and T. J. Kirkland, now operating vice-president of Pan American Grace Airways.

His craft was equipped with a heavy Diesel motor and was in no way adapted for big game fishing. Mr. Seeley hired a commercial fisherman to go out with him and fished according to mood rather than schedule—and didn't expect too much. From a clumsy boat he was with nary a fighting chair, no tackle for hoisting the fish aboard—he was blithely going out for some of the biggest game fish in the world.

Using a piano stool as a fighting chair, with an unattached Gimbel rod socket between his legs, he took two black marlin of 718 and 704 pounds respectively. Some of the east coast anglers who require the best of chairs and boats should think this one over. In seventeen days of actual fishing, Mr. Seeley reported more than fifty black marlin sighted from January 23 to February 14. Some of them may have been broadbill swordfish. There were only a couple of days when he didn't go out and he lost one that would have gone well over 1000 pounds. At any rate he was there and had a

FISHING THE PACIFIC

good black marlin run and it was due to his success in that period that I scheduled Tony Hulman for February, 1952, thirteen years later. Mr. Seeley never trolled a bait and had no outrigger—which goes to prove that they are dispensable in these waters.

Hearing about Mr. Seeley's success off Cabo Blanco, the late Daulton Mann, one of this country's leading steamship executives, a vice-president of the Grace Line, ordered for Cabo Blanco grounds two duplicates of the Elco Fishing Cruisers built for use off Tocopilla, Chile. They were delivered in April, 1940, and Michael Lerner, heading his first American Museum of Natural History Expedition to Peru, made use of them.

Lerner had Captain Douglas Osborn and the late Captain Bill Hatch of Miami as guides—but in that month he saw very few black marlin and none of them would strike. He did see a great many broadbill swordfish, however, but they also refused to take the bait. Then, being his usual resourceful and courageous self, Mike began to make wide sweeps offshore, staying out three and four days at a time, sixty or seventy miles offshore in a 30-foot boat. Not only did he find broadbill that would strike but he succeeded in catching the first and only ones caught off Peru—a 638- and a 384-pounder—until Enrique Pardo was to catch a couple in 1949.

Lerner's successful swordfish catch opened the eyes of the commercial fishermen to the broadbill fishing and today there are fleets of as many as twenty-five or thirty boats bringing in swordfish from Paita to Mancora, and Mancora has become the Gloucester of Peru through Lerner's efforts. All of which meant much to Peru.

PERU

These fish are not only chased with power boats but are sailed down, and it is some sight to see. They have no kegs and sometimes attempt to throw two harpoons into the fish. On two different occasions in the last three years off Cabo Blanco this little fleet of twenty-one sailing craft and some eight or nine power boats has harpooned over 300 swordfish in a single day. They tend the fish from their balsa rafts.

They now get \$20.00 apiece for each swordfish or espada, no matter what the size, and some 300 soles for every black marlin. A 1500-pound broadbill swordfish was brought in to Paita in 1941 and the largest I know harpooned commercially at Cabo Blanco was a 1040-pounder. Mike Lerner claims he saw the biggest swordfish he ever encountered off Cabo Blanco and he has fished for them more than any other man. He firmly believes that a broadbill weighing over 1200 pounds will be brought in to this port.

The largest fish I ever heard of was harpooned off Cabo Blanco—a 2250-pound black marlin—so it should not be too long before the record attains at least 1800 pounds. I predicted 1400 pounds for 1953 and it's already 1560.

Swordfish were shipped to the States from these waters all through the war and still find a market there. Thus many of the inhabitants have been provided with a livelihood, thanks to Lerner.

During his visit to Cabo Blanco, Lerner was afforded considerable amusement by the unusually large squid off the Peruvian coast. He had fun fishing them at night, taking many weighing up to 150 pounds with clusters of eight gang hooks which were devised after some experimentation. He

FISHING THE PACIFIC

used 9-thread line. The fish showered the angler with so much black ink that he was forced to wear a mask to protect his eyes and his guides did likewise.

In February, 1941, before going up to the magnificent new grounds off Salango, Ecuador, and north, Lerner led his second expedition to Peru and fished off Cabo Blanco for another ten days. All the black marlin sighted refused to strike but he did catch the first Pacific sailfish that was ever boated off Peru.

Lerner had used Hans Hinrichs' beautiful fishing cruiser *Alone*, which Hinrichs had shipped down, and Captain Osborn then left Mr. Lerner to fish Mr. Hinrichs. They succeeded in boating a 705-pound black marlin plus a pair of nice mako sharks, and Hinrichs became the first man to catch striped marlin on these bountiful Peruvian grounds.

He lost another black marlin that was estimated at more than over 1000 pounds. With the exception of his big black, all these fish were taken by the drifting method of fishing deep, with motors stopped, about five miles out of Cabo Blanco, and it is by this method that so many tuna have been caught.

Cabo Blanco was not seriously fished again until after the war. In 1948 Enrique Pardo, the great Peruvian sportsman and her leading angler, son of one of her ex-presidents and educated at Cambridge, bought Thorne Donnelly's *Mako II*, a 28-foot twin-screw fishing cruiser from Miami, renamed her the *Sansky* and shipped her to Cabo Blanco.

He fished this boat with some success, catching striped marlin and broadbill swordfish, and in 1950, when I was in Lima, cabled me an invitation to join him in an excursion. I

PERU

didn't accept, but the day for which I'd been asked Pardo boated an 824-pound black marlin, the largest caught in the two Americas up to that time. He invited me again in April, 1951, and this time I was not slow in accepting.

I arrived in Talara, Peru, on April 6, hoping to fish for two weeks. I caught striped marlin the first day, passed up a few others, baited some broadbill swordfish—then on that fateful Friday the 13th, hooked a black marlin that would have gone over a thousand pounds only to lose it five hours later after breaking up the chair. Unfortunately, Pardo's boat was unable to go out again and therefore my fishing ended. But I was far from disappointed. In six days I had seen black marlin, striped marlin and swordfish aplenty and had the thrill of hooking and fighting a monstrous fish.

Meantime Alfred Glassell had been talking to some people he knew in the commercial tuna industry out of San Pedro. They were running freezer craft to Peru to freeze the tuna and allied species and offered to let him use *Oceanic V* as headquarters if he desired to fish off Peru, since he always wanted to try. Due to the facts that the International Petroleum Company and the Lobitos Oil Company own all the property on that coast, and Cabo Blanco belongs to Lobitos, none of them were interested in developing fishing and nothing had been done on that score.

International had put in a few boats for their resident employees and officials' friends to use out of Talara and these people enjoyed great success with the small fish. Glassell, accompanied by Red Stuart, went to Mancora, forty-four miles north of Talara, where he joined *Oceanic V*. He chartered a commercial fishing boat named *Don Freddie* and

FISHING THE PACIFIC

installed a fishing chair. In ten days' fishing in which the boat broke down some four or five times, once or twice when actually fighting fish he boated eight striped marlin and two swordfish, one a 687-pounder, the largest ever taken off Peru.

Glassell did most of his fishing out of Mancora and a good portion of it on a bank some thirty-five miles offshore which was teeming with bait. He quit Mancora and Talara for Santiago, Chile, the day I arrived but left me a message saying that the place looked awfully good to him. When we met again in Santiago we decided that then and there was the place to found a club.

Enrique Pardo had already told me that he would erect the clubhouse and I said I'd provide a boat, while Glassell said he would furnish another. In the meantime, Pardo and I had gone to the Lobitos officials and sounded them out about letting us use the facilities at their mole and giving us a site on the beach for a clubhouse. This was arranged through C. N. Carroll, who had been in charge in Lima for many years; John Henry, resident manager in Peru, and Leonard Berry, the general manager in London, to all of whom we owe a debt of gratitude. Glassell and I went over to Buenos Aires to shoot with Jamie Llavallol and he eagerly wanted to join and contribute a boat. Thus the Cabo Blanco Club was born.

On my return to New York I immediately told Joe Gale that he had better join and he took my advice and we also asked Tony Hulman of Terre Haute. Tony, of course, said it sounded like the real thing to him and was glad to take Glassell's and my word on the matter. At that point we were not sure how many more members we would need. As the

PERU

plans for the clubhouse became more pretentious, more people joined in and over a two-year period, from April, 1951, until as I write this in August, 1953, twenty-one men were invited to join, sixteen of whom accepted. One man offered me as much as \$50,000 to get him in; another went into Talara and tried to buy his way in for \$10,000.00; twice I was offered \$10,000.00 at luncheon, on another occasion \$10,000.00 before lunch, during the meal, and afterward from an importunate aspirant. Many people naturally wanted to join but the aim was to restrict membership to a particularly fine crowd—above all, a congenial group. Following is a list of the members and the order in which they joined: Enrique Pardo of Lima, Peru, who is president; Alfred C. Glassell, Jr., of Houston, Texas; Jamie Llavallol of Buenos Aires, Argentina; M. C. Gale of New York City; Tony Hulman of Terre Haute, Indiana; Raymondo de Castro Maya of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; S. Kip Farrington, Jr., of East Hampton, New York; Julian Crandall of Ashaway, Rhode Island; William K. Carpenter of Wilmington, Delaware; Wendell Anderson of Detroit, Michigan; Arvard Carlander of Stockholm, Sweden; James M. Hutton, Jr., of Cincinnati, Ohio; John M. Olin of East Alton, Illinois; Northrup R. Knox of Buffalo, New York; Douglas Huston of Buenos Aires, Argentina; Chapin M. Kreck of East Hampton, New York. All save the president are vice-presidents except for Gale who also serves as treasurer.

I had the honor of personally picking all these men myself and we're fortunate to have two or three younger ones who will carry on after us. Additional members from the South American countries who are so near the scene of

FISHING THE PACIFIC

operations will be invited to join. Tom Bates was elected an honorary member, as were C. N. Carroll and John Henry of the Lobitos Oil Company, Max Crawford of International Petroleum, and J. C. Tippet of Lima. All of these gentlemen have done much for us and enough thanks and appreciation can hardly be given them. Max Crawford, manager of International Petroleum at Talara; his former assistant Jack Ashworth, as well as Hayden Hughes, former manager; Philo Maier, the president and other officials provided us with sleeping accommodations and the use of their restaurant and clubs in Talara while we were waiting for the clubhouses at Cabo Blanco to be completed.

Richard Norris, chief engineer, acted as honorary secretary throughout the building and developing days and weighed in all of the records. Norris had been the I.G.F.A. representative for Peru since 1939 and Enrique Pardo has now been named to that post for southern Peru. Norris now is retired from the Lobitos Company and departed the scene but his friendship, advice and hard work will not soon be forgotten.

The smaller clubhouse with five double rooms, bathroom and showers as well as the tackle room, dining room, living room and porch, was completed January 1, 1953, and a small attractive dwelling constructed for the manager. At first it was decided to have only this facility which is actually adequate, but then Enrique Pardo and some of the members thought it would be nice to have the larger clubhouse, which is situated on a rise and commands one of the most magnificent vistas in the Pacific. The clubhouse has the finest tackle room ever built and tackle lockers for the members as well as guests—worktables, line dryers and storage facilities; beautiful outside

PERU

dining facilities and sleeping accommodations in ten double rooms with baths and showers. This commodious building will be ready for occupancy coincident with the publication of this book.

Cabo Blanco is 3.3° south of the equator. Talara is 953 airline miles from the Panama Canal and 596 miles north of Lima—a two-and-a-quarter hour flight in a Panagra DC-6—and about 2100 miles from Miami. You can leave Miami at 11 in the morning on Tuesdays and Thursdays, arriving Talara at 9 that night, with a 45-minute stop at Panama and another 25 minutes at Guayaquil, and this flight on the Tourist *El Pacifico* permits a ravishing view of the sunset as you cross the equator. The other flight leaves Miami at 8 o'clock Sunday evening on Pan American's crack *Inter-Americano*, with its excellent dinner and good berths, and you arrive at Talara Monday morning about 4:45, with a stop at Panama. It is also possible to go to Panama any day and continue the flight down on Panagra 319, leaving Panama every morning except Sunday, and this alternative gives one a chance to see the beautiful Cordilleras and the great peaks of Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, as well as those near Quito.

The first problem we had was to select the type of boat that we wanted to use for fishing. We knew we had skillful commercial fishermen from among whom to choose our crews at Cabo Blanco. We picked nine and they have never let us down. Our first thought as to a boat was to have one about 40 feet long with a beam of 12 feet. All of us knew that it would be rough in the summer months and we wanted boats big enough to carry a couple of thousand-pound fish. Our first boat was constructed at Wedgeport with a Cape

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Island hull, flying bridge and enclosed deck cabin as well as a forward cabin. There was no stove and we had only one fighting chair along with a stout mast, uptop steering, roomy and airy toilet, and two gin poles 14 feet in length. It was finally decided to build the other two boats 38 feet long with a beam of 11 feet. This model was molded more on Glassell's and my ideas, and as Glassell had much to do with the planning of the boat, he named her *Miss Texas*. Jamie Llavallol named the other boat *Petrel*, and Gale named the first one *Pescador Dos*. The two 38-footers are my ideal of what fish boats should be. You can jump from any place aboard and land down with good footing; you can get around rapidly, weather cloths keep the spray off, you can boat bigger fish than can any other type of craft ever built. It was with great pride that I gave Joe Gale permission to call them the *Farrington Fishermen* and now that they have taken seven fish weighing over a thousand pounds I am grateful that my name was used in this connection. This boat probably hasn't enough brassy glamour to catch on in the United States, but for a practical, rugged fish boat with a marvelous hull, a mast that will take two men in any kind of sea, fine uptop controls, no cleats, low stern—perfect in every respect for fighting big fish on light or heavy tackle, it's the finest I've ever fished from by all odds.

I have taken black marlin out of all three of these boats, done a lot of light-tackle fishing from them and caught a 622-pound swordfish as well.

Many people wonder why development of Cabo Blanco wasn't begun the minute the war ended. Frankly, I was too busy playing hockey. I wanted to get more of that in before

PERU

I was too old and probably if the Korea situation hadn't arisen, I might not have gotten there yet because the St. Nicholas Hockey Club is not in operation on account of it. However, I left them to go to New Zealand. I always told friends in the States it would be 1952 before the fishing was reactivated in South America.

Why were we a little dubious about Cabo Blanco? Because almost everybody told us it would be too rough to fish there in the Peruvian winter months (North American summer) and I was at first afraid that it might prove an uncertain area. I knew black marlin would be caught, and very big ones—but I never realized that they would be so abundant and so near the coast. It was not until we got there that we found out that the best place for black marlin was in "black marlin boulevard," from one to three or four miles offshore—practically never more than five.

The striped marlin were three to eight miles offshore and the majority of the broadbill from five to eight in the usual months, with the broadbill in closer during the Peruvian winter. We called these lanes Avenida Espada and Estación Pez Aguja respectively. My great good luck off Cabo Blanco followed a period of being in one of the worst slumps for blue and black marlin that had befallen me in all my fishing career. Baseball players good and bad have their batting slumps; the leading hockey players at times cannot find the net for game after game, or else keep hitting the post, and the goaltender barely deflects their finest, hardest shots aimed for the corners.

All good golfers have days when the putts long or short refuse to drop. Such runs of misfortune are not unusual with

FISHING THE PACIFIC

the fisherman angling salt water, but are particularly trying because he has had to devote so much time to the pursuit and frequently has had to travel long distances for the species he is after. There are days on end when the big game fisherman fails to find and raise the fish he is after—other days when he may raise them yet cannot get the hook set properly in the enormous mouth. After having them on sometimes for hours at a time the hook will pull out or one of the many other disasters common to this game will overtake him.

I have had my share of this kind of luck and after six years of endeavoring to catch my first swordfish off Montauk, Long Island, New York, before being successful and having had other long waits after strenuous efforts, I thought I was practically immune to disappointment and could take anything.

It was in 1949, four years after the war ended, that I decided to tear myself away from ice hockey, go to New Zealand and Australia, sample their great black marlin fishing as well as their fresh-water angling and try my luck for their lesser species. Naturally I wanted to meet their famed sportsmen. More than anything I was interested in seeing the wonderful country.

Black marlin is by far the most difficult of all the marlins to catch and the most coveted. It's the most difficult one to hook, has the most tremendous power and some of the fighting characteristics of the broadbill swordfish. He is, of course, the glamour boy of all fish since he runs the largest.

Leaving the United States, I was in the depths of a major slump on Atlantic blue marlin, which is the largest fish in that water. I had put in some forty-five days since the war

PERU

without catching one and I was confident my luck would change Down Under. I fished off Havana, Walter Cay, Cat Cay and Bimini without boating a single blue—and in Australia my ill luck persisted while my wife, on the other hand, picked up five black marlin.

I'd been at the game much too long to be much disturbed over my plight and I didn't worry unduly about not catching the small fish up to 300 pounds.

I'm not a particularly religious man, though I'm the grandson of an Episcopal minister. My only aunt is an Episcopal sister. I was sent to a couple of Episcopalian schools and I go to church once a month. I also say my prayers on occasion. I say them particularly when on fishing trips. But for some time I've been harboring the suspicion that the Episcopal Church is a very good tuna church but not a good marlin church.

In fact I'd even discussed this matter with my minister in my home village of East Hampton. I attended the Church of England services in Australia but it didn't improve my marlin luck. Now I was going to New Zealand—and was I confident of a break! I felt sure I'd emerge from my slump in those waters. I convinced myself I would because my grandfather named my father after Bishop Selwyn of Christ Church, Oxford, who'd founded the Church of England in New Zealand and I, being Junior, was also named after him. Nobody visiting these Islands and bearing the name of a great New Zealand bishop could possibly not enjoy tremendous luck with black marlin, I concluded. But when angling I am inclined to be superstitious in the matter of clothes, gloves, and sometimes rods and reels. Like many other fishermen, if

FISHING THE PACIFIC

given a good streak of luck I'll stick to the same clothes. To make a long story short, I had the honor of fishing the famous Bay of Islands grounds, New Zealand, for seventeen days before quitting to go after trout. In those seventeen days I didn't raise a single black marlin. But although I had no luck, a couple over 800 pounds were caught while I was on the grounds. A 654-pounder was taken from my boat the day after I left by a man to whom I had been giving striped marlin and who had been a guest on my boat for a couple of days.

As already mentioned I arrived in Peru to begin my fishing in April, 1951, and Señor Pardo, having returned to Lima, very kindly loaned me his boat to fish for ten days. He had a good captain from Callao who was also skipper of his yacht—and a guide who had been trained by Michael Lerner and other Americans there prior to the war, and who was supposed to be the only Peruvian with a thorough knowledge of big game fishing. The third member of my crew was a little fellow who had good eyes but not much strength and as I was to find out soon, less guts. From April on it is pretty rough all the time and this particular day was no exception. There was a terrific current running from the north against the wind and at the time we knew little about it.

I was working about twenty miles north of Cabo Blanco, about twenty-five miles offshore, when at 2:35 in the afternoon we sighted a striped marlin. Here we do not do any trolling except to keep one short bait in the water. We look for the tails of the marlin, the dorsal fins and tails of the swordfish. Your eyes are better than your bait and you must cover ground to find the fish. Black marlin are all headed north



ALFRED GLASSELL, JR., STANDS WITH WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT CATCH—THE FIRST 1000-POUND FISH EVER CAUGHT. THE DATE: APRIL 7, 1952, AND THE FISH TIPPED THE SCALES AT 1025 POUNDS AT CABO BLANCO.



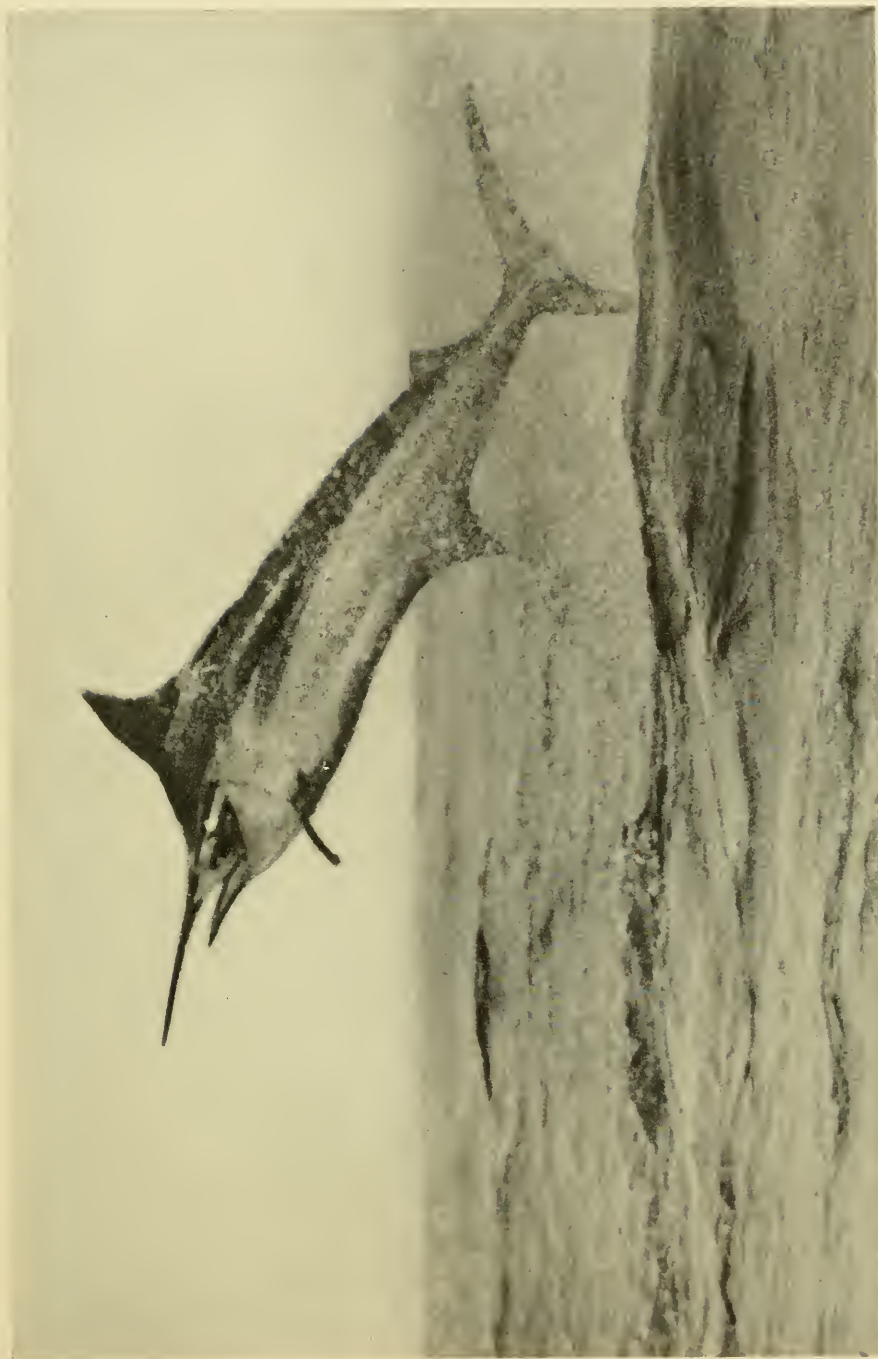
ALFRED GLASSELL'S 1025-POUNDER LEAPING OFF CABO BLANCO. NOTE EXTENDED PECTORAL FIN.



ABOUT THE FINEST JUMPING PICTURE EVER TAKEN AND ALSO THE LARGEST FISH EVER PHOTOGRAPHED. IT IS ALFRED GLASSELL'S 102.5-POUNDER THAT JUMPED FORTY-SEVEN TIMES.



ALFRED GLASSELL'S FIRST 1000-POUNDER, TAIL WALKING IN ECUADORIAN CURRENT, CABO BLANCO.



ANOTHER JUMP BY THIS HUGE BLACK MARLIN. FIRST FISH OVER 1000 POUNDS EVER BOATED.



ENRIQUE PARDO, GREAT PERUVIAN SALT-WATER FISHERMAN, WITH THE FIRST BLACK MARLIN TAKEN AFTER WORLD WAR II, 824 POUNDS, OFF CABO BLANCO. APRIL, 1950. (PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF PANAGRA)



JOE GALE, CAPTAIN OF THE UNITED STATES SHARP CUP TEAM, BECOMES THE THIRD MAN TO CATCH SWORDFISH IN BOTH THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS WITH THIS 520-POUNDER. GALE IS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB.



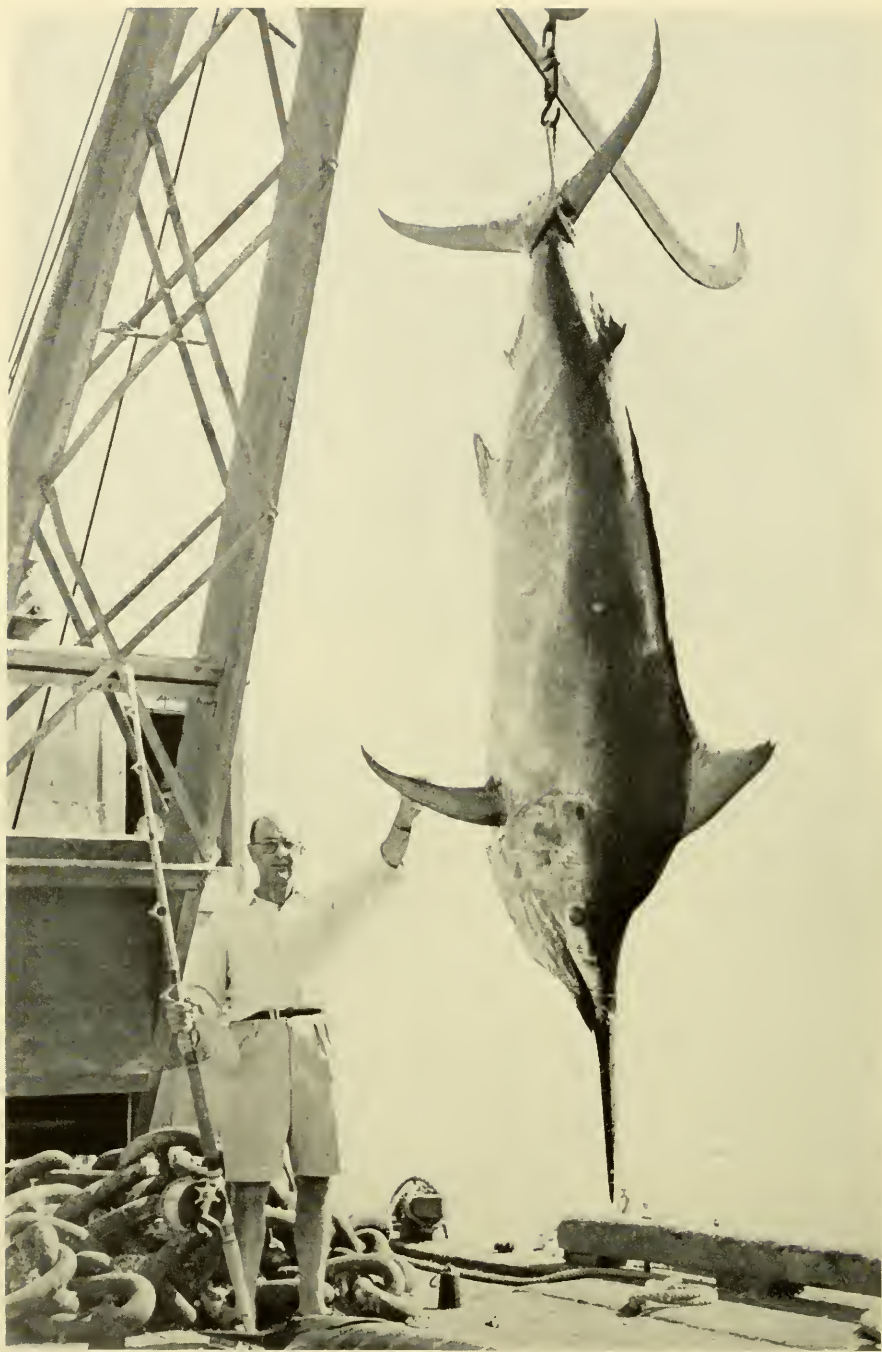
TONY HULMAN, OF INDIANA, CRACK UNITED STATES ANGLER AND SPORTSMAN, WITH HIS FIRST PERUVIAN BLACK MARLIN, WEIGHING 762 POUNDS, CAUGHT OFF CABO BLANCO.



STRIPED MARLIN STARTING TO RACE.



COMING UP TO SHAKE HIS HEAD AT ANGLER ALFRED GLASSELL AND PHOTOGRAPHER BOB TURNER.



RAYMONDO DE CASTRO MAYA, BRAZILIAN MEMBER OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB, WITH HIS FIRST BLACK MARLIN, 625 POUNDS, TAKEN ON A 39-THREAD ASHAWAY LINE, TYCOON ROD AND A ZWARG REEL.



A SWORDFISH, WEIGHING 687 POUNDS, THE LARGEST EVER CAUGHT OFF PERU, IS TAKEN BY ALFRED GLASSELL. MARCH 26, 1951.



JAMIE LLAVALLOL, OF ARGENTINA, ONE OF SOUTH AMERICA'S GREATEST ANGLERS AND A MEMBER OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB, WITH ONE OF THE THREE BLACK MARLIN HE HAS CAUGHT THERE.



PERUVIAN BROADBILL SWORDFISH (*pez espada*) FINNING OUT OFF CABO BLANCO. THIS IS WHAT YOU LOOK FOR.



A BIG JUMPING BULL DOLPHIN OFF CABO BLANCO.



ACTIVE STRIPED MARLIN PUTTING ON THE DAILY SHOW ALONG THE AVENIDA
PEZ AGUJA, CABO BLANCO.



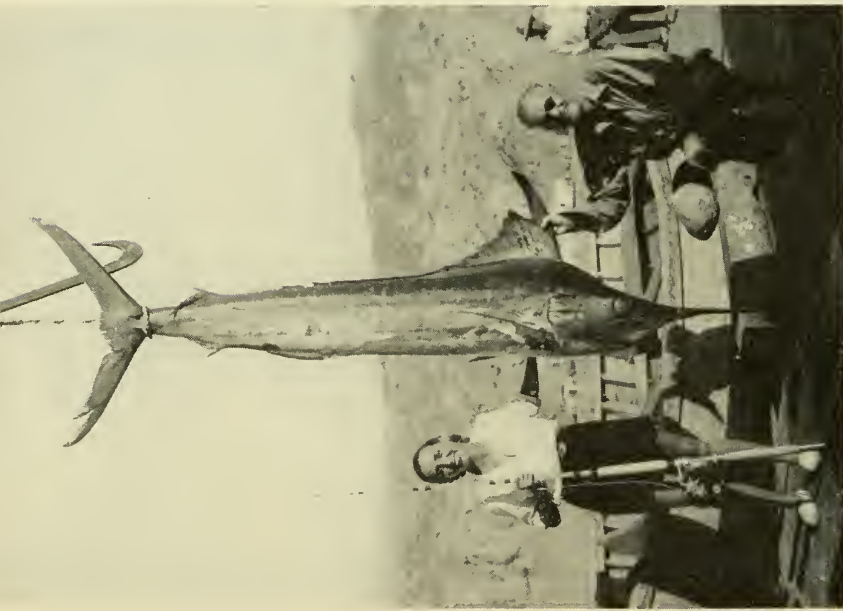
ALFRED GLASSELL, JR., CAPTAIN OF THE 1952 UNITED STATES' SHARP CUP TEAM, WITH THE TWO SWORDFISH HE TOOK IN ONE DAY OFF CABO BLANCO, BOTH WERE CAUGHT DRIFTING.



TOM BATES WITH THE SECOND 1000-POUNDER EVER CAUGHT. A BEAUTIFUL FISH WITH A LENGTH OF THIRTEEN FEET AND ELEVEN AND A HALF INCHES AND A GIRTH OF SIX FEET. IT PUT UP A TERRIFIC FIGHT FOR ONE HOUR AND FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES. AUGUST 3, 1952.



MRS. WENDELL ANDERSON, JR., WHOSE FATHER-IN-LAW HEADED THE YALE UNIVERSITY EXPEDITION TO PERU, WITH THE LADIES' WORLD'S RECORD BIG-EYE TUNA, WEIGHING 335 POUNDS, TAKEN IN THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES OFF CABO BLANCO. THIS IS ALSO THE LADIES' 24-THREAD RECORD.



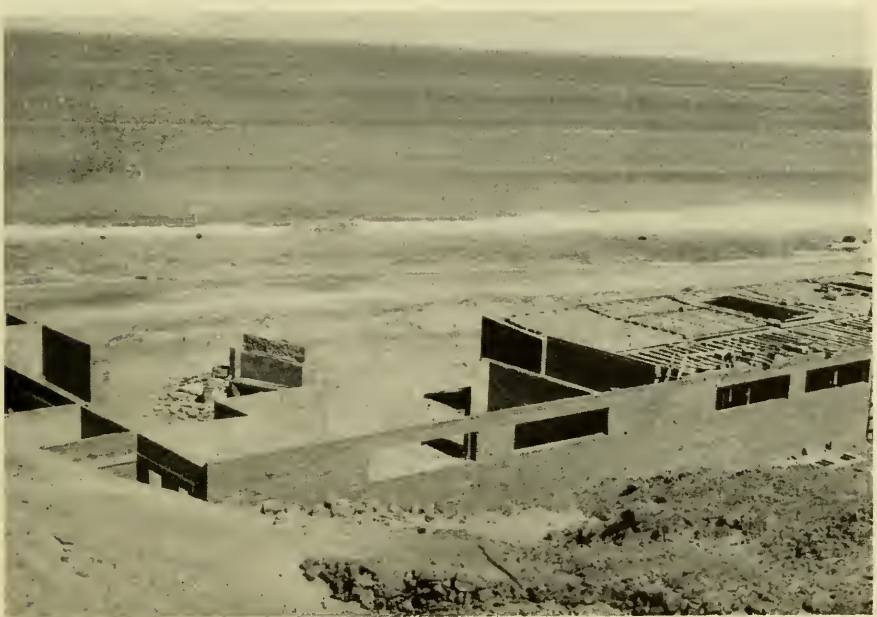
INEZ ALVAREZ CALDERON WITH A 202-POUND STRIPED MARLIN—THE FIRST TO BE CAUGHT BY A PERUVIAN WOMAN.



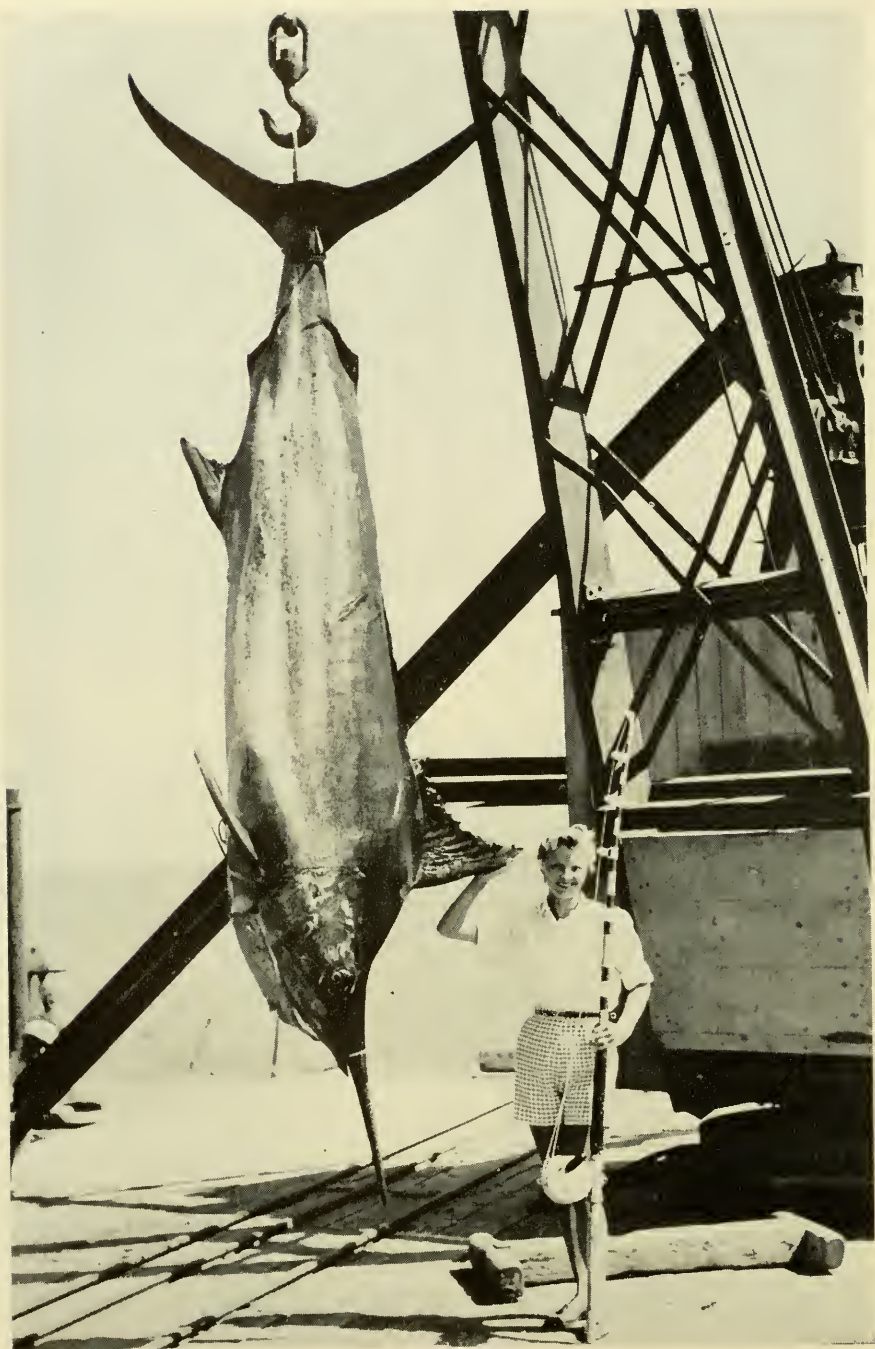
ALFRED GLASSELL, GUIDING FOR "RED" STUART, FLIPS A DOLPHIN INTO THE COCKPIT.



A VIEW OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB, UNDER CONSTRUCTION, FROM
"BLACK MARLIN BOULEVARD."



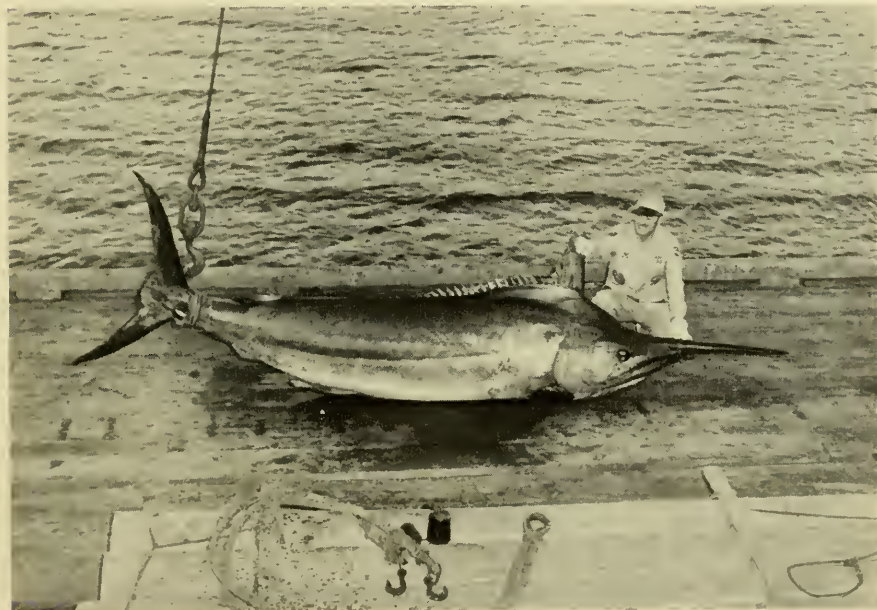
A VIEW OF "BLACK MARLIN BOULEVARD" AND THE BEAUTIFUL BEACH FROM
THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB.



AFTER A FIGHT OF OVER TWO HOURS, AFTER DARK, MRS. JACK ANDERSON LANDED THIS 648-POUND BLACK MARLIN OFF CABO BLANCO.



RAYMONDO DE CASTRO MAYA WITH HIS 721-POUND BLACK MARLIN HANGING ON THE GIN POLE OF THE *Petrel*, MAY, 1953.



A DIFFERENT KIND OF PHOTOGRAPH OF A VERY BEAUTIFUL BLACK MARLIN. ALFRED GLASSELL WITH HIS 1090-POUNDER. TAKE A LOOK AT THE FINE LONG BILL.



THERE ARE MANY MANTA RAYS OF ALL SIZES OFF CABO BLANCO. THIS IS THE WAY THEY JUMP OUT.



LOS ORGANOS (THE ORGANS), A FAMOUS LANDMARK NORTH OF CABO BLANCO. IT HAS A FINE BEACH, WONDERFUL SURFCASTING, AND MANY ROOSTERFISH AND BIRDS.



ALFRED GLASSELL FIGHTING A SMALL 515-POUND BLACK MARLIN OFF CABO BLANCO.



THESE LITTLE BLACK MARLIN ARE AS ACTIVE AS THEIR BIGGER RELATIVES—WHO ARE THREE TIMES THIS SIZE ON OCCASION.



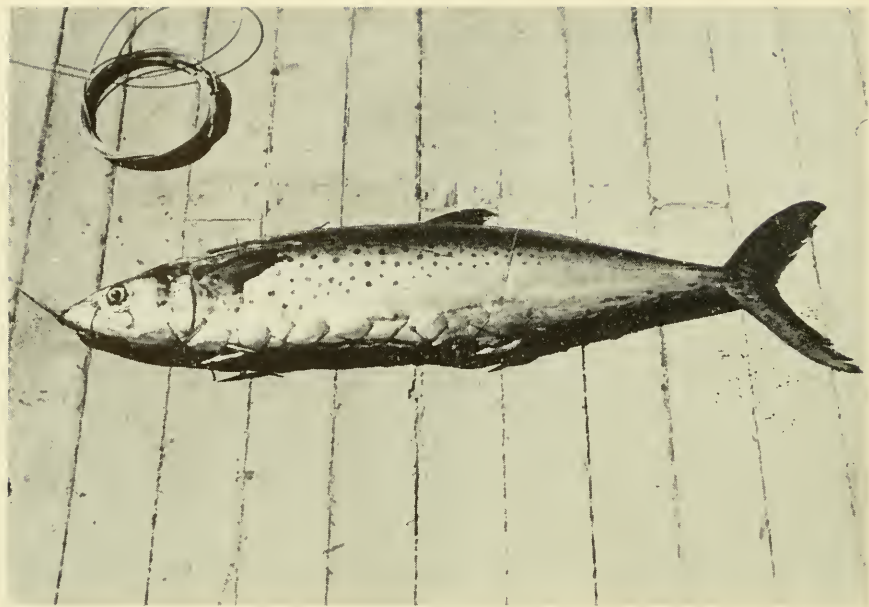
THE CHIQUITA, A 515-POUNDER, FLIES THROUGH THE AIR ON HIS SIDE.



NOTE THE TWIST IN THE BLACK MARLIN'S SUPPLE BODY AND THE LENGTH OF THIS LITTLE FELLOW'S LEAP. (HE'S SMALL FOR CABO BLANCO.)



GLASSELL LOST HIS RECORD TO TOM BATES BUT RECOVERED IT WITH THIS 1090-POUNDER IN AUGUST, 1952. THE FISH WAS TAKEN WITH A TYCOON ROD, FIX-NOR REEL, AND A 39-THREAD ASHAWAY LINE.



SIERRA MACKEREL WITH A CABO BLANCO TWO-HOOK RIG FOR BLACK MARLIN.



SIERRA MACKEREL RIGGED WITH A SINGLE HOOK FOR TROLLING AND PRESENTING TO BLACK MARLIN SIGHTED OFF CABO BLANCO.



AUTHOR STANDS WITH WORLD'S RECORD BLACK MARLIN, FIRST 1100-POUNDER EVER CAUGHT AND 555-POUNDER TAKEN SAME DAY OFF CABO BLANCO, PERU. THE BIG FISH WAS 14' 8" LONG, HAD A GIRTH OF 6' AND A TAIL-SPREAD OF 4' 10".



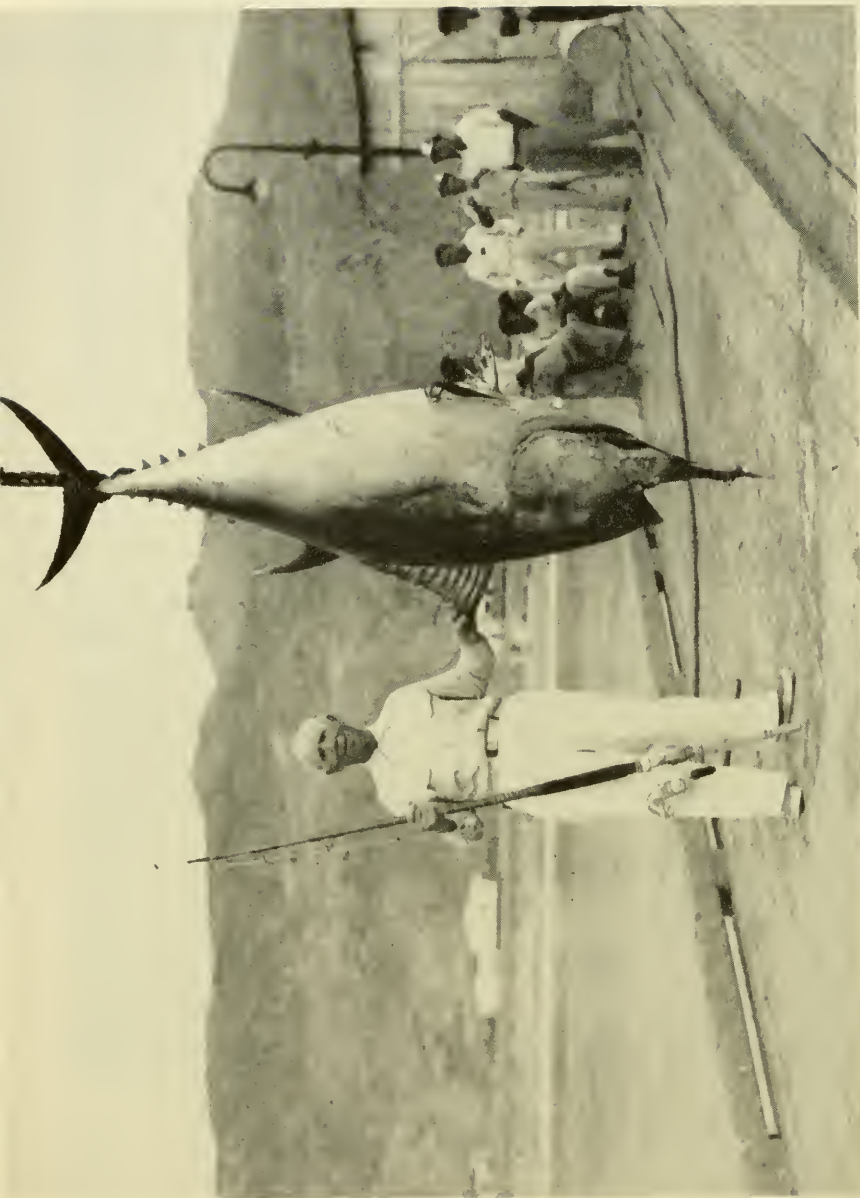
ALFRED GLASSSELL HOLDS THE DORSAL FIN OF THE LARGEST STRIPED MARLIN CAUGHT OFF CABO BLANCO. IT WEIGHED 382 POUNDS.



DOUGLAS HOUSTON OF ARGENTINA, A MEMBER OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB, FIGHTS A BIG BROADBILL, USING A TYCOON ROD AND A PENN REEL.



ALFRED GLASSELL STANDS WITH THE TWO LARGEST FISH OF ANY KIND CAUGHT IN ONE DAY. THE BLACK MARLIN WEIGH 985 AND 855 POUNDS. CAPTAIN "RED" STUART LOOKS ON, PLEASED AND HAPPY.



H. L. WOODWARD, WELL KNOWN FOR HIS PIONEER ANGLING OFF HAVANA, IS SHOWN HERE WITH 368-
POUND WORLD'S RECORD BIG-EYE TUNA TAKEN OFF CABO BLANCO. HE USED A 39-THREAD ASHAWAY LINE,
TYCOON ROD, FIN-NOR REEL.



EVENTUALLY THE FIRST 1000-POUND BLACK MARLIN TO BE CAUGHT IN THE WORLD WILL BE HUNG OVER THIS FIREPLACE AT THE FISHING CLUB.



THE BEAUTIFUL SURFCASTING AND SWIMMING BEACH AS SEEN FROM THE TERRACE OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB.



THE AUTHOR WITH THE 865-POUND BLACK MARLIN THAT GAVE HIM HIS GRAND SLAM OF THREE SPECIES, EACH WEIGHING OVER 800 POUNDS.

PERU

and now we know they're inshore. We rarely find them more than five miles out and usually in the afternoon. The day was Friday, April 13, 1951, and I was never feeling less superstitious.

At any rate I gave no thought to the date as we worked around a striped marlin. We thought we would catch one and release him, as we needed the workout. This fish refused to strike and acted strangely. Most of them really like the bait in these waters but he kept running away from us. After we had baited him four or five times he went down and I left my bait in the water without taking it in. About three minutes later we picked him up again. The crew told me in their Spanish that they thought it was the same fish. I was not too sure. For it is extremely difficult to tell the difference between the striped marlin tail and the black marlin tail when they are just protruding above the water. You have to get a good look at to really distinguish them although the black marlin usually do not stay up as long as the striped marlin—the tail goes up and down and under water much more often. However, some horrible mistakes have been made and some good anglers have hooked some big black marlin on light tackle. This particular fish came up behind the bait, followed it, then took it almost indolently. When I saw that dorsal fin I knew he was a black marlin and I could not believe my eyes or my luck. I gave him the usual treatment. As they take the bait they turn and you let the line run. In New Zealand you wait for the pause. Hooking black marlin off Peru has been patterned somewhat after New Zealand procedure although I do not let them run as long after the pause as is customary Down Under.

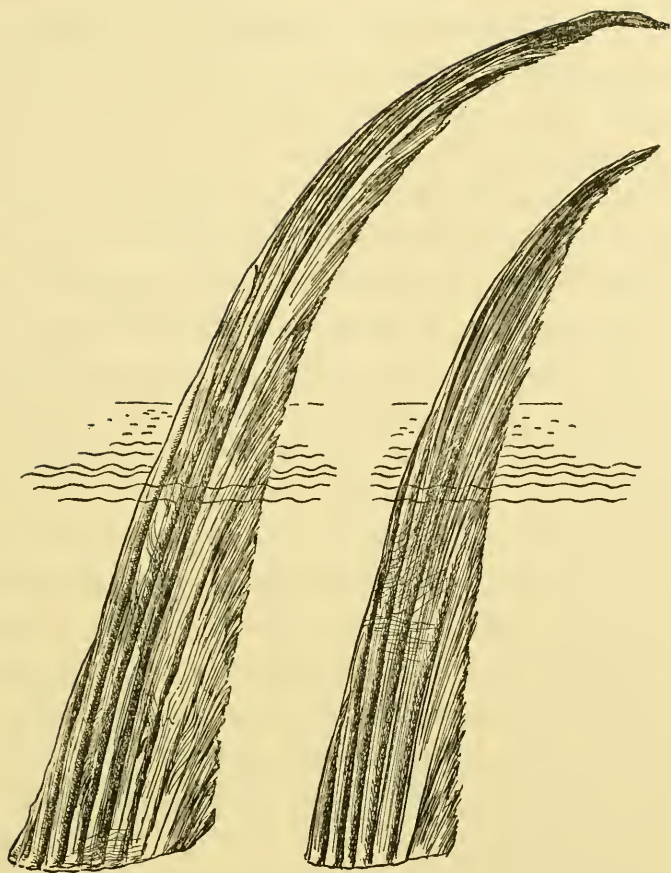
FISHING THE PACIFIC

You get a very slight pause, but you almost always get it. I hooked this fish, the boat was gunned, I struck him and I could feel that he weighed at least 500 or 600 pounds. For about seven minutes he did not show. Then he surfaced and the boys on top yelled "Grande!" At that distance he looked as if he might go 700 pounds. I fought him hard for about thirty-five or forty minutes and he did not jump. After thirty-five minutes they had the leader. The fish was over the stern and the little Peruvian held the gaff over him. I patted the boy on the back and told him to go ahead and gaff the fish—but he was scared by its size—so much so that he could not bring that gaff down. Juan held the leader, the boat had been handled perfectly and I was sure the fish was ready for gaffing. He was hurt. I should have jumped up and gaffed him myself but I could not see getting out of the chair after only a thirty-five-minute fight with a fish that might go 1000 pounds. In a couple of minutes of course he broke loose and started to jump close around the stern. Just as the double line would run off he would greyhound, so I had a wonderful look at him and could see that my crew were greatly impressed.

In the next hour and a half Juan had the leader ten more times. The first three times the fish could easily have been gaffed but again I could not make the boy put the gaff to him and to this day I blame myself more and more for not having got up and done it myself. But I simply thought at the time that I'd wait until the fish died, when getting him aboard would be a simple matter even though the seas were becoming steadily rougher and the swells increasing all the time.

During this hour and a half he had taken us three or four

PERU



THE BIG QUESTION—BLACK OR STRIPED MARLIN? BLACK MARLIN TAIL, LEFT, WEIGHING 625 POUNDS, AND STRIPED MARLIN TAIL, WEIGHING 275 POUNDS. BOTH FISH CAUGHT BY R. DE CASTRO MAYA AT CABO BLANCO. TIP OF BLACK MARLIN'S TAIL DAMAGED IN TRANSIT.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

miles to the southward with the current. He did all of his jumping with never more than 150 ft. of line out, so we had look after look at him and if I had had a photographer the pictures would have been spectacular. All in all, the double line was on the reel twenty-five times and after that I stopped counting and got hold of the leader three more times, making a total of fourteen in all. At 4:30 or thereabouts the entire foot rest of the chair came off and one arm went with it. With the terrific drag on the reel this catapulted me out of the chair across the counter in the stern. I took the full force of the blow on both hands and tried to protect the reel, which took a very hard rap. After loosening the drag I picked myself up. It is impossible to go overboard when fighting a big fish if the drag is loosened regardless of what you may hear to the contrary. I got back into the chair but I had no more bracing. However, some cushions and life preservers aided me somewhat. My right hand was in bad shape but I didn't notice this, nor did I notice that the little finger on my left hand was pretty stiff. I was much more concerned about the reel which, fifteen minutes later began to act up. Between five and six o'clock I repaired the reel three times and again had the fish under pretty good control.

He started down once and I did not attempt to stop him too much until he got to about 250 feet because I thought he was surely going to die. However, I brought him back up to the double line and he was still very much alive and made another little run. Finally he came to the surface and seemed to quiver as if he were in his death flurry, then sounded again. He had run off some 350 to 400 feet of line when the reel again went out of order. By this time it was getting dark and

PERU

it was really blowing. The seas were very high and it was impossible to plane the fish. By planing we mean running away from him with as much drag on as can be given, then backing up fast and recovering line. This will often get a fish that is on a course off it and it is a good way to raise a dead fish.

Again the reel went out and he got down about 900 feet. With no foot-bracing and a faulty reel I was at a serious disadvantage. After having had him so near I was not in the best of humors. Around 6:30 I knew the fish was stone dead and I was having very little success in raising him, but I had him up to about 600 feet and things looked all right when the reel suddenly went out completely. The post had broken and I had no way of making repairs. The handle would turn around against me as the line ran out. I could only hold him on the top of certain swells. There are occasions when we can use the swells to help us get line back but this was now impossible. In all my big game fishing this was my first experience with a broken reel and it is not one that I wish to repeat. Five different times in the next hour the line went out right down to the spool just as fast as I'm telling it. The simple little knot we use to tie the line onto the spool did not break. The line was 39-thread Ashaway and on the 12/0 Vom Hofe reels I use we have 600 yards or 1800 feet. They are the same that are now made by Otto Swarg in St. Petersburg, Florida. At 7:44, or five hours and nine minutes after the fish had been hooked, with about 300 feet that I had recovered with no drag on the reel, all the line ran out again and it popped at the knot. How that handle can whirl around—and it can really crack you as it goes in reverse! This great fish which I am still certain

FISHING THE PACIFIC

ranks among the largest I've ever seen was stone dead in thousands of fathoms of water some 25 miles off Cabo Blanco. I pulled myself out of the chair as one usually does, whether successful or not, put a couple of towels around my neck, dried myself off and sat down on deck to examine my hands as we headed back to port. We arrived at the mole around 10:30 and Dick Norris, God bless him, had waited up to see if I was all right. In fact he was just about ready to start out looking for me. However, from on top of the hill back of Cabo Blanco at El Alto he had been able to see our runnings lights as we came in. He examined my hands, gave me a bowl of soup at his house, then drove me to the hospital. I remember there was a very good-looking Peruvian nurse on hand and the doctor was excellent. He told me that my little finger was broken and he thought that my right hand was, too. At any rate, he bound it up so tightly that I could not move it and on the drive back to Talara, 32 miles, I cut the bandage off and left my little finger as it was. It had been broken before while I was playing hockey and I was not much concerned about it. My one thought was to get out fishing again on the morrow.

The next morning I drove back up to Cabo Blanco and much to my chagrin found that some of the struts in the boat had been severely strained and the motors were in very bad shape. Five hours of backing into these seas had been too much for the craft which was a trifle small for such a big fish in the weather that we had battled. However, I thought that perhaps we could go the next day or the following one. After waiting around for six days we were afraid to use the boat any more for fear of damaging her further. Eventually

she had to be pulled out so that the fractured struts could be replaced. Thus ended another six days of black marlin fishing with no success.

My next big fishing adventure was over the 4th of July, 1951, when I fished four days with Glassell at Bimini and promptly proceeded to pull the hook out of a blue marlin around 350 pounds at the boat when the guides had the leader, and it was a great sight to hook this boy as he was pouncing on bonitos that were underneath the boat and he picked up five or six of them before taking my bait. But then to top it all off, two hours before my departure I pulled the hook out of a nice one around 650 pounds just over the stern while the fish was all in and coming easily. I took this loss so nonchalantly that the guide, Eddie Moore, and his crew thought I was crazy—but after the one I had lost at Cabo Blanco two months earlier I was now becoming reconciled to my bad fortune.

My next trip to Cabo Blanco lasted only five days in January, 1952, when I was going on down to Chile. After raising no black marlin during that time I was attempting to catch a striped marlin for Mrs. Tom Bates, wife of our great friend who was afterward to catch a 752-pounder. We were baiting the striped marlin when a black marlin around 700 pounds, maybe a trifle less, came up and took the bait. This fish was lost through no fault of Mrs. Bates after a fight of over two hours.

After giving another black marlin away and seeing no more I wasn't in a very good frame of mind. I should have wakened up to the fact that the black marlin was around from the way

FISHING THE PACIFIC

the striped marlin was acting. He rushed the bait, missed it, and the black marlin got in from underneath.

I returned again to Cabo Blanco in February for five days just after Tony Hulman had opened the fishing world's eyes with his great catches of three in four days—but again I failed to sight any black marlin.

Undaunted I was back again on the 22nd of March for another go, fishing six days of that week—the 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th with no success. On Saturday afternoon, the 29th, around half past two, I remarked to Mrs. Bates' sister, Inez Alvarez Calderon of Lima that I would go to mass next morning. The question came back, "Six o'clock?" and I said: "No, I will go with you at eight. We'll be late starting out in the morning." The thought was still with me that I had put in fifty-four days of straight fishing for black marlin without having caught one since before the war and I also had forty days of blue marlin fishing since the war without having one in the boat—a total of ninety-four days fishing for the two big species in both oceans without success.

Within forty-five minutes after I had said that I'd go to church in the morning I got a blind strike on the bait that we keep very short, just off the double line in the wake. After about twenty minutes of the fish being under water, from which I knew it could be none other than a black, he emerged and started to jump. Forty-seven minutes later this fish was boated and my spell of ill luck had been broken. And this within two hours of the time I had announced I was going to the Catholic church with the señorita in the morning. It was fun to arrive at the dock that afternoon with a fish and

PERU

all the little Peruvian boys and girls looking on from the mole. They clapped, cheered and yelled "*Macanudo!*"—my favorite word in South America, meaning "You're the tops." These Peruvians from the smallest and poorest to the biggest and richest are courteous and kindly folk. This fish weighed 701 pounds and I went down to Talara feeling like a new man. The following morning I attended eight o'clock mass and came back up to fish, getting out around 10:00 o'clock. We cruised around looking for that tail of all tails and around two o'clock sighted a fish and caught him. He weighed 650 pounds. Around four o'clock I sighted another but he wouldn't strike. At this point I would have gone to church on Monday if there had been a service.

I came back up again for my last day's fishing before leaving for the United States, and around three that afternoon hooked and boated another fish after forty-five minutes. This weighed 725 pounds. And then, believe it or not, I had another fish on for about a 100-yard dash shortly afterward.

Three black marlin and four strikes in three days. It was pretty good compensation for what I had had to suffer. A week later the finest news I ever received reached me in the form of a cable relating that Glassell had taken a 1025-pound black marlin—the first fish ever caught to weigh over a thousand pounds.

Cabo Blanco was not fished again until late July, as I have already stated. On August 3 Tom Bates broke Glassell's record with a beautiful fish weighing 1060 pounds, caught after a hard hour-and-fifty-five-minute fight in a rough sea. No one deserved the new record more than this fine sportsman. Bates has done a great deal of work in behalf of the club

FISHING THE PACIFIC

and is constantly concerned with its success and development. Glassell was on his way down to Peru the day Bates caught this fish and within seventeen days had regained his ascendancy with a 1090-pounder. Thus, in a period of four months, three fish had been taken on these fabulous grounds weighing over a thousand pounds apiece. Glassell went back north to lead the American fishing team into second place in the international matches and knock off a 785-pound tuna at Wedgeport to wind up a noteworthy year. Probably no man ever had a greater one. In all, he had taken six broadbill swordfish, a half dozen huge tuna, seven black marlin, two big-eyes and twenty-odd striped marlin.

Glassell is the only man who has taken the four major species—black marlin, blue marlin, broadbill swordfish and tuna—weighing over 600 pounds apiece, and I hope to see him come through with a broadbill of over 800 as well as a tuna exceeding that weight, to equal my three prizes.

On Saturday, September 20, 1952, I left Miami for another ten days off Cabo Blanco. My object was primarily to see how construction work on the club was progressing but I also wanted to sample the surfcasting which had now been initiated with jigs and plugs. I arrived at Talara at nine o'clock Saturday night right on time on Panagra 333, the *El Pacifico*, and had a chat with Tom Bates that evening. The following morning I attended eight o'clock mass at the same church I had gone to before and decided afterward to do some surfcasting instead of going offshore. I had marvelous luck, catching a 17-pound snook on my fourth cast with a lead jig. Later I took another, and was well satisfied with the day. The next morning I had scarcely wet my lines when I saw a

PERU

big fish only about 300 yards off the Cabo Blanco clubhouse, but he wouldn't strike.

At one o'clock that day, after an hour's battle, I boated an 865-pound black marlin. My lucky streak was still holding. I had taken four in four straight days. This fish pleased me particularly because it gave me three different species weighing over 800 pounds each. My broadbill swordfish taken in Chile in June 1941, my 830-pound tuna taken in Nova Scotia (Wedgeport) in September 1945, and now this third specimen. I was the only man to have taken two species weighing over 800 pounds and I now had three—a sequence that pleased me enormously. My friends insisted on attributing my good fortune to my return visit to the church, and I must say that I was inclined to agree with them.

Next morning at ten o'clock I sighted a fine fish of about 900 pounds and got a good strike but did not hook it. This was the only black marlin strike I have had off Cabo Blanco that I have not hooked. This was the only fish I saw that day. The following two days I baited two more without a strike and on the next saw another that refused to strike. These fish were all between 650 and 800 pounds, as near as we could estimate.

The next couple of days I saw nothing—so naturally I went back to that same church Sunday morning. This time I listened to my first sermon in Spanish. You can imagine how much I got out of it, but I did put five extra soles, a total of ten, in the plate, and came up to go fishing. I was fortunate in having Tom Bates as a companion on this occasion.

Around eleven o'clock we saw a fish but before I could let out line and bait the proper distance (since I was still

FISHING THE PACIFIC

pulling the line and testing the drag on the reel) he struck. I threw off the drag and hooked him and after a fine active fight he jumped twenty-five or thirty times. I had him near the boat in forty minutes but again had the bad luck to break the foot rest off the chair and had to substitute life preservers. Finally, after an hour's fight, I got him across the stern where Bates gaffed him beautifully. This series of events, which indicate how vital a part luck plays, was the curtain-raiser for what was to happen that afternoon.

We ran back to port with my fish and got a foot bracing off another boat which Louis Talavera adjusted to the chair in a jiffy. While he was at work I took pictures of the fish. He was next to the smallest caught at Cabo Blanco up to that time, weighing only 555 pounds.

We did not get out to the grounds again until two o'clock that afternoon and then ran north with the wind. Around 3:30 the crew on lookout thought they saw a tail. I didn't agree, but at 3:50 I sighted one from the cockpit a good half a mile away. It appeared so large that at first I thought the fish was a ray, of which there are a great many in these waters. In fact there are more manta rays or giant devil fish in these waters than anywhere else I've ever been—also more whales and various types of sea life.

I had put the Sierra mackerel bait out the regulation distance—some 200 feet—when this fine black marlin came up and grabbed it. I could not even hazard a guess as to his size at the moment. I hooked him with the same method I had hooked the others and he went off on a grand and glorious run and began jumping about a thousand feet ahead. After a thirty-five minute spell of greyhounding, tail walking and

jumping (he made a total of twenty-three jumps), he settled down and swam rapidly north.

(You must realize of course that had I not broken the foot brace, gone in to obtain a substitute and returned to the fishing grounds precisely at this moment I probably never would have sighted this fish. And none of us on board realized how big he was.)

Some 45 minutes later another fine fish appeared and swam along abreast of him for over half an hour. Judging from his tail he seemed to be almost as big. I was somewhat worried that he might cut the line though this seldom occurs with 39-thread. Finally I fought the fish for about an hour and a quarter. I didn't want to force him too hard since I was very eager to take two black marlin in a single day. That is the maximum feat one can perform in fishing. By all odds my greatest thrill so far had been to take two swordfish on the same day. To a big game fisherman this is the equivalent of a no-hit baseball game to a pitcher. It would mean that I had to my credit two of all the major species in a day—two black marlin to match my two swordfish; two blue marlin, two giant tuna, two striped marlin, two white marlin, etc., etc.

About an hour and twenty minutes later my fish slowed down a bit and tried to sound. I was able to check him and arrest his downward run. He never got below 250 feet. After about an hour and thirty-five minutes of this I refreshed myself with a Coca-Cola. When fighting big fish we rod-and-reelers, unlike the ancient angler of Ernest Hemingway's *Old Man and the Sea*, have no desire to eat. Once in a while I've sucked on an orange, as hockey players do between periods,

FISHING THE PACIFIC

but found it enervating. Sometimes I may take a mouthful of water but I spit it out.

At the one-hour-and-thirty-five-minute mark I put added pressure on for the next twenty minutes. I placed my harness under my fanny, exerted a lot more drag on the reel and sat up in the chair. The weight of heavy drag on 39-thread can pull you out of the chair, so you sit right in the harness.

Women anglers are consistently being pulled up and therefore do a lot of their fishing in this fashion.

After about an hour and fifty-five minutes the leader came out of the water but I refused to let the crew touch it. The fish then sounded again. The sea was terribly rough by this time, and it was getting dark. The marlin had taken me about six miles north and some three miles inshore. I was off those wonderful boulders known as the Organos, for their high rocky ridges resemble the pipes of an organ. The condors were flying over them and playing around our boat with the usual boobies and man-of-war birds. Occasionally the penado petrel hovered around. The marlin that had been keeping company with my fish had disappeared by now and my leader wire again came out of the water—but again I cautioned the crew not to touch it. The gaffs on either side were in readiness, Bates prepared to do the gaffing on the port side and my boy McGill set to take the leader. Louis had my chair and was ready to handle the gaff on the starboard side. Captain Hajus, at the uptop controls, was doing a wonderful job of piloting the boat. He had learned from all of us as well as from the American guides. When the leader emerged for the third time, McGill reached for and grabbed it, but could not maneuver the marlin within gaffing range. He was

yanked right around the stern. My heart was in my throat at this juncture for these are the crucial moments. It was terribly rough and the tremendous weight of the fish was exerting an appalling strain. Suddenly he broke loose again. Five minutes later the leader again came out and this time I put both Louis and McGill on it, with Tom Bates as the gaffer. The fish went under the stern once and I thought it was good-bye. I feared the cable leader would break across the stern but it went clear by some miracle. The boys held the fish off and began to lift him. (The leader was 20'4" long—10' under that specified by the rules of the International Game Fish Association.) Steadily they worked the fish up inch by inch. The terrific weight and the turbulent sea made it a very ticklish job. Marlin roll like crazy at that weight. Anxiously I looked shoreward. Should I tell the boys to let go? I was in a position to lead the fish in now and take it much more easily and safely in the calmer water close in to the beach. I could run him in as we do at Wedgeport on certain tides when the fish can only go in one direction in the shallow water.

Why try to take him in seven or eight hundred fathoms of water, I thought? The crew seemed to have control and to be anxious to do so, but—just then someone said to Bates, "Why don't you take the leader?" I didn't want him lending a hand because it might affect the crew's morale for the future, but I was more than willing to let him do the gaffing. Finally, inch by inch the leader was brought up and McGill and Louis grimly held on. We were all soaked to the skin by heavy water and the wind was still increasing. Up, up, the huge fish came. I can see Tom Bates now—waiting,

holding my favorite gaff—one engraved "To Kip from Phil." Good old Phil Swaffield, ex-president of the Catalina Tuna Club, one of my closest California friends who passed away some years ago had given it to me—back in 1940. It had been used to gaff my 853-pound swordfish in Chile and my big Nova Scotia tuna and was now to be put to good use again.

The marlin came up leading better and Tom Bates cracked him on the inside with an underwater jab. The motors were shut off, the block and tackle on the big gin pole 14 feet high on that side were lowered and the tail rope rigged. The fish was losing blood that dyed the water so I could not determine as yet where he was hooked. I stood up in the chair, of course, keeping the leader attached to the rod and reel and holding it as I helped the others adjust the tail rope. We began to pull in on the gin pole and it was tough work. One of the ropes almost fouled the top and Tom Bates went up to clear it. It took all five of us to get him up. The gin pole was 14 feet high and the fish was longer. He was losing a great deal of blood as he hung there and we tied up his mouth so that none of the stomach contents would be lost. After heading the boat into the wind again we attempted to get him aboard and it took our combined strength to pull his head into the cockpit. The rest of him then slid on in and we got him straightened away. The tip of his wonderful tail, the largest I've ever seen, touched the engine box, and his bill—very short for a big black marlin—was smack up against the counter. He just fitted snugly in on one side since these boats had been designed to handle two fish, a thousand pounds each.

Tom Bates and the crew shook hands with me and Tom said, "Boy, you've got yourself a fish. I think it's easily a new record." "I'm not after records," I rejoined. "All I can say is I'm thankful to have got two black marlin in one day and thank God you were with me!" (At no time while battling the fish had I thought he would go over 975 pounds.)

Our catch looked awfully well with the light from the gin pole shining down on him. It was now pitch dark and we started to run back to port. I proceeded to rub myself down just as I had done on that fateful evening one year, five months, two weeks and a day earlier—but this time I sat and looked at my fish instead of at my hands. He was long and beautifully proportioned.

We made the mole around 7:30 and there was good old Dick Norris once more awaiting my return. He bawled the hell out of me for staying out after dark twice in a year and a half. But this time he had something else besides a broken-down old man of the sea to help up the steps of the mole. He had a nice fish to lower the crane for. Its crew had stood by in expectation that my trip would be crowned with success. We jumped out of the boat onto the mole where for once the children were not in evidence as it was too late for them. We lowered the crane and lifted the black marlin out of the boat. As he came up he looked enormous, suspended in the air. They never appear more majestic than during that long lift up the mole.

The crew went out to moor the boat and stow the gear while Norris fetched the scales. "This is it," he grinned. While I still couldn't believe it possible it would have been

a great privilege to catch a 1000-pound fish after my many years of fishing.

After three weighings this splendid marlin was still 1135 pounds and that was his final and official weight. He measured 14'8" long, had a 6' girth and the great tail a width of 4'10". The crew paddled in aboard their balsa raft and looked up at me inquiringly. I called down, "*Uno uno tres cinco.*" I'll never forget their expressions. Norris and Bates congratulated me, of course, and then took me up to the El Alto Club for a drink and I must say that I drank three beers with great relish. Peruvian beer is really good.

I then drove back the thirty-two miles to Talara, dined with the Bates and gradually became aware of the frenetic excitement my catch had kindled in Talara. Next morning I was back up again for the pictures but my luck had run out. At 2:30 that afternoon I hooked another fine fish with a blind strike, one of the fastest I have ever encountered. He jumped twenty-five feet in the air, twenty-five feet astern—doubled back and forth around the boat with his beautiful grey-hounding leaps, rolling and turning and twisting the line all around him so that of course it could not stand up under such terrific strain and, after seven minutes, parted.

The following day, my last, I lost another fine fish after twenty-five minutes, when the hook pulled out. Thus ended two nine-day trips to Cabo Blanco with a total of sixteen black marlin sighted, ten strikes, nine hooked, and six caught. In that nine days I had accomplished the two things I wanted most to do: take a black marlin over 800 pounds and take two in one day. But on top of that I was winding up with the largest fish of any kind ever caught on rod and reel at that

PERU

time in the entire history of fishing—the first 1100-pounder ever to be boated.

I'm constantly asked how I felt and what were my reactions. I can say truthfully that my reactions on going to sleep that night and waking early next morning were somewhat the same as on the night I lost that other fish. Then I had awakened feeling chagrin and disappointment. Now I woke up with the jitters, thinking of all the things that could have gone wrong in the handling of great fish such as this had turned out to be. I thought also of other anglers far more deserving of taking such a prize. And I still wondered humbly why I had been singled out for this splendid fate.

It probably took twenty-four hours for me to rid myself of these mixed emotions, and I've taken quite a few big fish in my time—some of which I fought for hectic periods up to nigh on nine hours in length. At any rate that night I thanked the good Lord for answering my prayers. Many fishermen pray in times of stress and I know that I feel nearer to God and more religious when fighting fish than at any other time.

I did not bring my prize black marlin back to be mounted. I only saved the tail and bill, which I had mounted in Peru on a Peruvian silver base and with a silver plate on the bill bearing name and date—and they adorn my mantel now. This was slightly at variance with the usual custom when mounting trophies but I wanted a very special memento of that wonderful country, its fine people and incomparable salt-water fishing which afforded me this great sport only nine and a half hours from home.

My black marlin was eaten by the villagers after being skinned by Old Man Tumi, dean of the commercials, whose

FISHING THE PACIFIC

son is one of our crack boat captains at Cabo Blanco. The fish was evidently very old although it is difficult to estimate the age of any of these fish—where they spawn or where they are bound. Inside the fish was a harpoon dart, the wound it had made completely healed over. Evidently he had been struck by commercial fishermen many years before our fatal encounter. Again I thought of Hemingway's *Old Man and the Sea* and what he'd gone through.

As I write this, August 25, 1953, no fish has been hit by a shark at Cabo Blanco so there has been no problem of mutilation of prizes taken in those waters. It was a little over ten months before my record was surpassed. I wore the same pair of gloves while taking all six fish, plus an extra one for the left hand as the original wore out on the fourth black. However, I kept the tattered glove in the chair with me. I used the same reel I had used on the other fish. I wore the same blue shorts, the same sneakers and the same red silk handkerchief stuck in my shorts—and the next time I go out you can be assured that I will be attired in exactly the same manner.

I got back to the States as old Johnny Mize was signalizing his participation in the World Series by knocking out three home runs. I must say that old man Farrington with those three black marlin—all caught the same week—felt somewhat as he must have.

PERU

BLACK MARLIN

As I have already remarked, we don't like outriggers at Cabo Blanco for the simple reason that, as in the waters off Chile, there is no need for them and you have a much better chance of hooking fish in the wake.

Glassell has trolled outriggers up and down Peruvian waters for over twelve weeks of fishing time and has had little success with them. He has also flown a kite as did Doug Osborn in 1940, with no success. Rarely has a striped marlin ever risen to these lures. I believe that that close-in bait is a terrific attraction for black marlin in these waters. At Ecuador or Panama you've got to troll; outriggers are a help—but here I do not believe they are needed, for the following reasons: 1) the water is very rough, particularly in the winter months, and it is difficult to keep them up. 2) they cause the crew too much trouble—their time can be spent to better advantage looking for tails. 3) you have to take one down to bait the fish with in the outrigger. 4) you have much more chance of baiting the fish and watching his action, looking for the pause on the reels, etc., baiting out of the chair. 6) you can manipulate the reel and race the line in much better if the bait is not in the outrigger.

Glassell and Red Stuart admit that there is nothing they can do with the fish that do not strike with the outrigger that cannot be done with the bait in the wake. The only possible thing is to let the bait way out—three to four hundred feet—and then race it in, and I believe that Glassell has gotten a strike on one or two occasions by doing this. Blind strikes

FISHING THE PACIFIC

come, of course, with great rapidity and no warning. You rarely ever see the fish and it is for the foregoing reasons that we have not bothered with outriggers at Cabo Blanco and I'm sincere when I say that I do not think they are needed.

When dropping back to the black marlin you may not always get the *pause*, but I'm sure you can distinguish the thing by a turn-around, slowing up, or, if not a real pause, on the reel spool. I would not give them anywhere near as much as they do in New Zealand, but I must say that my Down Under experience has helped me greatly at Cabo Blanco. It is amazing how many people who have been there have had black marlin strikes and never hooked a fish.

This is a fantastic fish. Imagine the 1560-pounder jumping forty times right into the boat, Glassell fighting it forty minutes without any bracing. Imagine baiting a real big black marlin and having a smaller one come up that turned out to weigh 1560 pounds! I've had a black marlin jump thirty-four times with the gaff still in him after breaking loose.

These fish are so large that being hooked deep or in a bad place does not slow them up anywhere near as much as it does a 500- or 600-pound blue marlin. When they shake their heads, these fish really give it to you in the chair. They resemble the broadbill in that they have his fighting spirit. Personally I like the two-hook rig since it may give you another chance (as it does with the broadbill) in setting the other hook. The baits must be large and I favor Sierra mackerel. Lisa, a big mullet, is also good and of course bonitos can be used in a pinch for swordfish. These fish, I believe, should be caught with 12/0 reels, and the big Fin-Nor 14/0's are also fine.

PERU

I approve the click on the Zwarg and Penn reels, particularly in dropping back to the fish, since it eliminates the overrun and serves as an alarm clock when the fish strikes the blind bait. You do not have to watch the bait if you have a Penn reel while employing this method of fishing with the drag exerting practically no pressure. Thirty-nine-thread should be used, although fish can be caught on twenty-four-thread and I'm sure many will be taken on this size line in the near future, although it is a terribly rough and difficult task. This is no situation in which to experiment or fool around.

The leader should be twenty to twenty-five feet in length. I like the 14/0 and 12/0 hook on the tandem rig. Glassell used single rig hooks this year and got all eight of his fish hooked in the jaw, as I recall. He's a great fellow for trying things that are out of the ordinary and he has had so much success that who can quarrel with him on this point?

Black marlin should be gaffed somewhere between the anal and dorsal fins but not around them. The stomach is also a good spot. Their swimming and their runs are the most magnificent I've ever encountered and they are out there jumping far ahead. If they get tail up and go down on you you're in for a terrific lot of grief. You must stop them from going down. You've got to assert yourself at some point during the fight and I would never let one of these fish get down under two hundred feet if it's possible to check him. You've got to keep after them all the time. So far as I know, no black marlin have been taken drifting. My theory is that they come in to within at the most ten miles south of Cabo Blanco and fifteen miles north, then turn and swim right

FISHING THE PACIFIC

out again. I don't think these big fish go on up to Ecuador although there are plenty up there running between 500, 600 and 800 pounds during their season. At Paita they told me they never see a marlin over 200 pounds and never black marlin, not even the big striped variety, so I don't think there is much chance of catching fish this size south of Cabo Blanco, although one never can be sure.

DATA ON BLACK MARLIN TAKEN BY TOM BATES JULY 29TH, 1953, AT CABO BLANCO, PERU

Weight	1352 Pounds
Length (Over-all)	14 Ft. 11 Inches
Length (Crotch)	13 Ft. 10 Inches
Length (Tip of Lip Overall)	13 Ft. 5 Inches
Length (Tip of Lip Crotch)	12 Ft. 4 Inches
Girth (At Dorsal Fin)	6 Ft. 3 Inches
Girth (At Center)	5 Ft. 6½ Inches
Girth (At Anal Fin)	5 Ft. 2 Inches
Tail Width	4 Ft. 9½ Inches
Dorsal Length	1 Ft. 7 Inches
Pectoral Length	2 Ft. 5½ Inches
Anal Length	1 Ft. 4 Inches
Eye Diameter	3¼ Inches
Hour Hooked	1:30 P.M.
Time to Boat	1 Hour 10 Minutes
Distance from Shore	Approx. 2½ Miles
Location—Directly in front of pier at Cabo Blanco	
Seas	Rough
Sun	Bright
Water	Clear Green

Fish showed on surface four times. No spectacular jumps.

PERU

Rod	Tycoon Bimini King
Reel	Penn Senator 14/0
Line	Ashaway 39-Thread
Rig	2 Hook Conventional
Bait	Spanish Mackerel
Boat	<i>Pescador Dos</i>
Captain	Rufino Tumi (Peruvian)

BIG-EYE TUNA

Big-eye tuna are marvelous fighters and very beautiful. This is the fish we had been thinking of as the yellowfin, but now we are told it has different livers and that's how it is identified, even though it has a big eye. John Olin tells me that one he lost was one of the toughest tuna he's ever fought. He really slayed them with half a dozen in a week taken in Nova Scotia, all weighing over 600 pounds. He should know. At Cabo Blanco we usually fish one line, sometimes two, deep, at about 40 fathoms. The squid, of course, if you're too close to shore when drifting, are constantly taking your baits and ruining your fishing. It is always necessary to keep the engine running on account of the prevalent current from the north. It is easy to get the ranges here and we usually feel there are no black marlin south of the oil derricks at the south end of the El Alto Field.

We particularly like to be on the range about four miles offshore with the oil tanks to the south end of El Alto on the south—with the Cabo Blanco mole on the north, the oil derrick on the north end of El Alto on the top, and Cabo Blanco itself on the south or bottom. If you hang out on this range you'll usually do pretty well but, believe

FISHING THE PACIFIC

me, I would always plan to be close inshore after one o'clock in the afternoon. The great majority of these blacks have been taken at that point and at about that time of day.

STRIPED MARLIN

Striped marlin off Peru are baited sometimes three, four or five at a time. Most of them will take the bait under average water conditions. In Peru it is best to be in the good clear blue water. The water can be blue along the shore and a deeper blue farther out but usually we feel that if the black marlin are there you are going to find them regardless of the color of the water. It is much better to fish colored water but I would still stick close to shore.

Pacific sailfish and dolphin are there principally in the winter months and the striped marlin are seen as late as July. Glassell has baited them in August but has not gotten a strike. The broadbill swordfish, of course, can be taken any month in Peru and a great many small fish are seen. It is difficult to get them to strike on the usual Chilean dropback and you must be sure to use the Chilean rig with hooks reversed when you offer it to them. I've seen fish hooked on this rig when you could not hook them on any other. These broadbill seem to be much more easy to frighten than the big ones off Chile and have a great trick of following the bait like a marlin and giving it yanks and occasional slaps.

I hooked three fish and had seven strikes before I caught one off Peru and it gave me great pleasure to join Mike Lerner and Joe Gale in being the only angler who has caught them in three different places; Lerner taking his off Louis-

PERU

burg, Nova Scotia, Cabo Blanco and Tocopilla—Gale catching his at Louisburg, Montauk and Peru; while mine were taken off Montauk, Peru and Chile.

Roosterfish are in close to shore and it is best to use spoons. Get right in close and troll up and down the beach from the Organos down south of Cabo Blanco. Bonitos are plentiful and the sailfish are seen tailing outside. It is best to use spoons for the mackerel. You usually catch Sierras around the mole and up and down the shore as you go out to the grounds or you can fish for them beforehand. The hours at Cabo Blanco are the easiest you find anywhere. We usually go out about 9:30 and are always in by 5:30. We try to give the crew an 8-hour day—no more. Of course if the fishing is extraordinary on some occasions we stay out later. I feel certain there's no sense getting out there before 9:30 or 10:00 in the morning. Even the commercial men do very little fishing earlier than that. The Cabo Blanco fleet with its quaint, able little sailing boats, usually bottom fish earlier and harpoon on their way in.

GLOSSARY

Peruvian fishing terminology is not much different from that of Chile. They call the broadbill swordfish *espada* instead of albacora and of course you hear lots of talk about the *grande negros* and the name of the black marlin is *pez aguja negros* and they also speak of *marlina negros*. *Grande negros* means the big thing. Almost all the sharks are *toyos* and you hear much talk of the *barrioletti* which is the common bonito. The *cachorreta*, as in Chile, is the oceanic bonito. The roosterfish is called a *gallo*. The dolphin are all called *dorado*. There

FISHING THE PACIFIC

are, of course, other names for other fish but these are the principal ones you will encounter.

In closing this Peruvian chapter I append a list of English-Spanish terms which are all that one needs to know in fishing Chile, Peru or Ecuador with a crew that does not speak English.

SALT-WATER FISHING TERMS

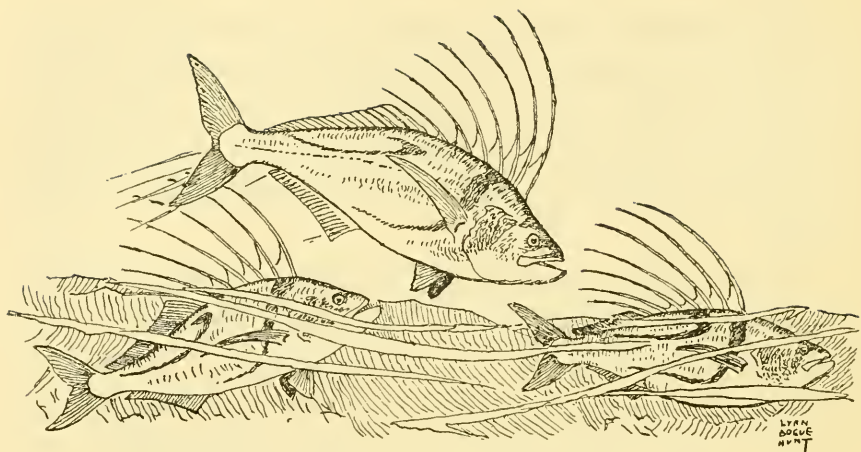
ENGLISH	SPANISH
Salt Water	<i>Agua Salada</i>
Forward	<i>Adelante</i>
Back	<i>Atrás</i>
Little	<i>Poco</i>
Stop	<i>Pare</i>
Right	<i>Derecho</i>
Left	<i>Izquierdo</i>
Fast	<i>Rapido</i>
Slow	<i>Despachio</i>
Clear Water	<i>Agua Claro</i>
Blue Water	<i>Agua Azul</i>
Green Water	<i>Agua Verdi</i>
Deep	<i>Fundo</i>
Surface	<i>Solve la Superficie</i>
Tail	<i>Cola</i>
Fin	<i>Ala</i>
Gaff	<i>Gancho</i>
Line	<i>Liner</i>
Tail Rope	<i>Lasso de Cola</i>
Get the Gaff	<i>Traga el Gancho</i>
Gaff the Fish	<i>Meti el Gancho</i>

PERU

Visas are needed for Peru and it is possible to get them for as long as a six months' visit. Just present your passport at any Peruvian consulate. No inoculations for any disease are needed for any South American country but you will need a smallpox vaccination certificate to get back into the United States.

In this air age we are extremely lucky to have such wonderful fishing grounds so near the United States and we are very fortunate to be able to fly Pan American and Pan American Grace Airways with their wonderful service, airplanes, radio, weather control and ground maintenance, their personnel, all the way from presidents J. T. Trippe and Andrew B. Shea, is the finest in the world, and I speak from experience, as many of the Panagra pilots, stationmasters, and other key operating officials are personal friends of mine.

There is nothing much more I can say except to wish you a lot of luck and hope you will try Peru. Everything I've written about Chile and Peru comes from the heart and it's what I actually feel about the countries and their people. We are mighty lucky we ever found this fabulous place so close to Chile where there is the world's finest fishing for sword and striped marlin. If you've read thus far in this overlong Peruvian chapter, here's one last Peruvian term: "Chow"—which means good-bye.



ROOSTERFISH FEEDING AND PLAYING ON THE SURFACE

3. *Ecuador*

ECUADOR is a marvelous country of South America—a land of great beauty with wonderful people who are cultured and charming. The fishing off its beautiful coast-line is in my opinion just about the third best to be had anywhere in the world.

Unfortunately only a couple of Americans and one or two Ecuadorians have been interested in developing the sport here. E. Hope Norton, who has lived in Ecuador for many years and is one of our greatest sportsmen, fought and caught the first black marlin off Ecuador in 1940, during the month of September. He also opened up the gigantic roosterfishing and wahoo. His friend Forrest Yoder, another American and fine sportsman, also helped. Emilio Estrada, one of five others of that great family of Guayaquil and Playas, bought a sixty-

ECUADOR

five-foot yacht named the *Isabel Victoria*, from which it is possible to fish and which has excellent living quarters. Estrada charts his yacht from time to time to responsible anglers and is Ecuador's most ardent nimrod. He is in business in Guayaquil and is Ecuadorian representative to the International Game Fish Association. Unfortunately none of the other members of the Estrada family fish but they all live and have interests in Playas, which is about an hour-and-a-half run by motorcar from Guayaquil. There they built a hotel which is one of the finest on the west coast of South America. There is good swimming from a lovely beach but unfortunately most of the fishing, including that for the roosterfish, is about a three-hour run down to Santa Elena Point, and not many of them are found before passing Ancón.

Here is the home of the Anglo-Ecuadorian Oil Company at La Libertad, owned by the Milne interests, the same fine company which controls the Lobitos Oil Company in Peru. L. W. Berry of London, one of the nicest Englishmen I have ever known, is the general manager. He is a fine all-around sportsman and in 1939 offered me all their facilities and accommodations if I would attempt to get the fishing under way off Salinas.

When the war broke out in 1941 we were advocating that the Grace Line move their boats from Talara to Salinas, which is the Atlantic City of Ecuador. Here there is a fine beach and two very good hotels, the Tivoli and the Atlantic, where most people stay. Most of the fishing is done about seventy miles north, at Salango, and there is also a reef just inside the hundred-fathom curve on the way up opposite Porto Montanida which Wendell Anderson and his Yale Ex-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

pedition found very fruitful in February 1952. There were a great many marlin sighted, all heading north, and a great many sailfish as well as striped and black marlin.

La Plata Island, just south of Cape San Lorenzo, is the hot spot. By all means go there. It has a fine anchorage, some automobile roads, and is a very interesting island. Here the commercials are constantly taking big black marlin out of dugouts with handlines as they do out of Manta which is just north of Cape San Lorenzo. Manta has fine beaches but no hotels. Unfortunately the country has done nothing about getting the fishing going but it was given every chance to start things in 1950 and 1951.

Wendell Anderson, Sr., when leading the Yale University Expedition caught a black marlin just over 500 pounds while trolling late in February, 1953. This is the earliest I have heard of marlin being taken. Emilio Estrada caught fish he believed small silver marlin off La Plata in October, 1952, but I feel certain they were small striped marlin. La Plata was the southernmost site reached by Ruiz in 1526 when exploring the coast of Ecuador from Panama after Balboa discovered the Pacific or Blue Ocean. There for the first time he saw one of the crafts used by the natives—a bamboo sailing craft with lateen sails made of cotton and steered by large paddles in the bow and stern—engaged in commerce from Manta to Tumbes in Peru, the northernmost town, and also carrying pilgrims to La Plata Island which was then a sanctuary and quite an important place.

At the end of that century Sir Francis Drake got into the news again when, after capturing a Spanish galleon, he stopped over in La Plata to distribute among his companions

ECUADOR

several tons of gold and silver which he had seized from the Cagafuegos. After this episode he was appropriately called the "cagaplate" or *silver giver*. This lucrative robbery incited a good many members of the international brotherhood of buccaneers to come to the Ecuadorian coast for more than a century—killing, looting, and setting towns afire wherever they went. La Plata, besides the Galápagos Islands, Salango, etc., became a haven for these raiders. It supplied food and water as it still does to vessels today. Hundreds of wild goats roam the plains and from the sea they can easily be seen climbing over the perpendicular cliffs which encircle the islands. I suppose someday we shall find in the caves a cache of some of the tons of bullion that cleared through La Plata. The highest point on this fine island is 590 feet, but most of it is over 150 feet high, making it quite distinguishable from afar. Twenty persons live regularly on the island, but when the marlin season is on there are probably eighty fishermen from Manta who come over due to their difficulties in getting bait there. As this is the nearest and best fishing grounds they naturally favor it above others. There is one car—a Ford truck—on the island, and a few fishermen living in shacks. The anchorage is a well-protected bay. Any yacht going down there will be perfectly safe and may obtain stores without difficulty. Commercial fishermen catch the marlin drifting or at times by slow trolling.

I am indebted to Emilio Estrada for the above information. In three days' fishing when he was there in 1952 he raised twenty-six marlin, hooked fifteen and landed four.

The reef fishing is about as good as that of Peru and I believe they have the second best wahoo and the best rooster-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

fishing in the world, although it has to be awfully good to be better than that found off Peru.

Anyone wishing to fish there should write Emilio Estrada in Guayaquil and arrange to use his boats. It is worth the trip just to meet him.

Another sterling Ecuadorian is Louis Cordevez, who is much interested in fishing and lives in Quito. Señor Cordevez is former president of the Guayaquil and Quito Railroad, over which a journey is a must in this wonderful country. There is only one switchback and the line climbs up through the Cordierra and goes round and round the beautiful mountain El Chimborazo before emerging on the broad plain and fertile valley which it traverses en route to Quito.

Personally I have no desire to fish the Galápagos Islands. On occasion a big marlin has been raised out there but I have been told the birds are so bad it is difficult to keep baits in the water. There are also many sharks. However, there is no question in my mind that the best Pacific sailfishing is to be had there and almost all the record fish have been taken from the waters surrounding the islands which belong to Ecuador.

It's about a two-hour run by automobile to Salinas, which can also be reached by railroad from Guayaquil. The latter is an easy eight-and-one-half-hour flight from Miami by Pan American Grace Airways.

ROOSTERFISH

This magnificent fish should be described in the chapter on Ecuador because there they have the world's finest roosterfishing and the largest of the species. As I have already stated in the Peruvian chapter, at Cabo Blanco they are found

ECUADOR

in great numbers and there is wonderful fishing, but that is about as far south as they go. They are all along the Ecuadorian coast, in fact they can be picked up all the way down from northern Mexico. In Ecuador and Peru they are called *gallo* and *pez de gallo*. Puerto Lopez, twenty-five miles from La Plata Island, is one of the most noted hot spots for them.

The roosterfish in Mexico, Central America and Panama is usually called *papagallo*. The farthest north that I have ever heard of them being found is occasionally off the Coronado Islands, just across the Mexican line from California.

On 6- and 9-thread line the roosterfish gives a fine account of himself—particularly on the former. The fight is up to anything one can get out of amberjack with a dolphin thrown in. Usually there are five or six good jumps and sometimes this fish will make magnificent runs on the surface with his beautiful dorsal fin raised high like a rooster's comb. He is a real scrapper and of all the game fish in the Pacific I would rate this one tenth as far as fighting potential is concerned. He ranks just after the dolphin in my estimation. To watch roosterfish playing around and feeding off the beach is a thrilling experience. I can hardly wait until I take one surfcasting. This year (1953) Gardiner Marsh, the great Atlantic caster from Nantucket, took them at Cape San Lucas up to 48 pounds, and he considered that in all his casting experience they were the greatest fish he has ever taken with a surf rod. They really go to town when hooked. Unfortunately I didn't spend enough time surfcasting in Peru. Otherwise I might have been lucky enough to land one of these beauties.

The roosterfish might properly be called a jack except for

FISHING THE PACIFIC

his long threadlike dorsal spine. Because of this peculiar fin structure, however, he is classed by himself. The Latin name is *Nematistius pectoralis*, and the fish belongs to the family of *Nematistidae*. Although the purpose of the high dorsal fin is not known exactly, it seems to be carried erect when the fish is excited, a characteristic this fish has in common with the marlin and sailfish. It is possible, although I personally doubt it, that the fin has something to do with the roosterfish's offense and defense. I believe it rises when he is aroused or hungry. During quiet moments, when relaxed, he lowers his dorsal fin, burying it in the fleshy sheath which extends along the back.

There is only one roosterfish in the world and that is found along the west coast of the Americas. This species favors sandy shores, usually being taken close to beaches. It is definitely an inside fish. I have seen some of them break the surface, flopping over on their sides without quite clearing the water. Nothing is known about their life history. It is said that fish found off Mexico in the months of December, March, May and June are all green, and it is believed that the spawning season in these waters occurs sometime between July and December.

The presence of these fish in any particular area seems most uncertain. One morning you may catch a dozen and by afternoon you may get none in the same area even though you may keep on trying for a week or ten days. The smaller fish are better eating than large ones. Some roosterfish have been caught off Panama weighing up to 78 pounds. Feathers, plugs and spoons are the lures most often used, but it is my opinion that more have been taken on spoons than with any other

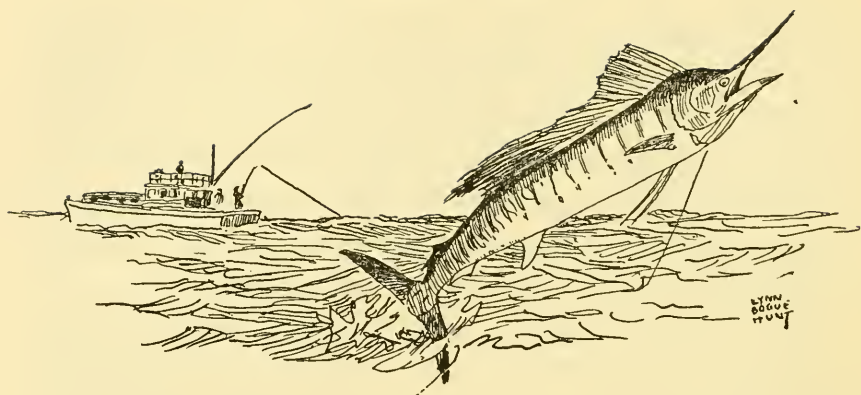
ECUADOR

lure. Roosterfish are usually caught trolling with a line about 200 to 250 feet long. The spoon must be kept off the surface and the boat run fairly slowly, at about $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots—much slower, for example, than for dolphin, marlin or school tuna. You usually pick up Spanish or Sierra mackerel, and sometimes a wahoo, but you are almost always too close inshore for this worthy. Of course jacks are also hooked.

It is my sincere hope that more and more anglers will get a chance to go after the roosterfish and that many more people will try to catch them when coming in from sailfishing and marlin fishing further offshore. For those who want a sure bet on giving these fish a whirl I certainly suggest Ecuador. I will never forget several mornings I had off Carnero Point at Salinas. The green tropical foliage along the beach of this country and the majestic mountain peaks no more than 30 or 40 miles inland makes the sea coast of Ecuador one of the most beautiful backdrops for fishing that I have ever seen. The water is a marvelous color—almost always very smooth—and the climate is as balmy as any place I have ever fished.

I know that every North American who has fished with Emilio Estrada joins me in giving him a big salute for all he has done for the angling off his fine country, and I will speak for them all when I sincerely hope that he knocks over a 1000-pound black marlin in the very near future.

In 1941 Michael Lerner fished off Ecuador in the month of February, but outside of roosterfish, jacks and wahoo he had no luck with the marlin, so that again was proof to us that it was a pretty early time to go. If you are going to do it I would say that from May to December is the best time.



PACIFIC SAILFISH JUMPING IN THE PERLAS ISLANDS

4. *Panama*

THE SADDEST STORY in all fishing history came out of the wonderful grounds off the Canal Zone. John Schmidt, an American living there along with John Gorin, head of the United Fruit Company on the Isthmus, have probably taken more black marlin than any two men alive and they really know the game. John Schmidt's younger brother Louis has only one arm and one leg, yet he is game enough to go out and catch fish and has taken many black marlin. One day he was trolling for this species. All fish here hit trolled baits and hit them fast, and large baits are used. Outriggers are needed just as they are in Ecuador.

Louis fought a gigantic marlin for almost two hours and his badly fitting harness was cutting him so badly that finally he had to give up the first fish he had ever quit on and his

PANAMA

brother had to boat it. The fish weighed 1006 pounds and it would have been the first 1000-pounder ever recorded caught if one man had fought it all the way. Unfortunately no record could be filed in this instance but the International Game Fish Association sent Louis a certificate of honorable mention and he was the first man to receive this signal recognition.

There have been many fierce fights with heavy blacks on these grounds. I believe one man fought one all night and they had the leader some twenty times, but, again, that is black marlin fishing. A big one, sick and emaciated but weighing over 900 pounds, was washed ashore in 1940. No doubt about it, Panama has wonderful black marlin fishing and it is too bad that more has not been made of it. The largest fish so far taken weighed only 714 pounds. It was caught by James Ernest of Panama City on July 16, 1941. George F. Baker, Jr., of New York, took a 622-pounder while fishing with the Schmidts in 1937. John Gorin has a 600-pounder and a 575-pounder to his credit and in 1940 caught five black marlin. Mr. and Mrs. Tex Stahler have done more than any other couple together. Mrs. Stahler is probably the best woman angler there. All of these folk do their own guiding and bait rigging, operate their own boats and are kind enough to take visitors along.

When the fine new El Panama Hotel was opened in 1951, they were smart enough to provide three or four good party boats which are still in service. In July, 1952, they sponsored the first marlin and sailfish tournament as an enticement for anglers to come down. Over two hundred sailfish were caught and four black marlin, Lou Marron beating out Julian Crandall 396 pounds to 338.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

The sailfishing on these grounds is the finest I have ever experienced and anglers constantly are taking excellent fish. There is also fine big-eye tuna fishing. Several varieties of bonitos and dolphin as well as roosterfish, Sierra mackerel and various members of the jack and snapper family abound. The corbina, most popular fish in Panama, is also taken.

The most productive fishing grounds border the Perlas Islands but unfortunately they are situated forty miles from Balboa. The two main islands of the Perlas group are San José and Pedro Gonzales. Off the latter a can buoy marks Niagara Rock. When I fished Panama in 1939 I never missed getting a strike of some kind when we trolled near this obstruction. Most favored of the Perlas group is Pedro Gonzales. The guides know all the hot spots for sailfish and black marlin within a short distance away. Most sportsmen come out for the week end and live aboard their boats since there are no quarters for visitors ashore on any of the Perlas Islands.

There is a new hot spot at Pinas, about a hundred-mile run from the Canal Zone, and during tournaments they supply a sort of houseboat to accommodate guests. You need a big boat to fish properly here and she must have accommodations for living aboard.

The air over Panama Bay is alive with booby birds, cormorants, gannets and other waterfowl—affording a rare spectacle.

You will see as many porpoises here as in any place I know—legions of them leaping, frolicking and playing tirelessly in the iridescent waters. There are plenty off Ecuador but I believe there are more on these grounds. Many little ones swim around guarded by their mothers and it is amusing to

PANAMA

watch one of the stern matrons discipline her offspring by butting him with her snout. I suppose it's a disciplinary gesture—maybe it's only play. I have taken sailfish right out of schools of porpoises that were rolling and cavorting all around the line.

In Panama Bay they put out more lines than I have ever seen employed anywhere. The usual procedure is to use the outriggers for black marlin and baits with 39-thread. Two teasers were towed halfway down the outriggers; then come two rods with feathers for bait at the end of 15-thread line. Next come the sailfish rigs which in this case consist of 6- or 9-thread and in between them a hand line is trolled for more bait. If I had been running the boat I would have had the sailfish rigs in the middle with nothing but a handline out for bait if it was needed. The anglers down there have a tough time catching some black marlin. I believe one of the reasons is the bizarre assortment of baits. When the fish is hooked they lose so much time getting the outfits aboard that the quarry is a long way off and has a chance to sound before the boat can be turned to after him. In Panama, more than any other place I know, a great number of black marlin have been hauled up from the bottom stone dead, with their mouths and gills full of silt. I'm sure this is because they have been fought too far away from the boat. But I also know that black marlin taken in shoal water sometimes have a trick of sticking their bill in the sand, if they get crazy enough, as will the swordfish on occasion.

I had wonderful luck and received the most hospitable treatment in Panama Bay and I only wish I could afford the time to give it another whirl.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

PACIFIC SAILFISH

The Pacific sailfish are usually visible behind the bait before they strike. When they hit, a normal amount of drop-back is given, depending on the fish's actions. Naturally, if he grabs the bait hungrily and rushes off with it, you do not give him as much as if he were cautious about taking it. My experience with sailfish off Panama was that they were much easier to hook than those caught off the Mexican coast and in the Gulf of California. When these fish are biting well off Panama they are never seen tailing, and perhaps that is the reason they do not bite so well in the Gulf of California. Then again, the dainty baits used at Panama are not easily obtainable in Mexican waters. There the usual bait is a whole mullet or flying fish sent from California and is unappetizing by comparison.

When the sailfish first arrive in Panama Bay or when their migrations have begun in the fall, enormous schools of them may be seen with their caudal fins protruding high above the surface of the sea. When they are in this position it is difficult to make them strike. At such times the regulation medium-size feather is the bait usually employed for best results. When a sailfish hits the feather you must never give him line. Simply drop the rod tip and then strike immediately. If he is allowed line the fish is almost sure to feel the metal head of the jig or else the hook, and will instantly throw it. I must say you can't blame him. With a cut or whole fish bait he is much less likely to feel the hook.

The average Pacific sailfish I have caught is a much better

fighter than his smaller Atlantic cousin. In addition to size I think he also has more guts and, pound for pound, a lot more power. He knows all the on-the-surface acrobatics and will jump high and hard for some minutes. After that he seems to tire quite easily. I am inclined to believe his large and heavy sail, raised after he is hooked, may hinder him.

The bill of the Pacific sailfish is much longer and more tapered than that of the Atlantic variety. The sail is much larger in proportion to his size and the ventral fin much longer. The coloring is exquisite and no other fish that I have seen, except the Allison tuna, the dolphin and striped marlin, is more beautiful than the Pacific sailfish as it dies. The light blue sheen is indescribable. This is a gallant little fish and I have great admiration for him. Like his Atlantic brother he should be released unless he is a prize winner or has been badly hurt by your hook. They are only good for eating when smoked—then they are delicious.

Over many years four or five hundred sailfish have been taken out of Panama Bay by a fleet of perhaps twenty boats that were fishing only spasmodically—and nearer eight or ten would be the proper figure.

The Cocos Islands belong to Costa Rica. They are about four hundred miles from Balboa and very few marlin have been raised there, but there is marvelous fishing for Pacific sailfish and some big ones have been caught.

There is good tarpon fishing on the Atlantic side of the canal along the Gatun Spillway. These fish can be seen rolling in the chambers of Pedro Miguel and Miraflores locks while your ship is making the canal transit. There is tarpon fishing in some of the rivers flowing into the Pacific

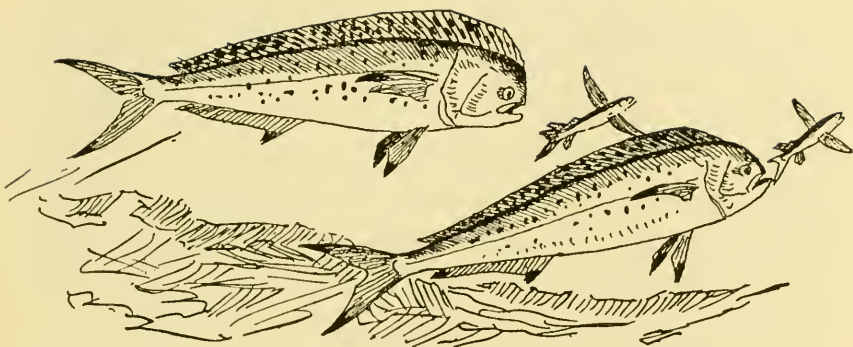
FISHING THE PACIFIC

and this species also is taken in Panamanian and Colombian waters.

Robert Heurtematte, Panamanian Ambassador to the United States, is a great sports enthusiast who lived in the United States for many years. He is a graduate of Yale University, class of 1933, and one of my best friends. He has been highly instrumental in pushing the fishing and getting it going off the Canal Zone.

I am confident that with the El Pacifico Hotel in operation—and you won't find a better one anywhere: marvelous cool rooms looking out over the Pacific entrance to the canal, perfect food and good golf and tennis nearby—that from now on people will be attracted to this spot for a variety of reasons and many of them will try the fishing.

At any rate, here's hoping that a thousand black marlin will soon be taken off Panama.



DOLPHIN FEEDING ON FLYING FISH OFF THE TIP OF LOWER CALIFORNIA

5. *Mexico*

THE PACIFIC COAST of the grand Republic of Mexico is well known for its marvelous fishing. Many species are found here. Most abundant are striped marlin and Pacific sailfish. On occasion there are silver marlin caught, since for some reason or other these fish seem to congregate on this coast more frequently than at any other place except their regular habitat in mid-Pacific. Now and then a black marlin is also picked up. The striped marlin run small—225 pounds and upward is a very big one in Mexico—and the Pacific sailfish run both large and small.

ACAPULCO

Acapulco is about 350 miles from Mexico City, the beautiful capital of the country. It is a lovely motor trip and there

FISHING THE PACIFIC

is also regular plane service. As a fishing port Acapulco has received more publicity and push than any other fishing spot in Mexico and there are excellent hotels there and good swimming beaches as well as a number of good fishing boats.

Acapulco's fishing is best during the months of our winter season and at times there are hundreds of sailfish caught every day. One does not have far to go for them and some wonderful light-tackle catches have been made in these waters.

Dr. Roy B. Dean of Mexico City has been instrumental in doing a great deal for Acapulco and is one of the recognized authorities on fishing. The International Light Tackle Fishing Tournament originated there and has been held there for many years.

Proceeding north along the Mexican mainland from Acapulco there is excellent fishing at White Friar Islands as well as Las Tres Marias Islands. However, there are no accommodations and one must have a yacht or sizable cruiser to live aboard if he desires to fish these waters. Evidently the sailfish are spawning there in the winter months and sometimes the sea is just a forest of tails but there are also many occasions, even though all baits have been tried, when strikes have been unobtainable. I have this from such good authorities as Walter Clay, the crack Miami guide, and John Schmidt, who really knows his sailfish from Panama.

MAZATLÁN

The latest fishing port in Mexico that has really become well known is Mazatlán. There was always fishing there for bottom fish but now there are two sets of charter boats being

MEXICO

operated and some of the catches have been phenomenal. Striped marlin all run small, a good many of them under 150 pounds, and they are taken within twenty miles from shore. There are twenty first-class boats operating out of Mazatlán and their charter rates are \$50 per day including ice, bait, tackle and Coca-Cola. These boats are 27-foot craft with enclosed cabins and toilets and two fishing chairs.

The Indian fleet is operated by Louis Patron, who is a great fellow, and the Biby fleet by Ernesto Coppel.

The striped marlin are there from November to April and the sailfish from May to October. During November and December they have both, for the marlin are coming in and the sailfish are leaving these waters. During April and May the same thing happens since the marlin start leaving and the sailfish start coming in. Offshore there are dolphin and closer inshore smaller fish like Spanish mackerel, roosterfish, red snapper and jack crevalle, to mention only a few.

In 1952 the catch was 300 billfish per boat. In other words they took 4800 billfish; 60 per cent of these were marlin and 40 per cent sailfish.

There are three first-class hotels in Mazatlán—the Belmar, the Freeman and La Siesta. All are situated on the waterfront and are only a block apart. All have restaurant service and bar. Rates vary from 20 pesos for room to 75 pesos, depending upon the location of same and the number of occupants. Average charges for a good double room would be around 45 pesos per day. This does not include food which would run another 40 pesos per day per person. The exchange is about \$8.60 as I write this. There are several Motels being built along the International Highway from Nogales passing

FISHING THE PACIFIC

through Mazatlán and on down to Mexico City. This highway will probably be completed by the end of 1953. There remain only about 160 miles to surface.

Pan American Airways calls at Mazatlán on direct flight from Los Angeles and the National Railway of Mexico runs tri-weekly service from Nogales with air-conditioned sleeping cars. Many of the available boats are radio-equipped and my friends Patron and Coppel can be relied on to see that their parties enjoy good fishing.

GUAYMAS

Proceeding north up the coast of Mexico proper, Guaymas is the most northern hotspot. Many of the Mazatlán fish work up there during the spring months in May and June. There is also good sailfishing. Most of this is found around San Pedro Island, twenty miles north of the Hotel Playa de Cortes, which is most attractive and has an enticing swimming pool with lovely rooms surrounding it. There is a fine fleet of boats here with good guides. Every now and then they pick up a big silver marlin and some have taken up to just over 500 pounds.

The striped marlin taken off Guaymas are very thin and small, the average fish weighing from 170 to 190 pounds with larger ones caught only occasionally. They are in very poor shape; many of them are wormy and generally debilitated. This is not the case at Mazatlán and Cape San Lucas. There the fish are in prime condition. Probably many fish are affected by the very warm water. They are constantly jumping since they carry so many sucker fish and are at-



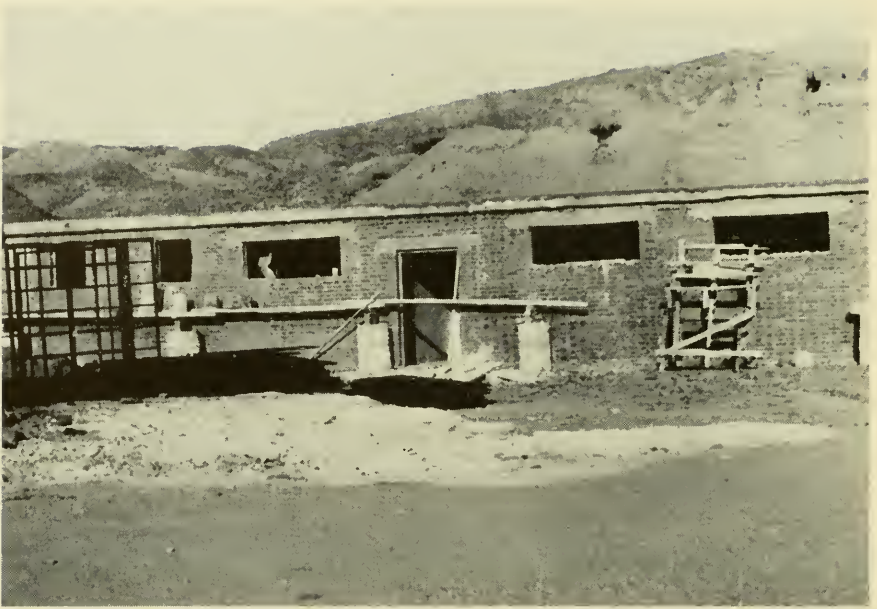
TONY HULMAN, CAPTAIN OF THE 1951 UNITED STATES SHARP CUP TEAM, WITH A 918-POUND BLACK MARLIN, THE THIRD HE CAUGHT IN FOUR DAYS. CAPTAIN JOHN SWEETING, PICTURED WITH HIM, WAS TRAINING THE PERUVIAN CREWS. HULMAN, AS USUAL, WAS POPULAR WITH EVERYBODY INCLUDING THE *Niños*.



A MARVELOUS PICTURE OF A REMORA RIDING ON THE BELLY OF A STRIPED MARLIN. NOTE THE CUT BAIT FLYING. MRS. WENDELL ANDERSON, SR., IS FIGHTING THE FISH OFF CABO BLANCO. (PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF YALE UNIVERSITY)



ONE AFTERNOON'S CATCH OFF CABO BLANCO. INEZ ALVAREZ CALDERON WITH HER STRIPED MARLIN, ALFRED GLASSELL AND HIS TWO BIG-EYE TUNAS, 275 AND 263 POUNDS RESPECTIVELY, AND THE AUTHOR WITH HIS BLACK MARLIN. CAPTAINS BERT TUMA AND "RED" STUART, WHO WERE TRAINING THE PERUVIAN BOAT CREWS, ARE KNEELING.



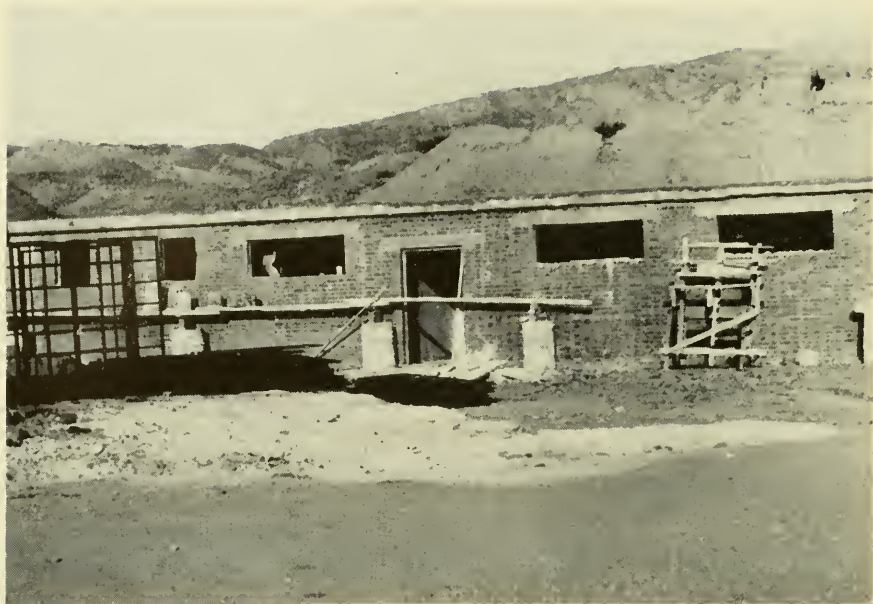
THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB'S NEW TACKLE ROOM UNDER CONSTRUCTION. IT IS THE FINEST OF ITS KIND EVER BUILT—COMPLETE WITH MEMBERS' LOCKERS, A WORKSHOP AND STORAGE SPACE.



A VIEW FROM THE BEDROOMS OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB OF PERU.



INEZ ALVAREZ CALDERON DE BATES, OF PERU, WITH THE FIRST BLACK MARLIN CAUGHT BY A WOMAN ANGLER OFF CABO BLANCO.



THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB'S NEW TACKLE ROOM UNDER CONSTRUCTION. IT IS THE FINEST OF ITS KIND EVER BUILT—COMPLETE WITH MEMBERS' LOCKERS, A WORKSHOP AND STORAGE SPACE.



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CAUGHT BY A WOMAN ANGLER OFF CABO BLANCO.



A STRIPED MARLIN GOING UNDER OFF CABO BLANCO.



WITH ITS TAIL IN THE AIR, LOOKING LIKE THE STERN OF A TORPEDOED SHIP, A STRIPED MARLIN DISAPPEARS OFF CABO BLANCO.



MRS. ALICE PRICE, OF CALIFORNIA, WITH THE LARGEST FISH OF ANY KIND EVER CAUGHT BY A WOMAN, A 920-POUND BLACK MARLIN. SHE USED A TYCOON ROD, ASHAWAY 39-THREAD LINE, A PENN REEL AND FISHED FROM THE *Petrel*. NOTE FLAG FLYING ON *Petrel* BEHIND DORSAL FIN. CABO BLANCO, OCTOBER, 1952.



WHO SAYS BLACK MARLIN ARE NOT THE MOST ACTIVE SPEARFISH? HERE'S ONE COMING OUT OFF CABO BLANCO.



IN THE AIR NOW, HE LOOKS ANGLER ALFRED GLASSELL OVER. NOTE THE EXTENDED PECTORALS AND RAISED DORSAL FIN.



THIS 700-POUNDER IS AS ACTIVE AS THE 1400-POUND BLACK MARLIN. OFF CABO BLANCO.



GOING UNDER FOR THE THIRTY-THIRD TIME IN THIS FIGHT THAT LASTED FOR SIXTY-FIVE MINUTES, ALFRED GLASSELL BOATED HIM. NOTE THE LINE.



THIS COMMERCIAL BOAT WAS FITTED FOR BIG GAME FISHING BY ALFRED GLASSELL ON HIS FIRST TRIP TO PERU. "RED" STUART HOLDS THE TILLER.



DICK NORRIS, I. G. F. A. REPRESENTATIVE FOR NORTHERN PERU, WEIGHING A 1000-POUND BLACK MARLIN ON THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB'S SCALE.



THIS 837-POUND BLACK MARLIN WAS TAKEN BY TONY HULMAN, ONE OF THE WORLD'S BEST ANGLERS, AND IS THE ONLY ONE CAUGHT OFF CABO BLANCO WITH NO BILL. HULMAN SAYS THE FISH WAS SO FAST THAT HE THOUGHT HE WAS ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY.



A STRIPED MARLIN OFF CABO BLANCO SEES THE BAIT.



HE IS REALLY INTERESTED NOW.



THIS STRIPED MARLIN, BEING FOUGHT BY ALFRED GLASSELL, SURFACES LIKE A CRIPPLED GERMAN U-BOAT.



THE BIG STRIPED MARLIN IS NOW GREYHOUNDING.



ALFRED GLASSELL ARRIVING AT THE CABO BLANCO MOLE WITH THE THIRD LARGEST PAIR OF FISH CAUGHT IN ONE DAY BY ONE ANGLER—TWO BLACK MARLIN, WEIGHING 900 POUNDS AND 755 POUNDS. JULY, 1953.



THE MANAGER'S HOUSE AT THE FISHING CLUB.



THE LITTLE CLUBHOUSE OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB. IT HAS FIVE DOUBLE BEDROOMS AND BATHS.



WENDELL ANDERSON, SR., OF MICHIGAN AND A MEMBER OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB, STANDS WITH HIS 792-POUND BLACK MARLIN. HIS CREW IS ALSO PICTURED. (PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY YALE UNIVERSITY)



HERE IS THE YOUNGEST ANGLER TO EVER CATCH A BLACK MARLIN. PETER CARPENTER, FIFTEEN, STANDS WITH HIS 752-POUND FISH. HIS FATHER, BILL CARPENTER, ONE OF NORTH AMERICA'S MEMBERS OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB AND A FINE ANGLER, IS PICTURED WITH HIM.



ENRIQUE PARDO, PRESIDENT OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB, STANDS IN THE COCKPIT OF THE *Petrel* WITH CAPTAIN BERT TUNIA OF MONTAUK AT THE CONTROLS. NOTE THE LIGHTS ON THE TWO GIN POLES, THE FINE LOOK-OUT MAST OF THE BOAT, THE SINGLE FIGHTING CHAIR, THE BIG BAIT BOX, THE EASY CHAIR, THE BIG COCKPIT, THE GOOD FOOTING AND THE FACT THERE ARE RINGS INSTEAD OF CLEATS. THE PERFECT FISH BOAT.



CAPTAIN STERLING "RED" STUART, OF FLORIDA, WHO WAS SUCH A HELP IN INSTRUCTING THE PERUVIAN FISH-BOAT CREWS, HOLDS UP A RIGGED SQUID. NOTE THE SECOND HOOK PROTRUDING FROM ITS BACK.



CAPTAIN STUART LEADS A 955-POUND BLACK MARLIN AS IT IS BEING GAFFED. THE FISH WAS CAUGHT BY ALFRED GLASSELL.



A GREAT PICTURE OF HUMPBACK WHALES TRAVELING SOUTH OFF CABO BLANCO.



JOE PEELER, ONE OF UNITED STATES' LEADING ANGLERS, WITH A 685-POUND BLACK MARLIN CAUGHT OFF CABO BLANCO.



ALFRED GLASSELL BACKING INTO A SEA AS HE FIGHTS HIS 1560-POUND BLACK MARLIN, AUGUST 4, 1953, OFF CABO BLANCO.



MAURICE MEYER, JR., DR. JOHN DAVIS, MRS. FARRINGTON AND THE AUTHOR LEAVING MIAMI ON THE PAN AMERICAN GRACE AIRWAYS' *El Pacifico* FOR TALARA, PERU, THE NEAREST AIRPORT—THIRTY-TWO MILES FROM CABO BLANCO.



SHOWING WHAT A 622-POUND SWORDFISH CAN DO—
39-THREAD DOUBLE LINE THAT WAS WRAPPED AROUND
THE FISH.



THE TWO LINES SEPARATED, REDUCING IT TO A 15-
THREAD, BUT STILL THE ASHAWAY LINE HELD. IT
WAS BLACK, BY THE WAY, FRONT THE FISH'S BODY.



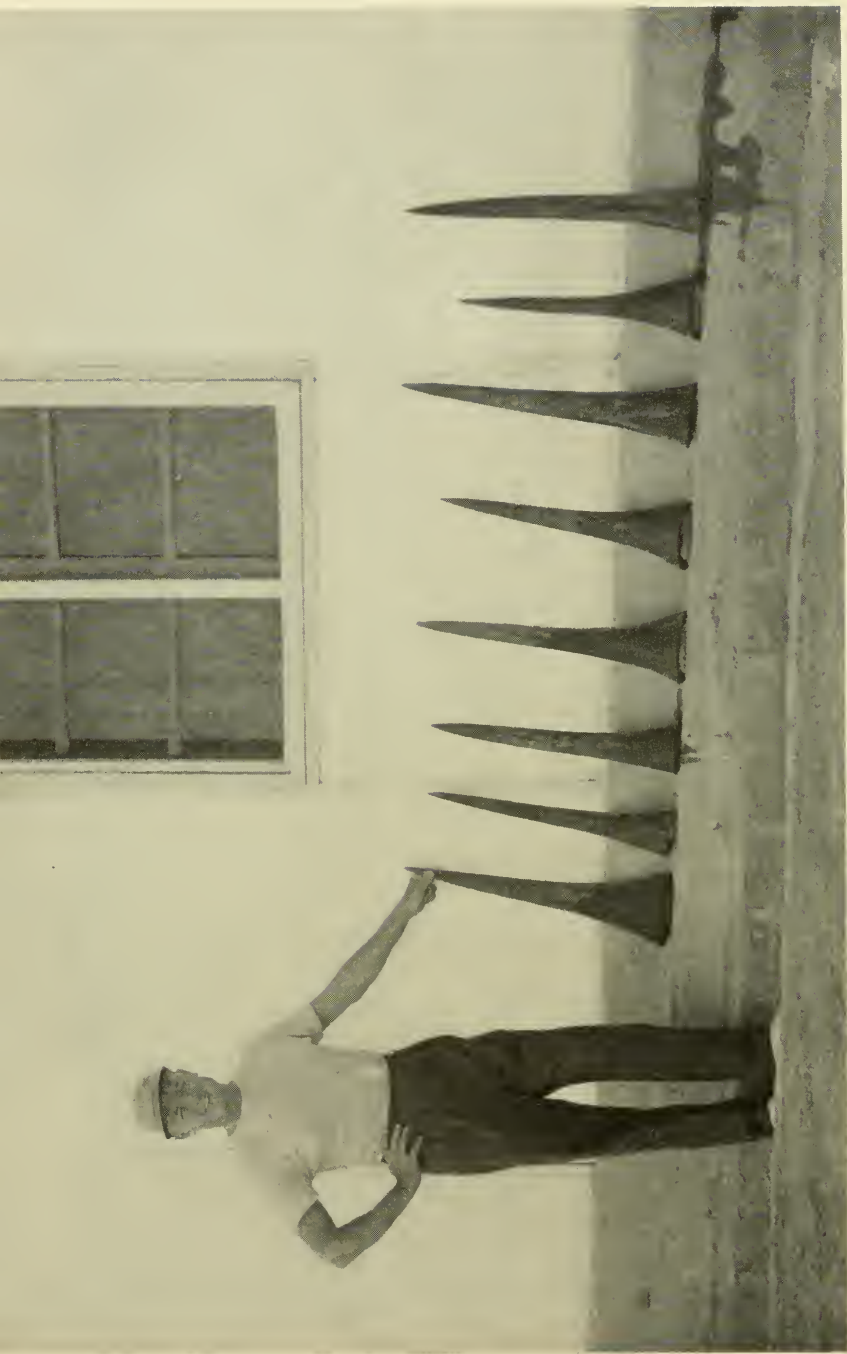
TOM BATES WITH THE 1352-POUND BLACK MARLIN THAT BEAT THE AUTHOR'S RECORD. AT THIS TIME IT WAS THE WORLD'S RECORD FISH AND WAS TAKEN ON A TYCOON ROD, ASHAWAY 39-THREAD AND A PENN SENATOR 14/O REEL. JULY 29, 1953.



THE AUTHOR WITH A 622-POUND SWORDFISH, THE THIRD LARGEST CAUGHT OFF CABO BLANCO. ROBERTO MOULLETT, MANAGER OF THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB, STANDS WITH HIM.



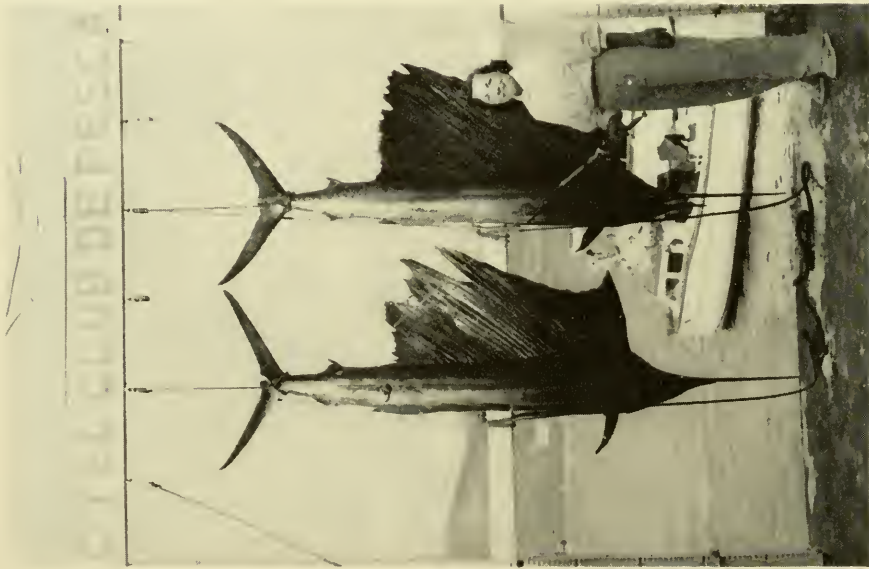
THE *Pescador Dos, Petrel* AND *Miss Texas*, CRACK FISH BOATS BELONGING TO THE CABO BLANCO FISHING CLUB. THEY HAVE ALREADY TAKEN SEVEN FISH, WEIGHING OVER 1000 POUNDS. THEIR FIRST



ALFRED GLASSELL STANDS WITH HIS EIGHT BLACK MARLIN BILLS, CAUGHT IN EIGHTEEN DAYS OF FISHING DURING JULY AND AUGUST OF 1953. HIS HAND IS RESTING ON THE WORLD'S RECORD CATCH, A 1560-POUNDER. A REALLY IMPRESSIVE PICTURE.



ALFRED GLASSELL WITH THE LARGEST FISH OF ANY SIZE AND KIND EVER TAKEN ON A ROD AND REEL. THIS PERFECT WORLD'S RECORD BLACK MARLIN HAD SIX MORE INCHES OF GIRTH THAN THE FISH CAUGHT BY TOM BATES FIVE DAYS BEFORE. BOATED AUG. 4, 1953.



Mrs. DON ALLISON WITH TWO 3-THREAD PACIFIC SAILFISH WHICH SHE CAUGHT AT ACAPULCO.



Mrs. JOHN MANNING WITH A FINE 3/6 STRIPED MARLIN TAKEN AT CAPE SAN LUCAS.



MRS. JOHN MANNING BREAKS A FIFTY-FOUR-YEAR CATALINA TUNA CLUB RECORD WITH THE LARGEST MARLIN CAUGHT THERE BY A WOMAN.



A PICTURE OF THE TYPICAL KIND OF LIVE-BAIT BOAT SEEN FISHING IN CALIFORNIA WATERS. THIS ONE IS OUT OF SAN DIEGO.



ALFRED GLASSELL WITH 630-POUND BLACK MARLIN WHICH TOOK BOTH BAITS AT SAME TIME. GLASSELL HAD TO GAMBLE ON WHICH LINE TO CUT AND PICKED THE RIGHT ONE. THAT'S BUCK HASSALL, OTEHEI BAY'S MANAGER, IN BACKGROUND.



FRANCIS ARLIDGE AND THE AUTHOR BOATING STRIPED MARLIN. PIERCEY ISLAND IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE FAMOUS BIRD ROCK AT BAY OF ISLANDS, NEW ZEALAND.



OTEHEI BAY FISHING LODGE, BAY OF ISLANDS, NEW ZEALAND—A WONDERFUL PLACE TO LIVE AND A FINE PLACE TO FISH FROM.



THE *Rosemary*, CAPTAIN GEORGE WARNE IN CHARGE, WITH THE BLACK AND STRIPED MARLIN FLAGS FLYING. A SMALL BLACK MARLIN CAUGHT BY ALFRED GLASSSELL IS ON THE COUNTER. IT IS STOPPED IN BAY OF ISLANDS, NEW ZEALAND.

MEXICO

tempting to rid themselves of these annoying parasites. These marlin are also covered with lice, which I believe is a natural condition where marlin are found in quantities. Many of them have broken-off bills; evidently there is much fighting among them. The water temperature is constantly above 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

Hungry as these little striped marlin are off Guaymas, they do not go to bait with anything like the avidity of their big brothers off Chile and Peru. While I was there I must have seen two dozen fish that wouldn't strike at the bait and a half dozen others that wouldn't even follow it. I did see six anglers in six different boats with six hooked and the fish jumping all at once inside of a very small area. Quite a sight! I wonder what would happen off Chile and Peru if there were sixteen boats (as there were fishing off Guaymas) instead of two or three. I also saw the second *Rhinedon typus* (whale shark) I had ever seen, just clipping the surface of the water as most of them do. Since then I have seen one off Bimini and another off Peru.

At the Playa de Cortes they are very accommodating about waiting dinner until late in the evening and the food and service are excellent.

No passports are necessary to enter Mexico—only the tourist's card which is obtainable at any Mexican consul's office—and the formalities with the customs officials at Nogales are brief both when entering and leaving the country.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

LOWER CALIFORNIA

Let us now proceed south again to start up the outside of the Gulf of Lower California and up inside the peninsula of that name. Cape San Lucas is world famous and many prominent anglers, led by Mr. and Mrs. Keith Spalding, for many years California's outstanding fishing couple, pioneered these waters. When the first Mrs. Spalding died she left a great deal of money to the American Museum of Natural History of New York and also presented the institution with a beautiful exhibit of sailfish displayed against a background representing Cape San Lucas.

There is no place to stay at Cape San Lucas but there are plenty of fish in the vicinity if you can get down there and fish from a craft you can live aboard. Thirty-four miles north is San José de Cabo, an excellent hot spot, and directly above this are the Inner and Outer Gorda Banks to which many American tuna clippers come to take the tuna on these well-known fishing banks.

From San José de Cabo the Los Frailes is about a 45-mile run and fish are taken there also. But the big name today is La Paz—about 114 miles in a direct line from Cape San Lucas. It is an interesting town and boasts seven boats. On going into La Paz you cross Muertos Bay and then go into Las Palmas Bay and up the channel inside of Cerralvo Island, rounding the point at La Paz. Most of the La Paz boats fish this channel, working out to an island to the north called Espiritu Santo where there is excellent marlin fishing. About 5 miles directly across the channel between Cerralvo Is-

MEXICO

land and La Paz is the new fishing port of Las Cruces which offers a choice of six boats. Here there is an attractive ranch with quail and dove shooting to offer and plenty of little striped marlin as well as Pacific sailfish to try for. The boats are 26-footers and may be chartered for \$50 per day with crew. They will fish up to four. There are package trips from Los Angeles every Saturday, returning the following Saturday, allowing for six full days of fishing. The price, including round-trip transportation, tax, room and board, is \$277.50. The boat costs extra. Sometimes a flight embracing three full days of fishing is featured. A deposit of \$100 to insure boat and accommodations is required. It is only a short run to the grounds and most of the fishing is between Las Cruces and Cerralvo Island. This is as far north as one has to worry about going on the west side of the Baha California and on the inside of the cape.

On the outside, the Pacific side of the cape, there are no hostelries. Cape San Lucas is about 600 miles below the United States boundary and it is necessary for yachts going down there to meet the Mexican Government's requirements regarding ship's papers. Fishing permits must be obtained in the different states in Mexico at the port of entry for yachts. The port of entry for Cape San Lucas is San José del Cabo, so for an entering yacht it is necessary that this hamlet be visited first. Some Allison tuna have been picked up off the cape. Andy Martin of the Catalina Tuna Club, took the largest one to date, so far as I know.

On the way down the outside coast of Lower California it is worth while stopping at Cedros Island, 275 miles south of the border, where the yellowtail fishing is exceptionally

FISHING THE PACIFIC

good. Magdalena Bay, about 390 miles north of San Lucas, is another favorite stopping-off place for fishermen.

A great deal of commercial fishing is done in this locality. The Mexicans sell fish, of course, and the tuna clippers from California are constantly fishing live bait for tuna and albacore, taking ton after ton to market in the United States. A trip to Cedros Island may be made by rod and reel, live-bait boats running out of San Diego. These are much larger than the live-bait boats that take parties out of the California fishing ports and they have excellent sleeping accommodations. There are also some San Diego live-bait boats with sleeping accommodations making frequent trips from San Diego to Guadalupe Island, which is only about sixty miles down the Lower California coast. It is possible to drive down to Ensenada, a distance of about thirty miles, the end of a good road in Lower California. Here there is good fishing for yellowtail and bottom fish and also excellent black brant shooting in winter. One may have his choice of boats from a good-sized fleet.

Among United States anglers who have visited Cape San Lucas in recent years are the late Max Fleishman, Hugh Chisholm, Donald Douglas, Vincent Astor, George C. Thomas, Jr., Joseph D. Peeler, Dan Baker, L. W. Myers, Herbert Schwabacker, John and Jo Manning and numerous members of the Catalina Tuna Club.

If you are going on a Mexican fishing trip try to get hold of Lionel A. Walford's wonderful book, *Game Fish of the Pacific Coast*. Max Fleishman underwrote this book and it is one of the most entertaining volumes ever written about salt-water fishing. I wish an equally good book on South America and the Atlantic coast were available. I never fail

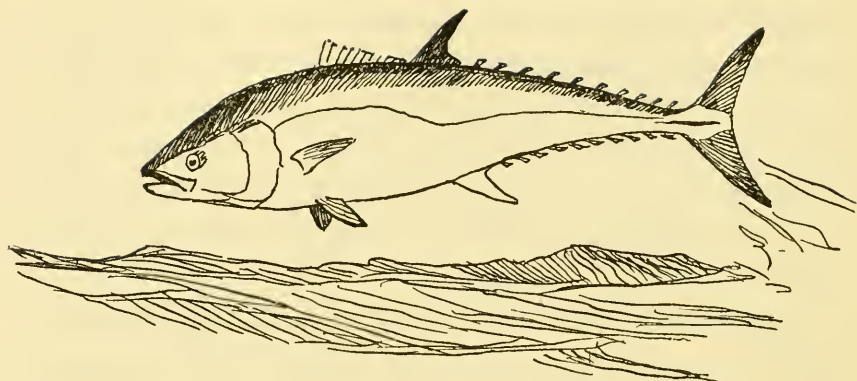
MEXICO

to carry Walford's work with me when I'm in California or Mexico and if you can obtain a copy, by all means do so.

The Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico has been sold to the National Railway and the former no longer operates the hotel at Guaymas, but the train service is good. Pan American Airways provides excellent air service to many of these ports.

In concluding my observations on the fishing in this wonderful country which ranks near the top, I list the names of some of the fish caught there as they are known locally.

albacore	<i>albacore</i>
bass rock	<i>cabrillo</i>
bass sea	<i>baya</i>
bass striped	<i>roncador</i>
bass white	<i>totuava</i>
bonito	<i>bonito</i>
dolphin	<i>dorado</i>
grouper	<i>pargo</i>
mackerel	<i>sierra</i>
marlin	<i>paez espado</i>
moonfish	<i>palomita</i>
mullet	<i>lisa</i>
red snapper	<i>guachinango</i>
roosterfish	<i>gallo</i>
sailfish	<i>pez vela</i>
shark	<i>tiburón</i>
skipjack	<i>barrilote</i>
tarpon	<i>sabalo</i>
tuna	<i>etun</i>
yellowtail	<i>jaurel</i>



YELLOWFIN TUNA JUMPING

6. *Catalina*

DUE to the many visitors who return each year for a fling at the great fishing to be found between Catalina and the mainland the charter boatmen are doing an amazing business. As early as March many of them sailing out of Newport Beach are booked up solidly for trips between June and September. But of course there are cancellations and you may be fortunate enough to pounce on one. There are also boats sailing out of Balboa and Long Beach. One of the largest private fishing fleets in North American waters always has fished Catalina. In addition, many persons now are buying new boats or recommissioning their old ones in order to put them back in service.

The live-bait boats which afford sport to so many hundreds of Californians every year have been doing a terrific

CATALINA

business although barracuda have not been as plentiful as usual and, as I write this, yellowtail have not showed up in their customary numbers.

The Catalina Islands compose Santa Catalina, San Clemente and San Nicholas, running offshore in the order named. Catalina Island always is spoken of with reverence by members of the salt-water fishing fraternity—as indeed it should be, for this is the birthplace of salt-water angling.

Near the east end of Catalina and facing the mainland twenty-two miles south of San Pedro, the seaport of Los Angeles, lies Avalon, the home of the Catalina Tuna Club. While Catalina Island was the birthplace of big game fishing, the Catalina Tuna Club was the cradle in which the newborn baby was nursed by some of the greatest sportsmen and fishermen who ever lived.

The first tuna ever taken on rod and reel was caught by the late Dr. Charles F. Holder who founded the Catalina Tuna Club. This fish weighed 183 pounds and the year was 1898. Five seasons later, Edward T. Llewellyn caught the first marlin. Ten years after that, in 1913, the first broadbill swordfish was taken by W. C. Boschen. It weighed 355 pounds. Thus the three largest species of game fish were first caught in these historic waters.

Since its inauguration twenty-six men have served as president of the Tuna Club, and the four wartime presiding officers—Harry Buffum, Joseph D. Peeler, Charles S. Jones and Robert C. Mankowski—turned it over to the 1946 president, Ellis J. Arkush, with a larger membership and more enthusiasm than ever. There were practically no resignations during the war years—extraordinary when you consider that

FISHING THE PACIFIC

no sport fishing was allowed out of Avalon during that period. The clubhouse has been renovated and the first year-book since before the war has been issued by Percy West, assistant secretary of the organization. He has been associated with it for over thirty years and is ever ready to reply to inquiries about fishing in Catalina waters. Thirty-one members of the Catalina Tuna Club, including the late General George S. Patton, served in World War II.

Don't think for a minute that you have to be a member of the club to fish there. Many charter boats have been operating out of Avalon for years and they have been supplemented by some very good new boats. The prices are reasonable and you can catch fish within five minutes after leaving the dock.

The Catalina Island Company operates its boats regularly from San Pedro to Avalon and United Airlines flies land planes on scheduled flights from Mines Field, the Los Angeles municipal airport, and from Burbank and Long Beach, both near Los Angeles.

Tackle used by the old-timers causes us to rub our eyes in amazement today. The rods were pitifully inadequate, the lines all broke at around 50-pound test, there were straight-handle reels with no drag other than a thumb stall. Large fish were fought from rowboats with boards for thwarts, and men battled big fish up to fourteen hours. Hands and fingers were smashed by fiercely spinning reel cranks and one corner of the porch at the old Metropole Hotel in Avalon was facetiously dubbed "The Tuna Hospital," for it was there that many angry and discomforted anglers with sore hands and bandaged fingers groused about their rotten luck. The Rab-

CATALINA

beth Drag, probably the first of the friction drags, was the direct result of injuries sustained by its inventor in his efforts to take a tuna.

These pioneers handed down their tackle regulations to the present Catalina Tuna Club members, and the majority of anglers who fish these waters follow them. The heaviest tackle ever used is a 16-ounce rod tip with 24-thread line on 9/0 or 10/0 reel. This is heavy enough for those waters because with two exceptions there have been no marlin taken weighing over 405 pounds, and a tuna weighing over 100 pounds is a rarity. There also is very little chance of hooking a swordfish that would go over 400 pounds, due to the fact that it is harder to make this great fish take a bait in Catalina waters than in any other spot.

Catalina light tackle consists of the regulation 6/9 outfit, a 6-ounce tip with 9-thread line used on a 3/0, 4/0 or 6/0 reel. The last is the best size because it has a higher gear ratio. The alternate tackle used is 3/6, which formerly consisted of a rod tip and butt weighing 6 ounces, 6 feet over-all in length and 6 ounces, including guides, wrappings and all hardware—but the size butt is unlimited.

This regulation applies also to 9-thread as well as the 24-thread outfits endorsed by the Catalina Tuna Club. Striped marlin in these waters offer extremely fine sport when taken on 15-thread line with a 10-ounce rod tip. Many anglers do not feel they have had enough experience to use 9-thread. Fifteen-foot leaders are the longest used at Catalina and they are long enough for any fish one is likely to encounter when fishing those waters.

The Catalina Tuna Club has kept yearly member-catch

FISHING THE PACIFIC

records of tuna since 1900, marlin since 1903 and broadbill swordfish since 1913. Of course there were many other marlin and tuna caught by non-club members but I am quoting the records here to give the reader some idea of the best fishing months in past seasons. A total of 6,532 tuna were caught by Tuna Club members in 40 years. The best year was 1919 when 911 were taken—508 in June, 258 in July, 74 in August and 11 in September. In almost all other years, however, August and September were the top months. In 1906, for instance, 367 of the 854 caught were taken in September, 110 in October, and 7 in November. The second largest season was 1940, when 210 were caught in August, 68 in September and 77 in October. In 1937 the catch was 105 in August and 193 in September, with only 24 in October and 8 in July—a total of 330.

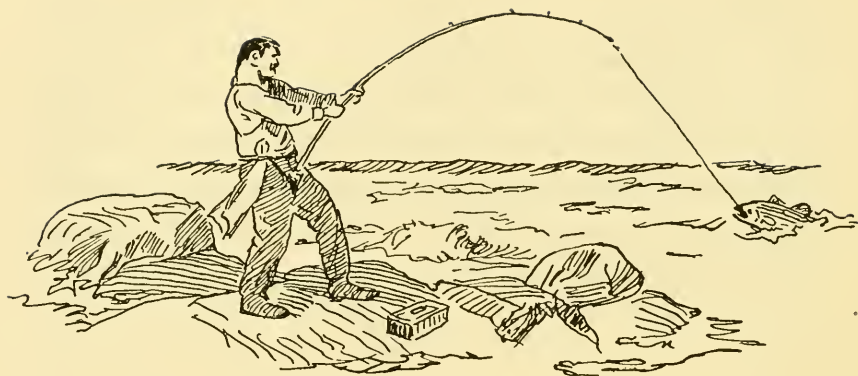
The record shows that over 4,618 striped marlin have been brought in and that September almost always was the best month. Many of these fish were taken on 9-thread line and eight members of the Tuna Club have taken them on 6-thread. I am listing the names of these men with the weight of their fish and the year they were caught.

George C. Thomas, Jr.	1929	155 pounds
Robert C. Mankowski	1930	139 "
Sam Bagby	1936	160 "
George C. Thomas, III	1940	136 "
Roy F. B. Shaver	1940	115 "
Charles S. Jones	1940	138½ "
Ellis J. Arkush	1940	160 "
Joseph D. Peeler	1941	146 "
Robert Statz	1953	226 "

CATALINA

Mankowski also took another 6-thread striped marlin which weighed 181 pounds.

A grand total of 130 broadbill swordfish have been caught and, again, September was the best month. In 1928, the best year, 27 were taken and a total of 18 were caught in September. In 1916, the second best year, when 17 were caught, 10 were taken in September.



SURF FISHERMAN FIGHTING STRIPED BASS NEAR THE GOLDEN GATE

7. *California*

VISITING and resident anglers fishing the California coast enjoy splendid sport with many species of salt-water fish abounding. One of the aims of this book is to inform readers where they can enjoy economical angling and I assure you there is much of that along the Pacific coast.

Live-bait fishing is a good, economical way to fish offshore. Sardines and anchovies are used for live bait, and sculpin, sheepshead, grouper, halibut and giant bass are some of the bottom feeders that are caught. Mackerel, barracuda, yellow-tail, bonitos and some small tuna are taken when no sinker is used and the live bait allowed to swim wherever it chooses.

Vessels for this type of fishing sail from most of the well-

CALIFORNIA

known ports such as Newport, Balboa, Long Beach, Santa Monica and San Diego. There are also many so-called fishing barges anchored within a mile of shore off Newport and Balboa. These craft also are found off Santa Monica and at various other ports. Shore boats are operated to take the enthusiasts out to these floating hotels. The name "barge" is a misnomer since the majority of these vessels are converted yachts moored securely fore and aft and embellished with all modern conveniences. They have rest rooms and cafeterias elegant enough to suit the taste of the most fastidious fisherman. Many of them also have accommodations for anglers desiring to remain overnight for the early morning fishing.

The fleet of live-bait boats is virtually completely equipped with radio telephone by means of which the various boats are constantly in touch with one another regarding areas where the fish are most plentiful. When fishing is poor near the mainland, many of these boats make the two- to three-hour run to the shores of historic Catalina. Fishing under the island's magnificent shoreline is a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

While the San Francisco striped-bass fishermen are presently enjoying a field day, their brother surf anglers south of San Luis Obispo also are having magnificent sport with the yellowtail which fights even harder in the surf than the striped bass. And there are also three other excellent species—the spotfin croaker, the yellowfin croaker and the corbina. It is said that there are more than fifty members of the croaker family in Pacific coastal waters, but surf fishermen are concerned only with a few of these, such as the above-mentioned

FISHING THE PACIFIC

corbina, yellowfin and spotfin croaker which are taken by California anglers throughout the year.

The corbina, a delicious food fish and a great favorite with gourmets, has been taken up to seven or eight pounds but probably averages about two and a half to three and a half pounds. These fish range from San Luis Obispo southward, and are taken from the surf in large numbers. Best baits to use for them are sand crabs, pile worms and mussels. Corbina travel in large schools and may be found over sandy bottoms, around kelp beds and in the lee of large rocks.

The yellowfin croaker is a member of the same family but runs to much smaller size. This species ranges all along the California coast but is usually most plentiful off the southern part of the state. Averaging around two pounds, this croaker has been taken up to five pounds. The spot-finned croaker sometimes weighs as much as eleven or twelve pounds, but probably averages only three to four pounds.

Both of these croakers are often taken at the same time from sandy beaches, their favorite diet being shellfish, minnows and pile worms. They are also caught in goodly numbers from offshore fishing barges and other craft, and when fished in this manner live bait is definitely first choice. In the surf they are very wary but will grab a bait with a decided pull. The hook should not be set too heavily because they have the weak mouth that is a typical characteristic of the croaker family. The sinker used in this fishing should be only heavy enough to permit a cast to the desired point. One that drags the bait slowly inward with the action of the water seems to work best. A 2/0 or 3/0 hook and a 10-pound-test,

CALIFORNIA

three-foot snell leader with a three-way swivel is the rig the majority of Californians use.

From the Mexican border to Seattle there are also a number of other fish which are good fun to catch when the gamy inshore battlers are not in a taking mood. These fish include the various and plentiful members of the perch family—greenling, cabezon, tomcod, mackerel and rockfish.

The various salt-water perch are rather similar to the Atlantic porgy or scup, most of them averaging about a pound. They, too, can be found all along the coast and put up a fairly good scrap for their size. They go under several nicknames, such as Chinca-fish, China pompano, poggy, porgee and surf fish. They are usually found in large schools, over rocks and inshore in the beds of kelp. A live bait is their favorite but they will also take pile worms, mussels and clams.

Mackerel are also found all along the California coast, the majority being caught early in the morning in the vicinity of kelp beds. They are good scrappers and prefer any small bait including pile worms, clams and live bait. Rockfish, found as far north as Alaska, are also called black snapper, rock cod, red rock and salmon grouper. There are said to be thirty-five or forty subspecies of the family. Some of these will weigh as high as eight or ten pounds, but the majority weigh about a pound. They are usually taken in deep water by trolling with a live bait.

The greenling's proper name is the cultus. It usually lives in deep water but can be taken with live bait by surf casting from the rocks. They do not fight hard and are disappointing after being caught, even though specimens up to 35 pounds have been taken. Other nicknames include buffalo cod and

FISHING THE PACIFIC

blue cod. The cabezon, a close relative of the Atlantic sea robin, running up to 20 pounds in weight, is also a very ugly fish.

Surf anglers will get the most fun from fishing for these species if they minimize the size tackle they employ. The very lightest surf rod, a line no heavier than 9-thread (6-thread if you are fishing from a boat), is best.

SAN DIEGO

As a result of the summers when anglers fishing out of San Diego, California, brought in over 150 striped marlin every year, not to mention fine catches of dolphin, albacore and one broadbill swordfish caught on rod and reel, San Diego definitely has been put on the big game fishing map.

The city has always enjoyed some of the finest angling for the smaller varieties of any place on the West Coast. Small bluefin tuna, the famous yellowtail, mackerel, barracuda, white and black sea bass and many other varieties have been caught by one of the finest fleets of live-bait fishing craft and bottom-fishing boats that can be found on the California coast.

The angler after big game will discover that the fish are only a short run off Point Loma which guards the northern entrance to one of the most interesting harbors I have ever fished. The sail out of the harbor from the charter boat docks takes you directly alongside of the light cruiser and destroyer divisions of the Pacific battle fleet. One of the great aircraft carriers is usually somewhere in the vicinity, and planes from

CALIFORNIA

its decks are constantly in the air. Two of the best known airplane manufacturers in America have their factories and fields on either side of the harbor.

The Hotel Coronado, at the southern entrance to the harbor, is convenient to the fishing grounds, and a number of charter boats tie up at its landing.

Great fleets of picturesque fishing craft are constantly plying in and out of the harbor—tuna clippers, sardine boats, shrimpers, jig boats and many “spear boats,” as the boats of the commercial broadbill fishermen are called. Large numbers of these wonderful fish are harpooned annually off San Diego. When I was there in 1938 there were over eighteen hundred swordfish in the San Diego fish market in cold storage waiting to be shipped to various markets in all parts of the United States. So you can readily see that it is only going to be a very short time before many more swordfish are caught on rod and reel off San Diego and this will happen when the method is more systematic. I doubt if, to date, ten parties per summer really look for them.

The majority of the marlin boats fish from Point Loma over to and around the Coronado Islands, of which there are three. While they belong to Mexico, they are regularly fished by the San Diego fleet and abound with all kinds of piscatorial life, both large and small. Flying fish and mackerel are the principal baits used for marlin, and no tackle heavier than a 16-ounce tip and 9/0 or 10/0 reel filled with 24-thread is needed.

This is a superb spot for the man who likes to catch light-tackle marlin. While there are some sharks around, they do not bother the hooked fish. The water is fairly deep, but as

FISHING THE PACIFIC

not many of the marlin average over the 200-pound mark, the man trying to catch one on 9-thread line should not worry unduly.

A fifteen- or twenty-foot leader should be long enough and a 9/0 or 10/0 hook large enough. The bait is usually rigged in the same fashion that obtains off Catalina, the hook being put through the lips. The San Diego Marlin Club, organized in 1934, has put into effect most of the tackle regulations that are so religiously observed at the Catalina Tuna Club. This organization also offers attractive prizes for the largest of numerous varieties of fish taken each season. When the marlin are running off San Diego many private boats from Catalina are found fishing this area. There have been some stellar years for taking marlin since the war.

There are also great quantities of bonito sharks in these waters. The bonito shark is the California name for the famous mako. Most of them are very small and are inclined to act more sluggish than they do in other waters. They usually come out on the bait with a fancy jump and make two or three more for good measure before being boated. They prove of interest to any angler catching one for the first time since they are the worst actors and the most dangerous of all sharks or fish to handle in a boat. They must be constantly watched when brought into the cockpit because they die slowly—even after they've been conked on their streamlined noses with a heavy persuader. I once met two natives of San Diego who had had engagements with them one summer. One man had seven stitches in his leg and told me he considered he had been lucky; the other still had a bandaged hand. He had been trying to cut the leader wire

CALIFORNIA

with a pair of pliers so as not to have to handle the shark when suddenly he discovered that not only the pliers but his hand were in the creature's mouth.

These bonito sharks are raised and caught while trolling for marlin but a very long dropback should be allowed in order to insure hooking them. If you are unsuccessful the first time they will usually follow the bait to the boat in the same manner as a marlin, but if they have ruined the bait and another one is not ready and rigged, throw out any old fish with a hook through its back and the shark is likely to take it again.

The majority of albacore are taken off San Diego by trolling feather baits far astern (generally around 150 feet) or by live-bait fishing.

For this offshore angling the United States Navy unwittingly provides an added attraction off San Diego. I have had submarines dive within 150 yards of my boat and have followed alongside their periscopes for over an hour before they emerged. I have been in the midst of fast-traveling destroyer and cruiser squadrons as they deployed in their weekly war games while, overhead, naval planes from carriers were holding target practice with pursuit planes diving on the target strung out behind the towing plane as if it were a long teaser like that used to raise big fish. There is always plenty to see while fishing and none of these man-made maneuvers bother the fish in the slightest.

There is a large fleet of boats that anchor and fish off San Diego entirely for bottom varieties. Many small halibut and flounder (called dabs) are taken. The charge per man for passage in these craft is moderate and tackle is supplied. For

FISHING THE PACIFIC

this fishing two or three well-equipped and commodious barges are kept offshore throughout the season, and anglers are ferried out there by tenders which are constantly shuttling back and forth. Time limits are observed so that everyone may enjoy his full quota of fishing hours. Thousands of anglers of both sexes visit these barges and fish from them night and day.

The other form of fishing out of San Diego—by far the most popular and interesting fishing that I studied in California, is the live-bait method. These live-bait fishing boats are magnificently equipped, usually run from forty to eighty feet in length and carry from twenty to sixty in the party. They leave early in the morning and return late in the afternoon.

The day is spent in visiting all the likely fishing spots, particularly those in which the beautiful and sporty yellowtail may be caught. On their afterdecks are large bait wells in which the bait is kept vigorously lively. Sardines are generally preferred. One or two men stand around the bait wells constantly feeding the live bait overboard as the customers fish, each man standing alongside one of the fish bags strategically placed about the cruiser's deck.

The live-bait fish create a beautiful chum slick and naturally the big fish follow it until they are at the boat. Magnificent catches of all the smaller California varieties are taken in this manner and even small bluefin tuna are sometimes boated. The live-bait boats are manned by able captains and experienced crews and all of them have radio telephones and are constantly in touch with one another. Thus every boat is

CALIFORNIA

kept informed of what's going on and is able to concentrate on the liveliest fishing area at all times.

The cost of a trip, including bait and tackle, is nominal and the tackle provided is always kept in excellent condition. The line size usually runs from 15- to 24-thread, and a six- to ten-foot light piano-wire leader with a 9/0 or 10/0 hook is all that is required. For the man who cannot afford a private charter boat or does not like trolling I heartily recommend this type of fishing and I have always been surprised that it has not taken hold on the Atlantic coast more than it has. Rejoicing in fine clear water and a wonderful climate much warmer than that found just a bit farther up the coast, San Diego bids fair to become the leading sport fishing center of California and, happily, her residents are keenly interested in the healthy development of the great salt-water pastime.

The marlin season begins around the first of July and lasts until October. Other surface-feeding fish are present about the same time. Most of the bottom feeders are around a good part of the year. If you don't find them take a trip down the coast of Lower California aboard one of the San Diego boats.

STRIPED BASS

The striped bass, which is so eagerly sought by thousands of anglers every year both in the surf and trolling offshore from Cape Hatteras to Maine, is a prime favorite among game fish and much in demand by fishermen on the California coast, particularly in the vicinity of San Francisco.

The Golden State has a lot to offer the sportsman. The scenery is magnificent—towering mountains, painted deserts

FISHING THE PACIFIC

and a spectacular littoral. There is excellent duck and goose shooting. Upland hunters find quail and dove shooting diverting. Those who like big game hunting can shoot deer and bear in the mountains. California trout fishing is excellent and so is angling for salt-water species along its shores, particularly in the southern section of the state where, off San Diego and Catalina, broadbill swordfish, marlin, albacore and other species abound. But when you visit California for a go at your favorite fish—whatever it be—you will find the world's best fishing for the striped bass at many hot spots near San Francisco.

Van Campen Heilner is one of the best informed men on striped bass in this country. Van has fished for them everywhere and, furthermore, dug into the past to try to find out more about them. He told me that just as Catalina was the cradle of the swordfish, marlin and tuna fishing, the Shrewsbury and Navesink Rivers in northern New Jersey, some twenty-odd miles from New York City, cradled striped bass fishing in America.

In 1879, some 19 years before the first tuna was taken off California, 107 striped bass were shipped from the Navesink River and liberated in the Carquinez Straits near San Francisco. The average size of the first shipment was from one-and-a-half to three inches in length, and a few were "medium-sized" specimens.

You will have to guess at what is meant by medium size, for the records do not give details as to weight or length. In 1882, 300 were taken from the Shrewsbury River and released in Suisun Bay, California. This shipment consisted of bass running from five to nine inches in length. These two

CALIFORNIA

shipments spawned the finest striped bass fishing in the world. Probably more anglers fish for stripers in California than anywhere else.

Liberated in waters ideally suited to them, with food in abundance and a mild climate, the fish multiplied with amazing rapidity and attained remarkable size. In 1883, four years after the first shipment arrived, a 17-pounder was caught; in 1884 an 18½-pound fish was taken and in 1889, ten years after the first planting, a 45-pound striper was netted. These records are probably the most reliable in existence with regard to the growth of stripers.

Thenceforward stripers multiplied so rapidly in California waters that commercial fishermen and sportsmen had a field day. The commercial catch increased to such proportions that it far outstripped anything ever brought in on the Atlantic coast. Forty- and fifty-pound stripers fell to the anglers' rods as an almost everyday occurrence. The San Francisco sportsmen and their brother anglers north and south became striped bass-minded and they still are.

Suddenly the bass began to run smaller although they were as numerous as ever. As has so often been the case on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts this was found to be due to excessive netting. But by this time so many Californians were fishing for stripers with rod and reel and so influential had they become through organization that they were able to stop cold the commercial traffic in striped bass in California and to have this aristocrat of the sea designated as strictly a *game fish*.

In presenting the case to the California legislature one of the fishermen's arguments was to the effect that in a single

FISHING THE PACIFIC

year over \$180,000 worth of sardines had been sold to sportsmen as bait for stripers alone. Furthermore it was made mandatory for salt-water fishermen to have a fishing license and the catch was limited to five a day with a twelve-inch minimum size. With these rules in force the stripers staged a quick comeback and Heilner believes that 40- to 50-pounders are now almost as common as they were in former years.

Due to the war there was a notable decrease in the number of persons who could enjoy California bass fishing and this was particularly true along the beaches. In the bays the enthusiasts who could not hire power boats because of the gasoline restriction went after them in rowboats or anything else that would float. There is no question but what this fine fish got a well-deserved rest and therefore now should be more plentiful than ever.

Baker's Beach in the very shadow of the Golden Gate Bridge is one of the most popular places to fish. Other good surf-fishing spots are Mussel Rock, Salada Beach, Rockaway Beach and the Salinas River. The favorite bait of most of the surf men is sardines. Unfortunately there is not much squid-ding with metal jigs on the California coast and the bass do not seem to hit them with any regularity.

Sardines are also used still-fishing from boats and they are the No. 1 bait. The trollers use spoons, feathers and sometimes plugs. Many stripers also have been taken by California sportsmen on large salmon flies.

The best months for surf fishing are from May to October but excellent fishing is experienced from January until May in San Francisco Bay off the Marin County shore. June and July are two of the best months in the Carquinez Straits and

CALIFORNIA

San Pablo Bay is usually good during that period. The fishing in Suisun Bay and the deltas of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers is extremely popular and it starts getting good in August and endures into early November.

From January until May the fish average between 10 and 15 pounds with an occasional 20- to 30-pounder. After May, larger fish are more likely to be caught. In 1926 a bass was taken on rod and reel in the Russian River in Sonoma County that weighed 72 pounds—within a pound of the world record—and in 1915 a fish weighing 87½ pounds was caught in a net in Suisun Bay near the mouth of the Sacramento. This was one of the largest striped bass Heilner and I have ever heard of. What a pity that so many of our great game fish have to be caught by commercial or unorthodox methods! In 1945 a man who had just arrived in the United States from Sweden took a 65-pound striper in Long Island Sound, New York, trolling from a rowboat with a hand line! He had never done any rod-and-reel fishing. This is the largest bass in some years to be recorded in the East as being caught by other than straight commercial methods.

The distribution of the striped bass on the West Coast is from the mouth of the Columbia River in Oregon to Monterey Bay in California. For some unknown reason the fish skip the coast of northern California and southern Oregon.

Heilner has told me that one of the biggest thrills he ever experienced in his long and interesting fishing career was when he participated in the Striped Bass Derby at Rio Vista on the Sacramento River. In 1935 there were nine thousand entries and a year later fifteen thousand. All out for a one-day fishing contest. A bomb was detonated as a starting signal

FISHING THE PACIFIC

and another to signal the cessation of fishing. All kinds of prizes were awarded. In May of every year a carnival was held at San Rafael and was attended by upwards of thirty thousand persons who went to talk about and listen to talks about striped bass.

These derbies and carnivals stimulate enormous interest in the sport. A great deal of credit for much of this enthusiasm must be given to the fishing editors of the San Francisco newspapers, who follow the sport so closely that they are able to supply the latest information and interpret it interestingly.

Standard surf tackle consists of 6½- or 7½-foot rod tip, regulation surf reel and 9- or 12-thread line. For boat fishing 6-thread line with a 4-ounce tip is heavy enough and, for trolling, 6-thread is used. For the utmost in sport, 3-thread with a 3- or 4-ounce is indicated. A 2-foot leader of the lightest piano wire should suffice, and any inexpensive reel will take the largest fish. A star drag is not absolutely essential but advisable. A 6/0 to 8/0 hook usually is employed.

Here's hoping all the great sportsmen of the State of California will never tire of striped bass fishing! If you are planning a visit out there don't fail to give it priority on your agenda. You will also find California hospitality second to none. All the anglers traditionally go out of their way to help you with advice and information in order that you may enjoy your fishing and, above all, catch fish.

There is fine salmon angling off the Golden Gate trolling deep with weights during several months, and the California enthusiasts go at this game in a big way when the run is on.



ANGLER PLAYING SILVER SALMON IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

8. Washington and British Columbia

FOR ALMOST half a century the waters of Discovery Passage around the mouth of the Campbell River, British Columbia, have been the mecca of many enthusiastic salmon fishermen. While spawning beds tributary to the Campbell are extremely limited, the fact remains that each year during the late summer a heavy run of unusually large spring salmon takes place. These big springs are called "tyee" by the coast Indians, which in their tongue signifies "great leader, champion, or big shot."

Along the northern Pacific coast of the United States this salmon is known as the king salmon, or chinook, and is the

FISHING THE PACIFIC

most sought after of all the species by the sport fishermen. It has been found from the Ventura River, California, north to Alaska on this side of the Pacific and south to northern Japan on the Asiatic side. It ascends all large rivers and streams, particularly the Sacramento, Klamath and Columbia Rivers.

King or spring salmon, weighing between 80 and 100 pounds and measuring between four and five feet in length, have been taken occasionally by commercial fishermen in past years. In the majority of the Pacific coast waters north and south, a 25-pound fish has always been recognized as a big fish but not so at Campbell River. Therefore, in the early days the Tyee Club adopted an arbitrary specification that spring salmon of 30 pounds or over were tyees, and any under 30 pounds even by a quarter of a pound, were merely spring and no records were kept of them.

A twenty-inch fish weighs on the average about 4 pounds; a twenty-five-inch fish $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; a thirty-inch fish 12 pounds; a thirty-five-inch fish $18\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and a forty-inch fish 29 pounds. In some rivers they run a great deal larger than in others but the majority of the large ones taken today are killed in Campbell River.

It is supposed that these salmon spend from one to six years in the ocean. The one-year fish average about seventeen inches in length, the second year twenty-five inches, the third thirty-one inches, the fourth thirty-seven inches and the fifth about forty inches. When the fish mature sexually and become ready to spawn they return to their home streams, the majority of them maturing in their fifth year. Soon after spawning they die. None is supposed to survive the first and only spawning season.

WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

Their food in the ocean consists of live organisms, especially fish and crustaceans. They are particularly fond of sardines, herring, smelt, tomcod and shrimp. Tyee are taken by trolling with plugs, spoons, spinners, whole sardines or other small fish—usually with a diving sinker to carry the lure sometimes to a depth of a hundred feet.

Many of the original pioneers who visited Campbell River prior to the dawn of Tyee Club history, some thirty-eight years ago, were accustomed to fishing for small salmon only. Few of them had ever caught a game fish weighing more than 20 pounds and much of their early technique in tyee fishing was crude. Half were following Indian practice, using heavy handlines, and the few rod-and-reel men were thought to be fairly sporty when they went after tyees with 12- to 15-ounce rods and 30- to 45-pound-test lines.

Half a dozen men founded the Tyee Club—a trust-company executive from Philadelphia, a celebrated tuna-club member from Los Angeles, a British colonel from Hong Kong, an eminent doctor from Seattle and A. N. Wolverton of Vancouver, British Columbia. Dr. J. A. Wiborn, famous as the lone angler in Zane Grey's books, was named as the first president and Mr. Wolverton became the first vice-president. Formal organization under the Societies' Act of British Columbia and the issue of a charter from the Provincial Government was completed a year or two later.

Today the active membership of the Tyee Club of British Columbia totals more than six hundred—the members hailing from half the countries of the world. It is interesting to ponder some of the reasons which, through the years, have developed the popularity of this club—an institution which

FISHING THE PACIFIC

authorities agree has been largely responsible for the annual trek of hundreds of fishermen who annually increase the revenue of Vancouver Island by more than fifty thousand dollars.

Early-day tackle regulations as established by the Tyee Club amounted to little more than rod and line. In the late 1920's tackle similar to 6/9 was adopted as standard. About 1930, however, the idea began to take hold that 6/9 was unnecessarily heavy, and for two or three years afterward every annual meeting developed an argument for or against more rigid tackle specifications.

One problem that presented itself was that British Columbia is British territory. Scores of English sportsmen equipped with long salmon rods were fishing for tyees. While a few of these rods were quite light, some weighed over 20 ounces as compared with the short American sea rods of 6 to 9 ounces. So tackle regulations based on weight were unacceptable.

Finally, in 1932, the standard called "tyee light tackle" was adopted. This was based upon a bending movement of so many inches for each added length of rod. The weight used was a one-pound weight hung from the tip. The use of line of any length was permitted but arbitrarily limited to a breaking strain of 25 pounds when dry. That specification worked perfectly through the subsequent years.

In 1937 the Tyee Club officially adopted an ultra-light tackle class open only to three-button members who had qualified by winning three of the four buttons—bronze, silver, gold and diamond—in the Tyee light-tackle class. This light-tackle class was 3/6 tackle, as adopted and standardized by some American clubs many years ago—namely, 6-thread

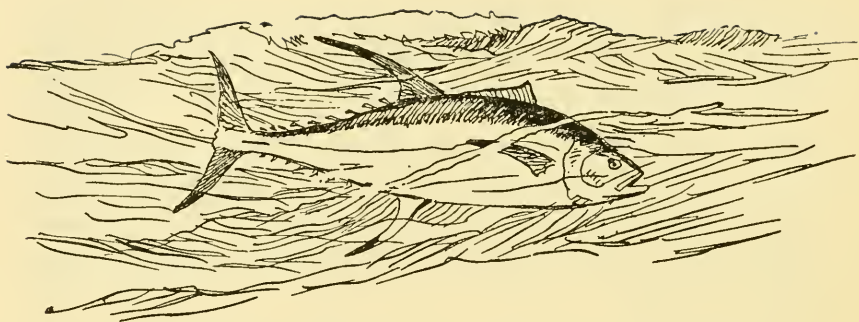
WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

line with the rod and butt weighing 6 ounces together and being only six feet in length. Fighting tyee salmon as heavy as 60 pounds have been taken on 3/6 tackle. The angler of course needs plenty of water, plenty of line and plenty of time. Tyee Club members have taken five specimens weighing over 55 pounds with their 3/6 tackle and one of them went 60½ pounds to top Mr. Wolverton's records of 58½ and 59 pounds.

Experience indicates that the rigid maintenance of infractionable regulations has unquestionably established the prestige of the Tyee Club. Money, kudos, position mean absolutely nothing. To be eligible for coveted membership requires that one must take a 30-pound salmon by approved methods and on approved tackle. There are no exceptions.

More than one person so much as touching a rod, the use of more than one hook on a lure or a plug, the use of a line which tests a jot over 25 pounds dry, or a rod which fails by an eyelash of meeting specifications results in disqualification. There is no argument. Bank presidents and titled folk have been disqualified as well as anglers who have traveled over six thousand miles with the sole object of joining the club.

Don't think for a minute that only members who fish in the waters of the Tyee Club can take these salmon in British Columbia. There are scores of other locations where clubs have been organized, expenses are lower—and tyee fishing is good! Washington boasts fine Chinook fishing and the Puget Sound area is constantly fished. The clubs hold big salmon Derbies every year that create great interest. Seattle is the headquarters for this fishing. Willapa, Grey's Harbor and Westport also have fleets of charter boats.



ALLISON OR LONG YELLOWFIN TUNA SURFACING OFF KONA

9. Hawaiian Islands

THE MOST impressive part of Hawaiian fishing is that five species of fish run consistently larger here than in many other spots in the world. Wahoo weighing over 70 pounds are taken in large numbers. Dolphin running over 35 and 40 pounds are common.

The jack crevalles are easily the world's largest known and many weighing up to 100 pounds are brought in. I have caught oceanic bonitos, or skipjacks as they are sometimes called, weighing over 30 pounds and have seen many other anglers boat fish equally large. The world's record bonefish—a 16-pounder—was caught by Charles M. Cook, III, and you can see plenty of them in the markets weighing up to 20 pounds. Bonefish are fished differently in the Pacific than in the Bahamas, Florida or Cuba—and at much greater depths. Large Allison tuna are abundant in Hawaiian waters particu-

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

larly during August, September and October although they are present all year round. It was the Allison tuna that primarily attracted me to Honolulu as it is by all odds the fastest and hardest fighting member of the tuna family besides being one of the most beautiful fish that swims. Its companions in pulchritude are the dolphin, striped marlin, blue and black marlin and Pacific sailfish. The Allison tuna is called *abi* in the islands, which means "ball of fire," and I consider this a perfectly appropriate name. These fish are caught in great numbers on the grounds at Wainae, which is only a fifty-minute run by automobile from Honolulu. Allison tuna attain a weight of 400 pounds or more, with the world's record caught on rod and reel standing at 285 pounds and held by James Harvey of Honolulu. Many of the species are taken by commercial fishermen. The scientists now state this fish is the true yellowfin tuna all over the world, and the yellowfins are big-eyes. I doubt this and will always argue the matter. Big-eyes are taken here, only by fishing deep.

Precious little is known about any members of the tuna family and information regarding the Allison is especially meager. He was named by the late Louis L. Mowbray, curator of the government aquarium at Flatts, Bermuda, after James L. Allison of Indianapolis, Indiana, who founded a museum in Miami, Florida. Allison tuna have been erroneously called the "long yellowfin tuna" but actually are cousins of this Pacific species. It has also been argued that they are merely an older generation of the yellowfin species. Yet small specimens weighing under 40 pounds and with the same major characteristics of the heavier fish have been taken off Bermuda and elsewhere. These characteristics include

FISHING THE PACIFIC

long second dorsal and anal fins which are brilliant yellow in color. Also, the true yellowfin weighs up to 300 pounds. The presence of these two fins on the Allison is an insoluble mystery. Why do they grow so long and of what use are they to the fish? After extensive experience in fishing for both varieties in both the Atlantic and Pacific I am sold the Allison is a species of its own.

The presence of the Allison tuna is easily discovered, for they are wont to feed and play on the surface. Compared with the number usually seen, strikes are not numerous. Birds often betray the presence of the fish but a fast boat is required to catch up with the school. Hawaiian anglers use different varieties of their native feather baits made of bright-colored chicken feathers and are particular as to the kind of feathers and type of head of which the jig is made. On some days these tuna are also taken on the traditional Japanese feather jig. Double-header strikes occur frequently but two of these fish are rarely boated at one time. In a depth of from 125 to well over 300 fathoms these tuna have plenty of room to sound, and when they do so exhibit a marked inclination to remain submerged.

Allison tuna can be taken on 24-thread line with a 16- to 20-ounce rod but I believe that 39-thread is more practical when used with a 22- or 23-ounce rod, unless the angler has a great deal of time to spend fighting the fish. Feather jigs can be procured in Honolulu and a light grade of stainless cable leader is generally used with a 9/0, 10/0 or 11/0 hook.

The silver marlin (western counterpart of the blue marlin) is commonly caught around the islands. In fact easterners declared them to be blue marlin when they first saw them but

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

the Pacific marlin have a different number of spines in their dorsal fins and measure up differently. They appear just the same when killed but show up more silvery when they begin jumping, due, I suppose, to the food they are getting. On occasion black and striped marlin are caught and now and then a Pacific sailfish is taken, but these waters definitely do not constitute one of the best hangouts for these fish. If whole fish baits instead of feathers were trolled more often probably a greater number of silver marlin would be caught.

Visiting anglers should be equipped with 9-, 15- and 39-thread line for fishing off the islands, and with rods weighing 6, 10, and 25 ounces; 6/0 and 12/0 reels, if they want to get the most sport out of the various sizes and species of fish that await them. Marlin, tuna, dolphin and bonitos are caught in deeper water outside and the wahoo and jack-crevalle closer inshore. Believe it or not—I never saw a shark in the water or on a dock, dead or alive, in the thirty-odd days I fished the Hawaiian Islands, and I fished on four different grounds. The scarcity of this wolf of the sea in these waters seems to account for the fact that few fish are mutilated.

Occasionally a broadbill swordfish is caught by one of the most extraordinary and at the same time most deadly methods of commercial fishing—that is, by a fleet of boats averaging from 45 to 60 feet in length called “flag-liners” which fish with floated lines from 3 to 6 miles in scope. At intervals of about every 250 feet there is a flag on an 8-foot pole. Between them there is a tremendous glass ball, a counterpart of those of smaller size used on lobster-pot lines in the North Atlantic. Suspended from these floats about 15 or 20 feet down is the main line to which the fishline and hook are attached. They

FISHING THE PACIFIC

fish at depths of from 30 to 60 fathoms, depending on the time of year. The bait is a dead "opelu," which is similar to a blue runner and the hook is of large size and without a barb—particularly deadly when the tuna or marlin swallows the bait, which they do very readily when hooked from the flag lines. When a big fish is hooked he pulls the flag down and the pole falls over or else the large glass ball disappears and it is then an easy matter for the fisherman in the sampam who is tending the flag line to cruise over and haul in the catch. When the fish is brought to the surface and pulled alongside he is hit on the head with an instrument called a Japanese fish-killer, which looks like the half of a pickax. The rod-and-reel fisherman who tries this drifting method has little or no chance, however, for at best he can put out only about five baits. The flag lines, by contrast, have about 10 baits between each flag.

As all fishermen among the islands refer to fish by their native names I am listing some of the more prominent species with their native Hawaiian equivalent:

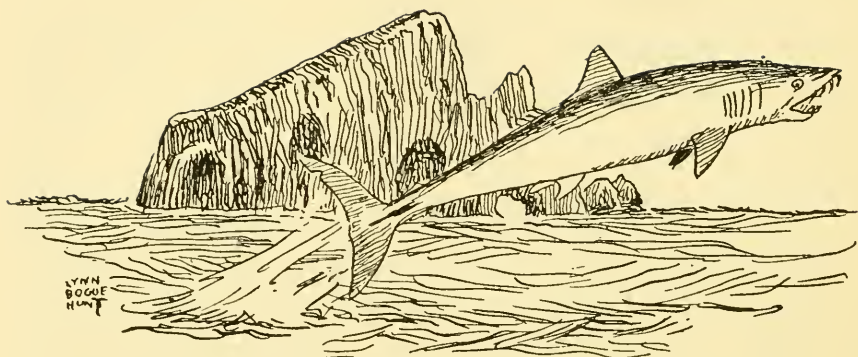
ENGLISH	HAWAIIAN
Marlin	<i>Au</i>
Allison tuna	<i>Ahi</i>
Dolphin	<i>Mahimahi</i>
Wahoo	<i>Ono</i>
Bonefish	<i>Oil</i>
Jack-crevalle	<i>Ulua</i>
Shark	<i>Mano</i>
Milkfish	<i>Awa-Awa</i>
Oceanic bonito or skipjack	<i>Aku</i>

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

ENGLISH	HAWAIIAN
Bonito	<i>Kʻwa-Kawa</i>
Barracuda	<i>Kaku</i>
Shiner	<i>Nehu</i>

The Wainae grounds, which are exceptionally rich in these varieties of fish, are blessed with probably the calmest water to be found in the islands. It is a beautiful spot from which to fish, with high mountain ranges silhouetted against the bright sky and sugar and pineapple plantations forming a luxuriant background. The best fishing is from Barber's Point to Kaena Point. These fishing grounds are about twenty miles in width and fishing is practiced for an indefinite distance out to sea off the southwest coast of Oahu. There is also good fishing between Barber's Point and Honolulu, and many good catches have been taken in the vicinity of Pearl Harbor.

Off the Island of Molokai the best spot is probably between Kawakio and Kalaeokailo Point, although there is also good fishing at the western end. Off the big island of Hawaii the best grounds are in the Kona district and these are fished almost every month of the year, with January, February and March being particularly good months. At Kauna the visiting angler can stay at the Kona Inn in the quaint village of Kaleuai which is only a three-minute walk from the fish pier where several good sport-fishing cruisers can be chartered. The Island of Hawaii is easily reached from Honolulu by good airline service. From the East the fisherman can reach the Hawaiian Islands in eleven hours by plane or via the Matson Line.



MAKO SHARK JUMPING WITH PIERCEY ISLAND IN BACKGROUND

10. New Zealand

NEW ZEALAND is a grand country with marvelous natural and hospitable people. Both the North and South islands are exceptionally fine. The population is very sporting and outside of Chile you will find the very best trout fishing in the world here. There must be something magical about the climate of these two countries, for the New Zealand rainbows and browns run to enormous size.

Until Peru and Chile were opened up, New Zealand ranked at the top for black and striped marlin and is still the fourth best place in the world to take the former. The original record was set in 1926 by Laurie Mitchell. His fish weighed 976 pounds and this record remained unbroken until April 7, 1952, when Glassell boated the 1025-pounder at Cabo Blanco. Five other fish have been taken weighing over 900 pounds. Striped marlin are on the average larger in these

NEW ZEALAND

waters than anywhere else except off Chile and Peru. There are probably more mako sharks here than at any other place. The record catch for one of this more or less overrated species was made in the Bay of Plenty and the fish weighed 1000 pounds even.

The two great fishing grounds are situated about an equal distance north and south of Auckland. The Bay of Islands grounds have by far the better black marlin fishing. The season is from January through April. The Bay of Islands is 250 miles north of Auckland and the Bay of Plenty about 250 miles south.

The procedure for anglers is to go to Tauranga where boats may be chartered for the run to Mayor Island which is about 25 miles off the coast. Maori natives settled on Mayor Island years ago and began farming the land. There are quantities of fruit trees—peach, plum and apple.

When I was in New Zealand in 1949 some six boats caught over 500 striped and six black marlin at Mayor Island, and at the same time at the Bay of Islands 9 boats fishing out of Otehei Bay Fishing Lodge and Russell took 542 striped marlin and 23 blacks. It was a big year as they are lucky when they get 15 blacks during an entire normal season, and a catch of 300 to 400 striped marlin is deemed pretty good.

Thresher sharks abound in New Zealand waters and there are more of them at Mayor Island than further north.

Otehei Bay is reached by automobile road or train to Russell and thence by ferry. It is a charming lodge run by Mr. and Mrs. Buck Hassell—who make a fine job of it. Everyone eats at the main house where there is also a guides' dining room, and one lives in well appointed small cottages nearby.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

The food is delicious. It is a minute's walk to the boats and a twenty-minute run to the main fishing grounds at Bird Rock, Piercey Island and Cape Brett. There is wonderful fishing here because you are smack in among the rocks trying for the black marlin. The striped marlin are usually a little bit farther out but they also come in under the rocks from time to time. It is fabulous to look up from your boat at powerful Cape Brett Light—first landfall sighted by incoming ships bound for Auckland and approaching New Zealand from the north or east. Occasionally you see the goats and other animals peacefully browsing in the green pastures and the pastoral scene contrasts sharply with the tossing sea below. Usually pretty good weather prevails but at times it does blow like hell. There is more bait here than you will see at any other place of such limited area. Most of it is Kaiwahi or Malmo and there are also two or three other species which are constantly surfacing. There are so many that it is possible to throw gang-hooks into them to get them out. Unfortunately, few striped marlin are utilized for food in New Zealand. Mrs. Farrington and I released twenty-two there in 1949 and I believe we were the first to do so. On my first morning out of the Bay of Islands with Francis Arlidge I caught two striped marlin and a mako before noon, but I was to fish seventeen days thereafter without having a single black marlin strike.

I missed catching one when after a strike I handed my rod to my photographer Howard Winner. On the long dropback the fish dropped the bait or was frightened off and a little black marlin of about 387 pounds took hold and fought for two hours and five minutes before he was taken by this angler.

NEW ZEALAND

The day after I left, a man took a 600-pound black marlin and one weighing 300 while fishing from my boat.

That same year Mrs. Farrington took the largest striped marlin for a woman. This fish weighed 342 pounds and, as I recall, the largest taken by a man that season was 380.

There have been only two or three broadbill swordfish caught in these waters and the only one taken outside of Chile or Peru that weighed over 600 pounds, with one exception. That was the Atlantic record of 601 pounds taken off Nova Scotia by Michael Lerner.

Alfred C. Glassell, Jr., was out there in 1950 and had photographers with him who shot the exciting scenes for the motion picture *Eleven to Three* which has been widely shown around the United States and has done much to stimulate interest in big game fishing. It is a great educational picture embodying the finest mako-shark jumping shots ever filmed. It also features lovely sequences of gannet diving as well as shots of a 630-pound black marlin which Glassell caught jumping. He insists on obtaining his objectives no matter how long it may take and in this case he had to stay on in New Zealand waters for three weeks in order to take this fish. Up to that time he had caught only a single small black marlin. This fish took both baits and he had to decide instantly which one to cut off. Luckily he chose the right one but he was the first man—probably the only one in New Zealand—who had ever cut a line and got away with it, particularly when dealing with a black marlin.

New Zealand boats are all crewed by one man and the black marlin are too big to be taken aboard. Gin poles and block and tackle rigs are not used so all fish are towed in.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Even with all the sharks in these waters there have been very few cases of fish being hit and practically none when they are being towed to port. The striped marlin are placed across the counter and you have to fight other fish over them. The guides are really awfully good. George Warne always has great luck with the marlin. Francis Arlidge and his brother are tops at the game. Harold Vipond is an amazing fellow because he has only one leg yet he gaffs and takes the leader with those big marlin all by himself and catches them for his party. He has his boat rigged so that he can get around smartly despite his disability and it is remarkable to see him go forward into the bow with the speed and agility of a cat. New Zealanders generally have a tireless energy.

They were all exceptionally hospitable and I must say that you'll never complete your black marlin education until you fish there, particularly with regard to watching that drop-back. They give it to all the marlin and it doesn't seem to catch any more down deep than it does in the jaw. But it is fantastic to see those little striped marlin take those big black marlin baits and get hooked with them.

Prior to 1949 most of the big black marlin were taken drifting. New Zealanders do a good deal of drifting about lunchtime, then they also begin to use outriggers. These were first introduced in 1939 when Michael Lerner was there and caught a 708-pound black, and Mrs. Lerner took several up to 500 pounds. The Lerner's, as usual, accomplished a lot and found out a great deal about black marlin, and it was Dr. Gregory of the American Museum of Natural History who first pointed out that the black marlin's pectoral fins do not fold back against their flanks. The Lerner's made casts of

NEW ZEALAND

many fish and some of them are now in the institution's headquarters in New York City. It was in that year that Mike made the fabulous record of catching two black marlin in one day in Australia; two mako sharks and two striped marlin in one day in New Zealand; two blue marlin in one day at Bimini; two tuna in one day at Wedgeport and two broadbill swordfish for the fourth time in his career, having done it twice in Nova Scotia and once in Chile, off Louisburg.

The Otehei Bay Fishing Camp belongs to Wendell Anderson of Detroit who backed Hassell in the running of it. With his traditional kindness Wendell has done a great deal for the New Zealanders just as he has made his benign influence felt in other places where he has lived. In 1948 he led an expedition out there for Yale University's Peabody Museum as he did in Peru in 1953. Like myself, this group did not succeed in catching any black marlin. But others had good luck aplenty. When I was at Otehei, Milton Kent of Sydney took an 882-pound black—the largest that year. Dr. Harold Pettit of Auckland, International Game Fish Association representative for that country, a fine angler who was on the British Team in the International Tuna Cup Match in 1952, has boated two black marlin at the Bay of Islands during his long fishing career.

Naturally, with the one-man boats you cannot take the fish too rapidly and have to skip many prizes in those waters. I have even known a guide to pull a watch on me, declaring he did not wish to take the fish because it was too fast coming to the boat. Black marlin in New Zealand are just as wonderful and beautiful in coloration as they are in Peru, and put up their spectacular three-way type of fight with their grey-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

hounding and jumping. They are definitely worth going 9000 miles to catch. Believe me, if fishing in Peru had not been developed to such a superior extent I would have gone to any lengths to get back to New Zealand again.

The bird life there is particularly fascinating. There are several types of sheerwaters, boobies and muttonbird. An intriguing spectacle is afforded by a mass formation of golden plover flying overhead. There are no snakes of any kind in New Zealand. They are not even permitted to be landed for exhibition purposes. Deer are abundant and ubiquitous. The only American duck prevalent is the shoveler or spoonbill. There are many Gargany teal, and the Australian gray duck is the principal variety hunted. This species is something like a gadwell.

One may enjoy excellent shooting as well as trout and salt-water fishing in New Zealand. If you wish to go fresh-water fishing I would advise you to communicate with Allan Pye at Pye's Fishing Camps, Taupo, New Zealand. If you want salt-water reservations, write to Buck Hassell, care of Otehei Bay Fishing Camps, Otehei Bay, New Zealand. There are also boats to be had at Russell, which is the headquarters of the Bay of Islands Swordfish and Mako Club. Incidentally they still call marlin "swordfish" in New Zealand as they sometimes do in Mexico and California.

Unfortunately most of the mako sharks caught in New Zealand have been spaded, for until they are beaten up and are definitely dead the boatmen want nothing to do with them. Therefore not many catches have been taken legitimately by American standards and under the rules of the International Game Fish Association.

NEW ZEALAND

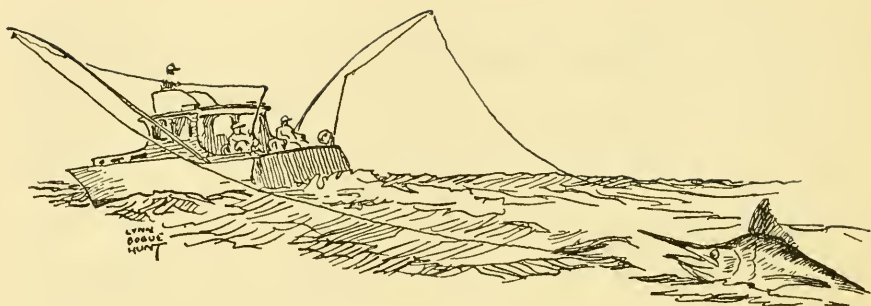
Glassell caught a tiger shark, the first one seen in New Zealand in many years, and Mrs. Lerner had grand luck with the thresher sharks, taking three, as I remember, in the Bay of Plenty. Threshers are very interesting on account of their tails and generally exotic appearance, plus the strike with the tail, and put up a good fight for a shark.

The mako shark has been written up by this author and others, and so much glamour has been attached to the makos that I do not believe it is realized how few of them really jump and put on the acts of which they are supposed capable. If they take to the air there is no sight like them—but this is a rare occurrence.

There are a lot of marlin in New Zealand. I had a strike one time when fishing with Francis Arlidge, and as fast as I put 6-thread baits into the water they were snapped off by striped marlin. It was not possible to put bait in the water that was not immediately taken. I lost two on 6-thread before I got out of the school. One time I believe there were twenty fish between 200 and 300 pounds swimming around the boat. It was a great show. "A pack of marlin."

Marlin in New Zealand do not tail and are rarely visible. There are few occasions when you will find one on the surface. Therefore, contrary to its effect in Peru, the out-rigger proves highly advantageous in raising fish in New Zealand waters.

Make a trip out there if you possibly can do so. Your fishing education will not be complete until you go, and the opportunity to meet those gallant sportsmen from Down Under and listen to their experiences of fishing in those teeming waters is one no ambitious angler should neglect.



SMALL BLACK MARLIN BEHIND OUTRIGGER BAIT OFF BERMAGUI

11. *Australia*

AUSTRALIA is one of the most beautiful and impressive places I have ever visited, let alone fished, and nowhere have I seen a people more enthusiastic over sports. You will find as many fishing clubs, associations and fraternities there as in any other country in the world. The Australians are ardent sportsmen. They love the sea and know how to handle themselves on salt water. We all know about their brand of tennis. There are over three thousand grass courts in Australia, and every little village and hamlet has a couple of tennis courts with an umpire's chair—just as in the United States we have a community baseball park in every town. Australians are mad about horse racing, love cricket, lawn bowling, shooting, trout fishing, and, of course, their beach sports—including lifesaving contests, surfboating, boarding and skiing. We are familiar with the tank swimmers they

A U S T R A L I A

have developed and, I might add, their surfboating is the most rugged sport that I have ever had the pleasure of participating in—as a passenger.

Australia boasts wonderfully smart-looking women, handsome men and appealing youngsters, excellent beer and shrimps and could be compared with Texas for hospitality. Ice hockey is played in Sydney and Melbourne, and softball has taken hold in a big way.

Mrs. Farrington and I had expected to go to Australia on January 3, 1941, but with Great Britain at war we thought it would be unfair to draw on the Dominion's limited supply of gasoline just to go fishing, so we canceled our trip. It was a long wait to 1949 when we finally made it, and the month I spent there I'll never forget.

The day I flew into Sydney, after a smooth thirty-two-hour flight from San Francisco with six hours out for lunch at Honolulu, I received fifty-four wires and letters and messages of welcome. At no time was I ever alone—riding in automobiles with me or on the boats were representatives of the government, the tourists' bureaus and the newspapers, as well as Malcolm Hudson, who publishes the Australian yachting magazine and also the Australian *Field & Stream*.

On a hot summer's night in Sydney I was asked to show moving pictures—which I had brought—of angling off South America and Nova Scotia. The show was on the sixth floor of a building, and seven hundred enthusiasts walked upstairs to see it.

Fishing along the Australian coast is enjoyed mostly in the Tasman Sea (which is part of the South Pacific Ocean), and the marlin are caught all the way from Port Maitland down

FISHING THE PACIFIC

to Eden, some 500-odd miles away. Black marlin have been picked up at Port Maitland, off Newcastle, Sydney, a real hot spot, and Bermagui, 242 miles south of Sydney by automobile. At Bermagui there is an attractive hotel about three minutes' walk from the dock, operated by a charming Mrs. O'Shea. This is the headquarters of the Bermagui Marlin Club where certificates are given to you for any fish you may take. Provision is made for handling and weighing the fish when they are brought ashore. Five or six good launches are available for charter and the boatmen know their business. Every effort is made to see that the angler feels at home.

If you were to go to Bermagui for two weeks and then spend a week off Sydney on the way back you should catch two or three black marlin at any time between January to April. These fish may not run as large as the black marlin off Peru, Panama and New Zealand, but weigh from 200 to 300 pounds nevertheless. They certainly provide plenty of excitement and sport, particularly if you missed one in New Zealand and then flew over to see the Australians and to fish for a few days. I know several fishermen who, having no luck in New Zealand, accomplished the trick over here.

There are also many striped marlin in Australia running around 200 pounds. Strange as it may seem, there are more small blacks than there are small striped marlins. Very few black marlin over 400 pounds have been taken off Australia. Striped marlin do not come in as close to shore as the blacks. These are caught close in to the beaches and on the rocks in comparatively shallow water, as they are in New Zealand.

In addition to marlin there are many varieties of shark and

AUSTRALIA

it is possible to catch one or two mako sharks a week. The Australians are very keen on shark fishing, which is of course simply scavenger fishing. They slit porpoises and let them bleed from the side of their boats, and it is no trick at all to get big sharks—many of them weighing over 1000 pounds—in the chum line. The yellowtail fishing is excellent. In Australia they call this species kingfish and, in fact, the biggest yellowtail in the world have been taken in these waters. Bait is plentiful, the most popular being the kaiwahi, which the Australians call salmon, and this bait is the prime favorite in New Zealand.

For Australian fishing I would definitely advise 24-thread line with 16-ounce rod tip and again the 12/0 reel, which enables you to get line back faster. However, a 9/0 or 10/0 is large enough. Australia fish are not too big and there isn't much chance of hooking anything larger than a big shark. I believe you will have a lot more fun on 24- or even 15- if utilized. You can go to 9-, but I imagine anybody fishing there wants to make sure he boats one marlin. There are quite a few dolphin and you will see some flying fish also and some small bluefin tuna and a few other varieties also found in the South Pacific.

There are some bonitos but no sailfish of any kind and, of course, the bluefishing is terrific.

I've seen black marlin hooked from boats working within a quarter mile off the dock at Bermagui. I've seen so many makos near the beach that we were warned not to go swimming. If a black marlin hits the bait you should drop back a long way with the reel in free spool and wait for the pause. A canny Australian angler will tell you that you must wait

FISHING THE PACIFIC

for that pause and follow it, otherwise the fish will swim around with the bait in his mouth. I believe this is sage counsel. After I mussed up my first fish by trying methods appropriate to the Atlantic blue-marlin fishing, I followed my hosts' advice and was more successful—at least in hooking fish. It is most important to give them a long dropback. In fact many Australians swear that a good black-marlin angler will lay down his rod and light a cigarette before he thinks of striking.

There is a very alluring spot about fifteen miles from Bermagui called Montague Island where a lot of fish congregate. Hordes of sea lions may be seen jumping off the rocks and gamboling about. A prominent feature is the powerful lighthouse on which ships bound from Sydney to Melbourne and Hobart in Tasmania depend for bearings. The waters in this area are generally tranquil though a strong breeze can blow up in the afternoon so that it is usually customary for the fish boats to go out and come back with the wind. Outriggers in Australia are called *booms*, line is known as *cord*, the lunch box as the *tucker box*, the leader the *trace*.

Sydney is one of the world's most entrancing ports and there is a great deal of sailing done from its beautiful yacht clubs. Its inner coves and bays compose a magnificent harbor. There are towering cliffs, called Sydney Heads, on either side of the entrance and suspended from them you can see surf anglers trying to cast from what are virtually painters' scaffoldings. These venturesome anglers hoist themselves up and down and catch fish from dizzy altitudes.

Aboard an Australian fishing craft you can catch a black marlin sheer minutes away from your hotel in Sydney. I

AUSTRALIA

give you my word I saw Mrs. Farrington catch one five minutes after she had cleared the Heads.

Max Lawson, who has caught more black and striped marlin off Australia than any other angler, celebrated taking his one hundredth fish while I was there in 1949. Mr. Lawson, in the typical Australian manner, gave us his boat to use while fishing off Sydney—and even had the American flag flying.

The Bay of Islands in New Zealand, where fish are found in greater abundance is about seven hundred miles due east of Australia across the Tasman Sea, and it is just about on a parallel with Bermagui. Black marlin are not found much farther down the New Zealand east coast than this bay and comparatively few of these fish are picked up in the Bay of Plenty. Thus it appears that this run of small black marlin comes down the Australasian Current which flows by Noumea and New Caledonia. As they come down it would seem that these fish eventually alter course and work over toward New Zealand. Of course, it may be asked why big black marlin are caught in New Zealand while only small ones are found in Australia. The answer probably is that the very small fish do not go to New Zealand. Probably they go around into the middle of the Tasman Sea before swimming north again. However there are fish in New Zealand as small as 300 pounds. My guess is that these come down from the New Hebrides or Fiji Islands where they probably winter and work on down into this Australasian Current. At any rate there is plenty of feed for them and they naturally follow this and the current. The latter runs south and the fish are borne along with it until they turn and go back. The most

FISHING THE PACIFIC

significant point to me is that they do not go farther south than Eden in Australia or Mayor Island in New Zealand. Perhaps they instinctively avoid colder water. The average temperature off Bermagui is about 63 to 64 degrees Fahrenheit. Off the Chilean coast—as already noted—you find striped marlin water down to about 60 degrees Fahrenheit, but I think this is as low a temperature as marlin can stand. Some of the Australian experts feel that marlin swim on around the South Islands of New Zealand and eventually follow the South Equatorial Current past Tahiti and on to the Chilean coast. Personally I do not believe that fish found off Chile have any connection with those frequenting what is found in New Zealand and Australian waters—but this is a moot question.

Nouméa, the lively French city which is the capital of New Caledonia, would be a wonderful place to fish out of if it were not for the prevailing strong winds. There is a good harbor but the run out to the fishing grounds is far from pleasant when there's half a gale blowing.

Bermagui is famous for one outstanding fishing record. It was there in 1939 that Mike Lerner, fishing with the late Bill Hatch (one of our greatest guides and friend of all fishermen), caught single-handed two black marlin weighing in the 200- and 300-pound class, handling both rods and reels at the same time after having hooked the fish himself. He almost duplicated the feat the next day but lost the fish right at the boat. I have hooked two striped marlin at once but didn't bother to fight both. I handed one over to a novice angler who was with me. I believe Mike's feat is about tops for sheer skill and dexterity in the art of big game fishing.

AUSTRALIA

The Lerner Expedition to Australia in 1939 helped pave the way for the discovery of many interesting facts about black marlin as well as other fish in those parts. It also served to re-establish the *entente cordiale* with the inhabitants, some of whom had been slightly irritated by the behavior of a few American anglers who had been visitors in previous years.

One important result of the Lerner Expedition was the founding of the International Game Fish Association. The persuasive Clive Firth talked Mike Lerner into giving generously of his time and money to organize it with headquarters at the American Museum of Natural History. The author had talked to Lerner about the matter for some years and did his best to support and strengthen some of the arguments favoring the move, with which Firth had sought to convince Mike.

There is no angler I have ever met, and none who means more to me than Clive Firth. We corresponded for years before I went out to Australia and I felt that I knew him by the time I arrived. I have never met a more genuinely sincere man nor one more interested in fishing, or who has done more for the sport. He is simply tops and I was proud to dedicate my book *Pacific Game Fishing* to him along with several others who have been preëminent in advancing the cause of sport fishing.

John Kelly, another distinguished angler, spent his entire two weeks' vacation riding with Mrs. Farrington out of Bermagui and never touched a rod the whole time he was aboard. He insisted that she fish with two rods all the time. John was a member of the British Empire Team at the Inter-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

national Tuna Matches at Wedgeport in 1950, and as I write this, it is good to learn that he is to captain the team in 1953.

Mrs. Farrington and I were honored by an invitation to visit the prime minister in the capitol at Canberra. Dinners were also given for us in Melbourne and several other places. From one end of the country to the other—from the Great Barrier Reef to Brisbane to Melbourne, as well as in Tasmania, which unfortunately I could not visit—the urge to fish is terrific.

To sum up what I caught in Australia I will gladly admit that it was a total zero. I lost four black marlin and could not even catch striped marlin. Mrs. Farrington in the meantime caught five black marlin and a couple of striped marlin. It got so that the newspapers were putting on the front page: "Wife Does It Again." I sure got a kick out of that one. Imagine a city of a million and a half people and a paper like the Sydney *Herald* publishing such stuff on the front page. One Sunday morning they even ran a four-picture spread and an account of our experiences. On the front page a few days before leaving Australia the Sydney *Herald* carried the following editorial about my ill luck. It was called "Rod for an Angler's Back," and I always carry the clipping.

Citizens whose habit it is to ponder the inscrutable workings of fate have no doubt been giving attention lately to the poignant case of Mr. S. Kip Farrington, Jr. An American big game fisherman of world renown, he has been practicing his art in the eastern coastal waters of Australia, yet up to last night he had caught nothing. A run of ill luck lasting for more than a month. All anglers, of course, have their ups and downs, but to fish for fourteen days without a single success-

AUSTRALIA

ful strike is a record misfortune having about it an almost Biblical quality of tribulation.

A difficult thing for Mr. Farrington has been the intensity of public interest focused on his empty bag. He has paid the penalty of fame. Lesser fishermen when the fickle Lady deserts them can protect their little reputation with tales of broken tackle and strange tidal phenomena or the frequent unblushing assertion that "there were just none there to be got." As a last resort they can, as the saying goes, use a server hook on the way home if a fish shop is handy. But a big time angler with international scalps or fins at his belt is in deep water. The eager multitude is ready to dispute the size of the one that got away. A piscatorial Von Nida has a gallery whether he likes it or not. All this, however, overlooks the really fearful ordeal which the American visitor has been subjected to. His wife has been with him. She has not only witnessed his daily discomfiture but has herself been catching whopping great fish galore up to 300 pounds at a time. What this may mean in the future to Mr. Farrington only experienced anglers with a domestic side to their lives can properly and shudderingly appreciate. It will be bad enough when he is asked back home about Australian fishing to have to mumble a true confession under the steady gaze of his sporting partner. But subsequently to have to watch the little woman using a mopstick, his best rod and a far away Mona Lisa smile in illustrating to his guests the size of her antipodean black marlin will be enough to turn even a sardine savory to ashes in his mouth.

Von Nida, to whom the editorial referred, is the best golfer in Australia and has won the open championship several times. I have been written up in many types of columns but I never expected to make an editorial page on

FISHING THE PACIFIC

my ill luck, and, believe me, I cannot even pronounce some of those words.

Don't miss a trip to Australia. Fond recollection brings to mind the incomparable beer, Mrs. O'Shea's shrimps, the succulent oysters. Whether you fish and whether or not you catch a black marlin, there is no finer or better country or better people to visit and be with than the folk Down Under.

Australia, Africa and the Argentine, all beginning with "A," might be described as "Triple A" areas for fishing. It was my good fortune to visit Australia and study the methods of her great sportsmen who are ardent students of the game and delve into every phase of both deep sea and surf fishing. There is much to be learned about fishing in many countries but particularly these three, and the manner in which the Australians do their squidding and bait fishing should be of interest to all of us anglers in the United States. I am particularly indebted to my good friend Bill Southam, who has several times won the Australian casting championships in both fresh and salt water and whose tips on casting I shall pass on to readers of this book.

First of all, the fish that predominate on the Australian coast of New South Wales are the bream (both the silver and black variety), the Australian whiting, jewfish and tailer (which is our bluefish); the Australian salmon and the flat-head (our flounder). Jewfish run up to 70 or 80 pounds, with the average between 20 and 40 pounds. All the fish mentioned, with the exception of the salmon, are good table fish. There are of course numerous other species but these

AUSTRALIA

are the fish that the anglers are primarily interested in catching.

The usual run of bluefish in Australian waters weighs from 4 to 7 pounds but 10-pounders are not uncommon and many are taken averaging 15 pounds. The present record from the beach is 20½ pounds. Southam concentrated his remarks on how to take the bluefish or tailer, for this fish also is found in abundance in American waters and is much sought after by our anglers.

Like the South Africans, the Australians use long, one-piece rods, usually between ten feet six inches and eleven feet in length. The reel, while not as low as their African cousins prefer, is fairly well down the butt. In Australia, squidding with metal lures is called "spinning," and using a bait is "bait fishing."

In bait fishing the Australians use a wire rig—a 3/0 to 4/0 ring hook attached to about a two-foot tracer or leader, the lower four or five inches of which is light wire. A great many ringhooks are in use out there. Fishermen seldom use a swivel, preferring a small brass ring about eighteen to twenty wire gauge with ⅜- to ¼-inch holes. The bait is usually cut into strips about 2½ by ½ inch in size with about ¼ to ½ inch of flesh thickness left attached to the skin. Entering the bait about the middle, the hook is passed, via the fleshy side, through the skin and returned to the fleshy side near the bottom. The top piece of the strip is then tied above the eye of the hook onto the wire part of the leader. This is very important because it keeps the bait in shape, and the tailer returns to it after taking a first bite.

In bait fishing with one-piece rods, the Australians use a

FISHING THE PACIFIC

sinker of 2 ½ ounces and a nylon line of 12- to 18-pound breaking strength. Linen lines are not very much favored along the beach because they become waterlogged and in that condition do not leave the reel as well when casting. They tend to wash about in the currents of the surf and require heavier sinkers to retard their progress when, as often occurs, there is a drift along the beaches. The surf is really rough—perhaps the most rugged you will find anywhere. However, I have never had any trouble with Cuttyhunk line since most of my fishing there was confined to squidding.

The sinkers preferred by Australians are of the nonanchoring type, usually a rig of spherical form with about a two-foot leader fitted with brass rings on its way to the fishing leader. The Australian's term "rigged" is equivalent to our "running." They like their sinkers to move slowly with the current, not to anchor nor to race. They use the same gear for spinning except that no wire leaders are employed. At times they also use braided silk line and like their nylon to test about 15 pounds.

As elsewhere, many claims are made to long casts in Australia but Southam asserts that under normal fishing conditions very few anglers throw a bait over three hundred feet, and very few achieve even that distance.

It may come as a surprise that all Australians surfcast with level winding reels and prefer them particularly for squidding. Although since the dollar shortage the Australians have made a few good reels of their own and have tried to imitate some of the American models, they are all keen about our popular surfcasting reels as well as our bait-casting rods. Their one-piece rods are made of special split cane and they

A U S T R A L I A

maintain it is better not to have ferrules or joints. Australians feel that ferrules are treacherous and generally eschew them. Incidentally Southam has built some of the finest surfcasting rods I have ever used. I brought one back from Sydney, New South Wales, via New Caledonia, Fiji, Canton, Honolulu, San Francisco and New York, to Montauk, where I have used it a great deal. At each point it was heartily praised and admired for its large guides and beautiful action.

The Australian beach worm is quite remarkable as a bait. It is found in the white sand along the water's edge, is quite long and is fine for bream, whiting and jewfish. These worms are captured as they emerge from the sand, lured forth by chunks of meat placed near their holes. In general, Australians believe they take more fish by bait fishing than by squidding.

We have often heard that the Australian surfman prefers a flooding tide with the last hour in and the first hour out as his favorite and that the time of day from four o'clock on to dusk is considered tops. Southam, however, says that no two fishermen agree on the best times for fishing, although I have noticed that Australians have more patience when it comes to keeping a line in the water and ruminating on their fishing experiences than almost any other group of fishermen I have ever encountered. Like the rest of us, Australians consider channels and holes the best beach prospects although these usually require considerable casting ability. A good caster fishes the banks and the "fretting" sides of holes and channels, as they call it, at anything up to three hundred feet. He feels that good squidders often try to fish water above the three-hundred-foot mark from the beach whereas from one hundred to three hundred would be normal for their reefs. Some

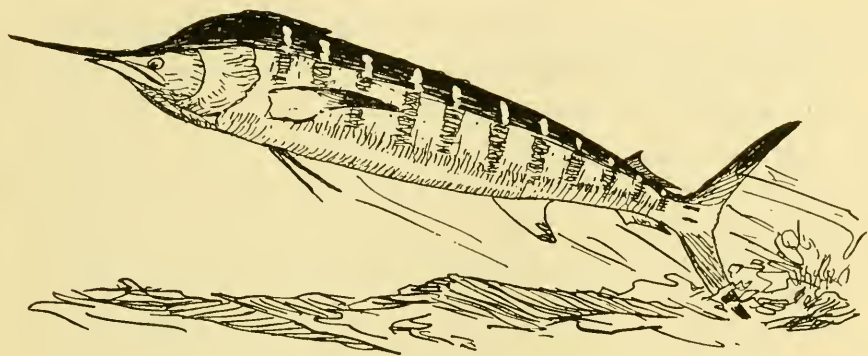
FISHING THE PACIFIC

go to extremes and fish from amazing heights above the water—for example, at Sydney Heads they will lower themselves from the cliffs to fish from scaffolding rigged below.

The Australian surfcasters use a type of jig known as a "keel." It is rectangular in shape with rounded ends of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, with a thickness of about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, the keel running down the middle lengthwise. A ring for line attachment is fitted on one end and a similar ring with two hooks attached to the other. The hooks are either 4/0 or 5/0 and are slipped on the ring back to back. The reason for this is that they feel the fish may strike from either side, in which case a barb is ready for him.

Australian surfcasting is best in their winter months, March to September, which are the reverse of our own. Calm water does not produce as well as medium to rough water. I guess this is true all around the world. Very often when the Australian beaches are unfishable because of rough weather the rocks abound with fish and you hear of very good catches of above-average-size bluefish taken from the lee side of headlands in very fierce seas.

The Australians really like and appreciate the Americans. Complete strangers will walk up to you and exclaim, "From the States? Well, if it wasn't for you all we would now be talking Japanese." They are tops all the way and it's a short flight there to meet such people.



STRIPED MARLIN GREYHOUNDING

12. Western Pacific

IN THE SPRING OF 1945 Mrs. Farrington and I received the biggest thrill of our lives when we were invited by the Special Services Division of the U. S. Army to go to the southwest Pacific to show our motion pictures and talk to the members of the armed forces. The original idea had been to send us to France and Germany. Then, when the war ended there, we were switched to the Pacific. But due to the usual delays in such matters we did not leave the United States until October 1, 1945. While we did not do any angling, simply riding the boats with their personnel crews at various points when they had time to go fishing, I have never got a bigger kick out of any experience connected with the sport.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lerner were sent to Italy in 1945 and they too have confirmed what I have said. They agreed that no trip had ever been more rewarding. As we were fol-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

lowing the Lerner we had the benefit of their experiences and were in a much better position to put on a show that the men would enjoy and find instructive.

We traveled under the auspices of the USO and were known as Unit 761. We flew to Honolulu and thence to Guam, where the Air Force attempted to detain us on account of the fishing. Their officers had picked up several marlin which, although I did not see them, I was led to believe were silvers, and they wanted to get more of them. On our return we did stop briefly at Guam and got out, but our orders read Manila so I thought we ought to keep moving.

On arrival at Manila we went to work immediately. Around the stage and on tables we placed thirty large pictures of various species of fish, shark, ray and porpoise. For display purposes we put rods, reels, lines, hooks and lures among the pictures, and, believe me, it was something dragging 450 pounds of tackle in boxes all the way out there with a war just ended. We then showed moving pictures about salt-water fishing off Chile and New Zealand, fresh-water fishing in the United States and Chile, goose shooting in Maryland, and a couple of others of the *Field & Stream* Pathé Sportoscopes. When the moving pictures were over the men would come up on the stage and personally inspect and handle the tackle as well as talk to us, and we would attempt to answer all their questions. So many of them would come up at times that the Military Police and Shore Patrol would have to form lines to maintain order and limit the number on stage.

Mrs. Farrington would start the show off by getting on the microphone and telling the men that she was going to let

WESTERN PACIFIC

me do the talking but to be sure to come up to see us afterwards and ask all the questions they wanted. She would conclude by saying that the only questions she couldn't answer was when they were to go home—which always produced a laugh. She was requested not to wear a uniform, the idea being that the men preferred to see a girl in civilian dress. While I talked and explained the pictures she would go down and sit with the audience.

One of the favorite questions, of course, was where was the best fishing in the United States. If by any chance you mentioned a man's home state in answering that one you can imagine the excitement it produced.

The Army, Navy and Air Force provided wonderfully equipped stages and theatres for the men, the majority being in the open. The personnel of the different bases arrived at the theatre about an hour before the show began and would even sit through a rain, so anxious were they to see any form of entertainment.

I have experienced many a thrill in catching fish but I never got a kick out of fishing comparable to that I felt when standing in front of these thousands of soldiers and sailors and watching their excited reactions to the pictured thrills of the sport. It took about an hour and a quarter to show the pictures but they would gladly have sat there indefinitely had the show gone on—and on. Imagine, if you can, looking out over those eager faces streaming sweat in the humid night of the islands—men seated on benches, quietly absorbed in the show and—far away—blinding flashes in the sky as Japanese powder and ammunition dumps were blown up with a muffled roar and burned luridly.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

One of the biggest laughs we got was when we were hitting the big marlin and swordfish over the head with persuaders which we employ to knock out the fish before hauling them aboard the boat. The men would simply howl, particularly when I suggested that the M.P.'s or S.P.'s couldn't have handled those clubs any better.

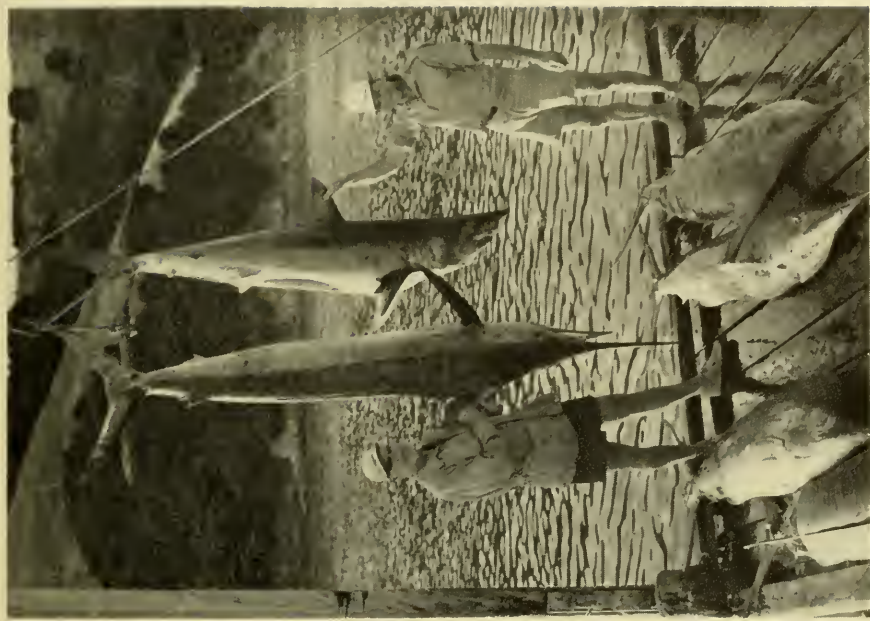
In the Chilean picture there was a 390-pound swordfish being boated. When I would say that was the smallest we caught on the trip, the men would all yell, "Throw him back." But all of them were in general beautifully behaved and during the entire forty-odd performances we put on only one or two were ejected, probably because they'd had a trifle too much beer.

There are no fresh-water fish in the Philippines, with the exception of one species called the "mudfish," which is just what its name implies. But there are of course many salt-water species around the islands and some good catches have been made. Pacific sailfish are in the South China Sea and one was taken off the Island of Palawan while I was there, and another lost. I fished off Cebu and there were good catches made of oceanic bonitos along with several species of tuna and big mackerel.

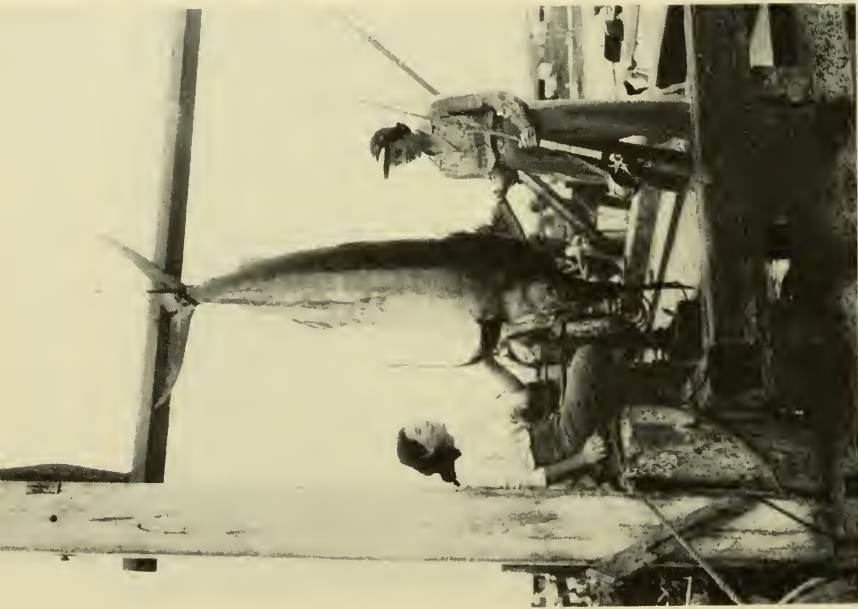
The wahoo is the crack game fish to be taken around the Philippines, and wahoos were quite plentiful off the Island of Samar, where the Navy had built a magnificent base provided with all manner of repair facilities. The boats the men were using for fishing couldn't be worse for the purpose, but there was nothing else available. I fished the Surigao Straits where Admiral Kincaid's fleet of old battleships under Admiral Oldendorf crossed the T with the Japanese fleet which came



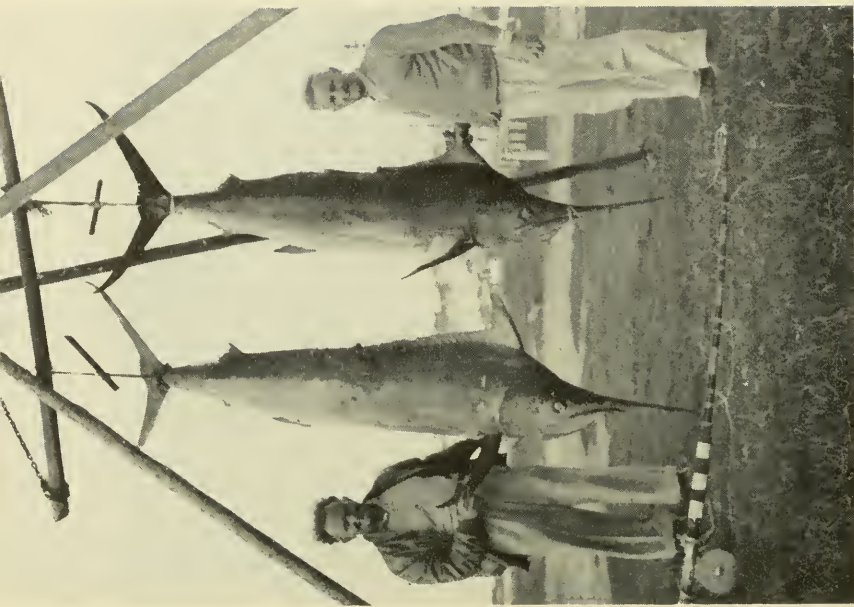
MRS. S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR., WITH THE LARGEST STRIPED MARLIN CAUGHT BY A LADY ANGLER IN 1949. IT WEIGHS 342 POUNDS. THE CAPTAIN IS SID GUEST.



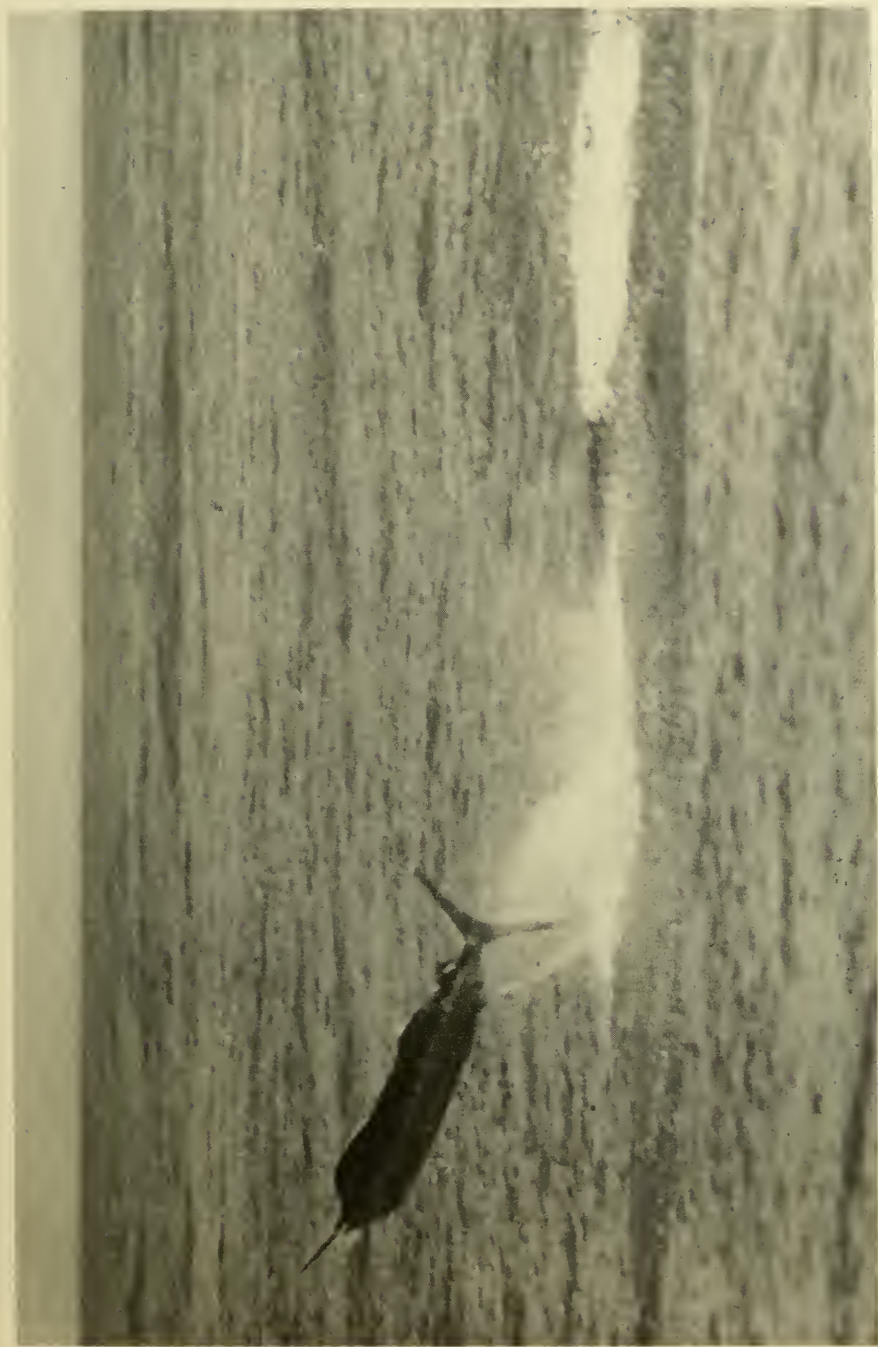
THE AUTHOR WITH THE STRIPED MARLIN AND MAKO HE CAUGHT ON HIS FIRST MORNING'S FISHING. THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN AT BAY OF ISLANDS, NEW ZEALAND.



MRS. FARRINGTON STANDS WITH HER FIRST AUSTRALIAN BLACK MARLIN, CAUGHT AT BERNIAGUL. SEATED IS WINNIE GORDON, ONE OF THE FEW LADY FISHING GUIDES IN THE WORLD.



MICHAEL LERNER TOOK BOTH OF THESE BLACK MARLIN ON A DOUBLE STRIKE HANDLING BOTH RODS ALONE OFF BERNIAGUL.



A STRIPED MARLIN, HOOKED BY MRS. FARRINGTON, GREYHOUNDING OFF BERMAHUL. NOTE THE LENGTH OF THE FISH'S LEAPS.



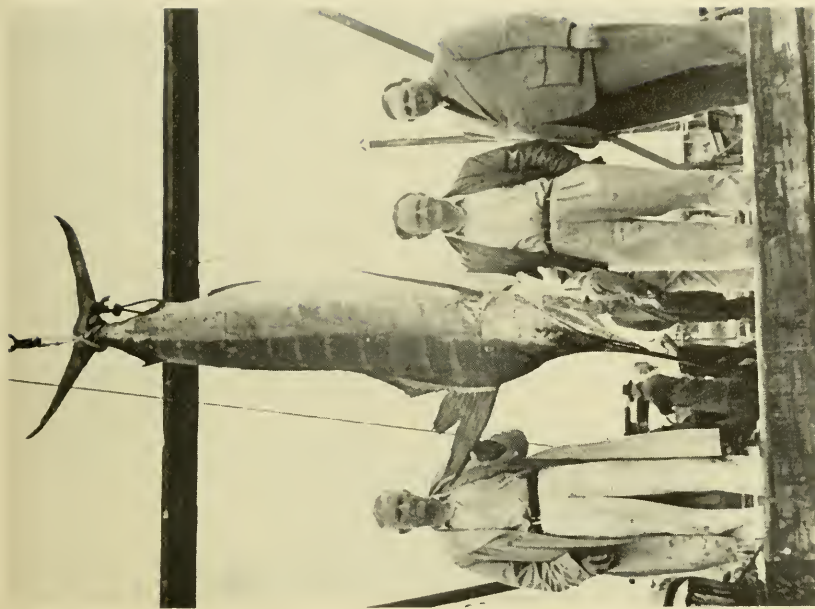
THE *Muttawolge*, MEANING "BLUE WATER," BELONGING TO MAX LAWSON, ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S GREAT MARLIN FISHERMEN. IT IS SEEN OFF SYDNEY.



THE AUSTRALIANS USE TWO METHODS OF BAITING. LEFT: THE KAIWAHI WITH A BRIDLE RIG. RIGHT: THE KAIWAHI WITH THE NEW ZEALAND RIG.



STRIPED MARLIN, TAIL WALKING, OFF BERMAGUL,
NOTE THE BAIT DOWN THE LEADER.



CLIVE FIRTH, AUSTRALIA'S GREAT ANGLER AND
SPORTSMAN AND HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE
INTERNATIONAL GAME FISH ASSOCIATION, STANDS
WITH THE LATE BILL HATCH AND MICHAEL LERNER
WITH THE STRIPED MARLIN CAUGHT BY LERNER OFF
BERMAGUL.



THE AUTHOR WITH MICHAEL LERNER WHO WAS HEAD OF THE COMMITTEE THAT DEVISED THE ARMED FORCES EMERGENCY FISHING EQUIPMENT.



THE AUTHOR TALKING AT THE PHILIPPINE SEA FRONTIER. IN THE BACKGROUND YOU CAN SEE THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF FISH, AND FISHING RODS FOR THE AUDIENCE TO VIEW LATER ON.



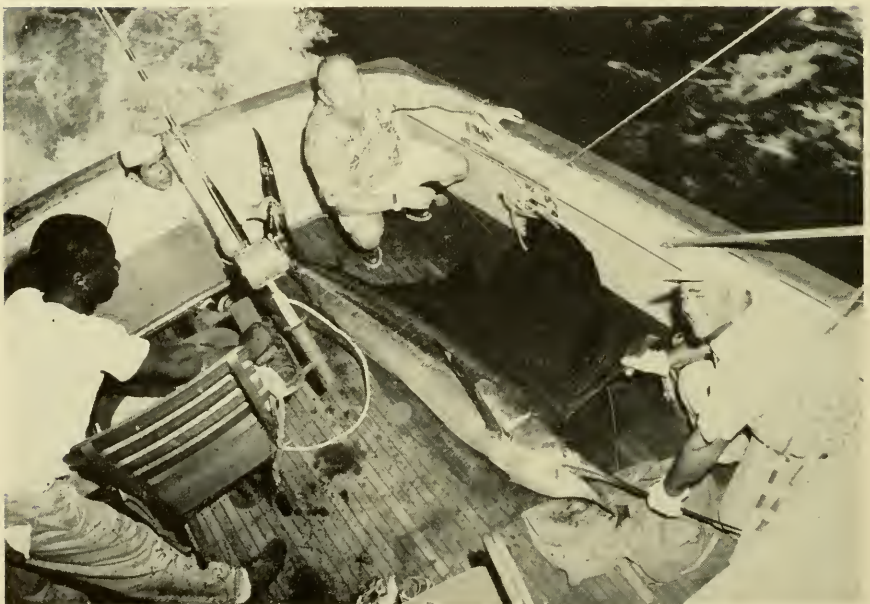
THE AUTHOR SHOWING FISHING TACKLE TO NAVAL PERSONNEL STATIONED AT GUAM.



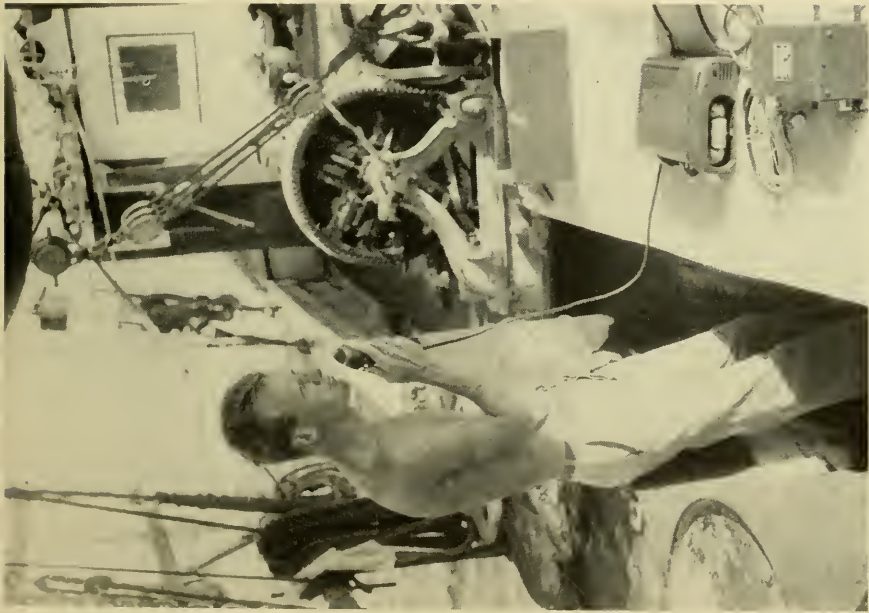
MR. AND MRS. FARRINGTON PICTURED WITH THE CREW OF THE NAVY FLYING BOAT PBV ASSIGNED TO THEM WHILE THEY WERE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.



JIM MORROW MEASURING A BLACK MARLIN AT CABO BLANCO WHILE YALE'S OWN DAN MERRIMAN JOTS DOWN THE FIGURES IN THE FISH LEDGER.



WENDELL ANDERSON, SR., WITH A FINE SPECIMEN OF PACIFIC SAILFISH WHICH HE CAUGHT OFF SALANGO, ECUADOR.



JIM MORROW, YALE SCIENTIST, MAKING NOTES ON HIS DICTAPHONE TIME MASTER WHILE ABOARD THE OCEANOGRAPHIC SHIP OFF THE PERUVIAN COAST.



MRS. WILLIAM FORD, II, OF DETROIT, WITH THE LARGEST BIG-EYE TUNA EVER CAUGHT BY A WOMAN ON A 20-THREAD.



JIM MORROW CUTTING OFF THE GILL-COVER BONE OF A BLACK MARLIN. WHEN DRIED AND TREATED CHEMICALLY, THE BONE RINGS ARE VISIBLE AND SOMETIMES HELP TO DETERMINE THE AGE OF THE FISH. THE STOMACH IS TURNED INSIDE OUT.



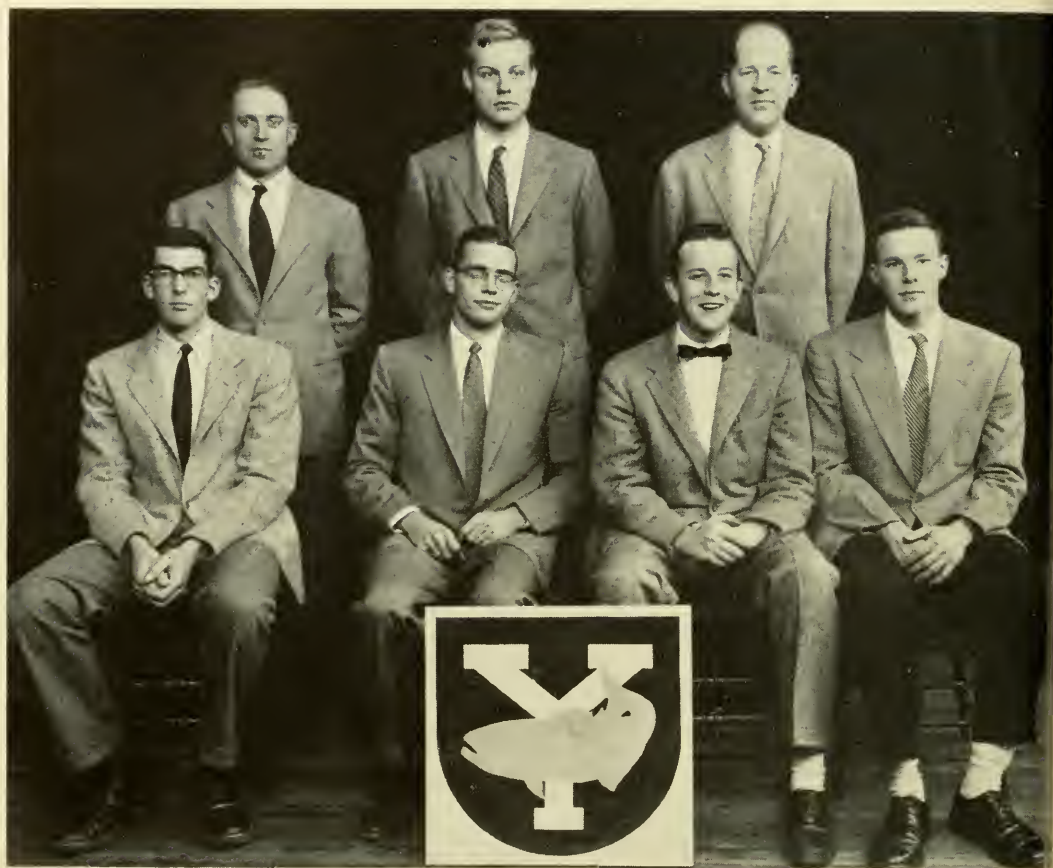
YALE SCIENTISTS AND OCEANOGRAPHERS WHO WENT ON THE YALE UNIVERSITY BINGHAM OCEANOGRAPHIC LABORATORY EXPEDITION: TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. MORROW, SARAH WHEATLAND, GERALD POSNER; BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT: ED MIGDALSKI AND DAN MERRIMAN, THE DIRECTOR.



THE *Marise*, BELONGING TO THE YALE UNIVERSITY BINGHAM OCEANOGRAPHIC LABORATORY, LYING OFF CABO BLANCO. THE FRESH-WATER CONDENSING PLANT CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



MRS. WENDELL ANDERSON, SR., WIFE OF THE HEAD OF THE YALE EXPEDITION, FIGHTING A STRIPED MARLIN OFF CABO BLANCO, PERU.



UNDERGRADUATE OFFICERS AND FACULTY ADVISORS OF THE YALE FISHING CLUB, 1952-1953.
TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT: ED MIGDALSKI, FACULTY ADVISOR; BOB EGOLF, PROGRAM DIRECTOR;
DAN MERRIMAN, FACULTY ADVISOR. BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT: JIM CAMPBELL, TREASURER;
HOMER WEHE, VICE-PRESIDENT; EMIL LONG, PRESIDENT; BUFORD SCOTT, SECRETARY.



THE TACKLE THAT CAUGHT RECORD BLACK MARLIN AND OTHER FISH IN PICTURE USED BY THE AUTHOR SEPTEMBER 28, 1952. TYCOON ROD, ZAWARG 12-0 REEL, 600-YARD ASHAWAY 39-THREAD LINE, THE SNAP, KNOT, AND END OF DOUBLE LINE ON BLACK CLOTH, FISHERMAN'S FRIEND GLOVES, 12/0 AND 14/0 MUSTAD HOOKS, AND HARNESS AUTHOR HAS USED SINCE 1933.



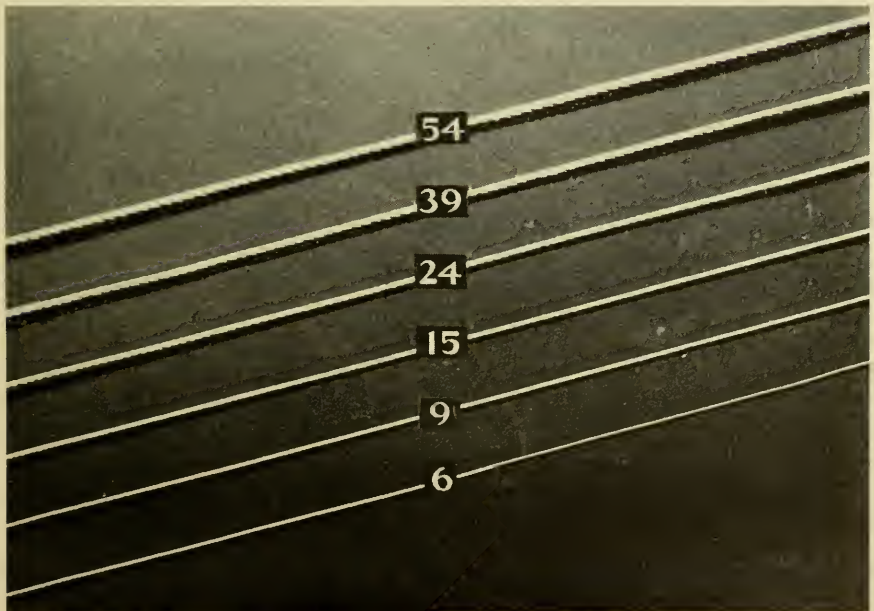
SOME OF MR. AND MRS. S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.'S, RODS, REELS AND EQUIPMENT.



A CROSS SECTION OF THE GREAT TYCOON RODS SHOWING HOW THEY ARE BUILT AND THEIR VARIOUS GRADES.



FIGHTING WEAPONS OF THE PACIFIC BILLFISH.
LEFT TO RIGHT: SWORDFISH, BLACK MARLIN,
SILVER MARLIN, STRIPED MARLIN, AND PACIFIC
SAILFISH.



THE VARIOUS SIZES OF THE ASHAWAY LINEN LINE, CERTIFIED BY I. G. F. A.



THE LOVELY FRIGATE BIRD, NICKNAMED MAN-O'-WAR, FLYING SOLO OFF CABO BLANCO.



THE PELICAN (ALCATRAZ) CLUB JUST NORTH OF CABO BLANCO.

WESTERN PACIFIC

from the south in the battle of Leyte Gulf. That alone made it a thrilling experience.

In Manila Bay, off Cavite, pompano were being caught and there was supposed to be excellent fishing on the grounds between Corregidor and Fortune Island. We did not find this to be so. Along the Bataan shore, in and around Subic Bay, there was also supposed to be good fishing but it seemed to me that the effluvia of dirty water from the rivers would not augur much rewarding salt-water angling there. The men were barred from swimming in Subic Bay on account of this contaminated river water.

Lieutenant General W. D. Styer, who was in command of the armed forces of the western Pacific at that time, was a great all-round sportsman and had done a lot of fishing. Both he and his chief of staff, Major General Edmund H. Leavey, were doing all in their power to provide more outdoor recreation for the men. General Styer was seeing to it that they got all the fishing possible. He also had skeet fields constructed for the use of enlisted personnel and even got out a book on fishing and hunting in the Philippines. I had the honor of being asked to help with it, I wrote the introduction. It was hoped that this book might help the men to familiarize themselves with the fishing and hunting in the near by areas.

Vice Admiral J. N. Kaufman, known to all as "Reggie," was Commander of the Philippine Sea Frontier. He was another great sportsman and one of the most enthusiastic advocates of fishing and hunting I have met anywhere. He too was doing his best to provide his officers and enlisted men

FISHING THE PACIFIC

with more fishing and better tackle so that they might get the utmost enjoyment out of the sport.

There was a practical reason for the encouragement of fishing for those caught supplemented the diet, providing a welcome change.

In the Marianas there is even better fishing, in fact much better, than in the Philippines, and the Army, Navy and Air Force personnel stationed at Guam, Saipan and Tinian in particular, enjoyed some good sport.

Guam is by far the most attractive of all the islands I visited, although I thought Saipan very lovely. Guam rejoices in fine bathing beaches and the people are attractive and hospitable. Captain Forrest ("Boney") Close, U.S.N., was stationed there for over a year after the war and enjoyed excellent fishing for wahoo. Following the war an admiral became the I.G.F.A. representative for the western Pacific islands.

There were plenty of sailfish in the Solomon Islands throughout the war and there are many sailfish, wahoo and big marlin around the Fijis. There is some fishing out of Suva and off the outer islands. The Fijis may conceivably be developed in the near future. They probably have the best chance to get going of any place I have run across in the western chain.

Japan of course has plenty of striped marlin and swordfish but most of them are taken on the flag lines. I doubt very much if rod-and-reel fishing will ever be developed although, after what has happened in the Pacific and other parts of the world, it would be too broad a statement to say that it couldn't happen there. I do believe, though, that the average

WESTERN PACIFIC

man who wants to fish around these islands will not catch anything like the amount of fish he will by fishing the Hawaiian group. If he wants a silver marlin he better get it there, and his Allison tuna as well.

Canton has some fishing as do the Society Islands. The waters of Eniwetok, Wake and Midway are alive with every species of reef fish and some varieties of the mackerel family. There is fishing but it's not the game fishing that people usually expect when they travel that far.

As for Tahiti, I have no desire whatsoever to try it. I believe you would have to wait much too long to see any big fish and again I think all the fish there are silver marlin supplemented by an occasional striped marlin. Under certain conditions, no doubt, you would have a crack at a big marlin, but I believe most of the water would be very rough.

Getting back closer to the South American coast, the Galápagos have wonderful fishing, although there is trouble with sharks and, because of the birds, trouble even keeping the baits in the water. Nevertheless, the finest and biggest of all sailfish can be found off these islands.

The Cocos Islands, along the coast of Costa Rica, is another group where the sailfishing is good, but again, with Chile and Peru as they are, I feel strongly that there is no need to try any of these islands. I was fortunate to have had the honor of going out with the officers and enlisted men and seeing how much they love angling and what lengths they would go to in attempting to catch fish. In fact when it was put to a vote by the armed forces in the western Pacific as to what kind of entertainment they wanted, 60 per cent or better voted for moving pictures of fishing and shooting. This was

FISHING THE PACIFIC

an important reason why Mr. and Mrs. Lerner and Mrs. Farrington and I were sent to Europe and the Pacific.

Very few residents of any of these local islands in the Pacific have any desire to push the sport or develop it themselves. It is always left to the visiting fishermen or others who may be stationed there or stopping over for a sojourn of some duration. The commercials, of course, do pretty well, but then their methods are not the methods of the rod-and-reel angler.



THE BLUEFISH ON THE "Y"—EMBLEM OF THE YALE FISHING CLUB

13. Yale University's Research on Game Fish

IN 1948, Wendell W. Anderson, of Detroit, Michigan, a member of the Yale Class of 1922, led an expedition to New Zealand for the university's Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory and Peabody Museum. Several months were spent by his party and the scientists in fishing and collecting specimens to be returned to New Haven. In 1950, Tommy Shevlin, son of a famous Yale footballer, went on an expedition to the waters off Kenya and Tanganyika, East Africa. Here some small striped marlin and Pacific sailfish were caught, and the scientists made molds of many fish for future museum exhibition. They also discovered some new species. In 1953, Mr. Anderson, a member of the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club, led a third expedition to Ecuador and Peru.

This latter expedition went to South American waters in an attempt to learn more about several aspects of oceanogra-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

phy, as well as to try to find out more about the big and small game fish that are so abundant off the coasts of these wonderful countries. During the first two weeks of March, 1953, many striped marlin and Pacific sailfish were caught off Ecuador, and a 550-pound black marlin was picked up, which was unusual so early in the year.

Four vessels comprised the expedition's fleet. Two were large Diesel-powered fish boats, the third was an ocean-going motor sailer to live on, and the fourth was the laboratory ship, the *Marise*, which had been used often before by Yale scientists, and was a converted 65-foot dragger out of Stonington, Connecticut. Her captain was Harold McLaughlin of Mystic, Connecticut, and he is a real Mystic-er. Coming north on the way home, he ran that dragger from Cristobal to Miami in six days, then stuck her in the Gulf Stream, and believe it or not was back in Stonington five and a half days later—a typical American commercial fisherman's trip.

Dan Merriman, Director of the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory at Yale, headed the scientists, who included Edward C. Migdalski, preparator; James E. Morrow, ichthyologist; Gerald S. Posner, marine biologist, who had charge of the oceanographic work; and Sarah B. Wheatland, research assistant. Lt. Commander José Barandarián, of the Peruvian Hydrographic Service, was with the expedition in the waters off his country's coast, and Enrique Avila, crack Peruvian ornithologist, who is with the Guano Company at Lima, as well as Dr. Felipe Ancieta, of the Peruvian Fish and Game Department, gave much help.

The oceanographic group consider themselves extremely lucky, for they arrived at Cabo Blanco to find that the El

YALE UNIVERSITY'S RESEARCH

Niño (literally "the child"), which is the warm counter-equatorial current coming from the north, had displaced the normal pattern of the cold Humboldt Current. For the first time since 1925 El Niño had a real effect on climatic conditions in northern Peru. The water was much warmer, and there was a good deal of rain. These conditions existed for about two months, changing for the better in the latter part of April, with the climate reverting to normal by the middle of May. It was a great scientific scoop for the expedition, for never before has a scientific expedition of oceanographers been present as this phenomenon of nature appeared. The laboratory ship went south as far as Pisco Bay, Peru, and picked up much data. Such things take a long while to prepare, to put together. It will probably be two or three years before we get all the results. As the author had the honor of being at Cabo Blanco when the expedition was there, I can assure you that some very interesting information besides football, baseball and hockey scores is going to come out of New Haven in the next two or three years.

In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Anderson, Sr., and their sons, Wendell, Jr., and John, were busy fishing and were joined by other friends. They turned over to the scientists many sailfish, striped marlin, a 648-pound black marlin caught by Mrs. Jack Anderson, and a 792-pound black taken by Wendell Anderson, Sr., as well as many specimens of big-eye tuna. Many roosterfish were caught, and Ed Migdalski was kept very busy making molds to be shipped back to the museum.

When Yale's plans for exhibition come to fruition, in the not too distant future we hope, we will see the Peabody Mu-

FISHING THE PACIFIC

seum with the finest Hall of Fishes in the world. It will adjoin the present building and will be in the deep hollow on the westerly side of it. The plans call for exhibiting surface-dwelling, mid-depth and deep-water fishes in a strikingly realistic manner. These different kinds of fish will be mounted in one huge natural-habitat group. Surface fishes will be at street level, while mid-depth and deep-water fishes will be seen as one gradually descends a ramp to below street level and takes a deep-sea walk museum style. The exhibits and the feeling of descent into the depths should be spectacular. The Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory will be close at hand. Here one may find Dan Merriman—when he isn't busy with his duties of running Davenport College at Yale.

Yale has won much fame, and rightfully so in many ways; but few places have done more in attempting to find out things about the sea and in interesting people in fish and oceanography. Apart from the research it does, Yale offers a course in oceanography and meteorology each year to 150 undergraduates. Dr. Ernest F. Thompson, Curator of the Bingham Oceanographic Collection, teaches the young men and takes special pride in acquainting them with the forces at work in our seas and skies. And recently the Yale Fishing Club was formed for graduates and undergraduates at Yale to develop and sustain interest in fish and fishing. Many experienced fishermen go to New Haven to talk at the bi-weekly meetings of this club, and the members see moving pictures and have a chance to talk and think about fresh-water, as well as salt-water, fish. These are great steps—and wonderful for those attending Yale. Some other colleges have similar gatherings. Our good friend Erl Roman, one of

our greatest fishing writers and former fishing editor of the *Miami Herald*, conducts one at the University of Miami.

The Yale scientists are constantly being asked, "Why study ocean game fish?" In answer I quote from what Dan Merri-man wrote several years ago for the *Yale Scientific Magazine*:

There are two distinct answers to this question. The first is best expressed by a quotation from Aristotle:

"The search for truth is in one way hard and in another easy, for it is evident that no one can master it fully nor miss it fully. But each adds a little to our knowledge of nature, and from all the facts assembled there arises grandeur."

This is what today is called pure science—knowledge for its own sake. There is much emphasis in our time on applied science, and vast public funds are expended towards the solution of problems of practical significance. Few will deny the importance of such directed effort. But at the same time there is the danger of disregarding the value of letting the free inquiring mind go where it will. I doubt that many people would want to decide, if it were a choice between pure and applied research, which had produced the greatest advances in terms of human happiness and welfare, or for that matter, which had led to the greatest number of so-called practical benefits. The reason for such indecision on the part of any thinking scientist is the number of examples he can cite of researches which have been undertaken only to increase the sum total of human knowledge, but which, in the long run, have had practical application. Who would have predicted, for example, that a knowledge of the sounds fishes make (and the mechanisms by which they make them) would have been of any use to man? Yet the confusion from fish noises to those engaged in under-water sound detection in World War II was such as to require an intensive Navy research program on the subject. No one can foresee what practical result

FISHING THE PACIFIC

will come from investigation in pure science, and it is important not to fall into the trap of directed and applied research to the extent that over-all advances in the solution of biological problems of the ocean suffer. To this argument for pure science (that it often leads in wholly unpredictable fashion to matters of practical significance) must also be added the satisfaction and pleasure to be derived from new knowledge—satisfaction and pleasure to those who make the discovery and to those who subsequently learn about it. . . . One other point needs to be made under the head of knowledge for its own sake in connection with our work: ichthyologists seldom have the opportunity to study big game fish in quantity, hence there is more to be discovered in this area of fisheries research than any other.

The other answer to the original question, "Why study ocean game fish?" can be introduced by the old adage that there are as many fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Like most of its kind, this aphorism is only half true. When different fishing areas receive the full impact of modern technology, our marine resources can be depleted to an incredible degree. A good example is the Pacific coast soupfin shark, a species which provided only a short-lived industry once the high Vitamin A content of this shark's liver was discovered and intensive fishery operations were undertaken. . . . The fact is that we know less than nothing about most of the oceanic game fish—their migrations, growth rates, places or times of spawning, age at maturity, quantity of eggs laid, sex ratios, feeding habits, parasites, longevity, etc. Until these matters are understood there is no basis for intelligent utilization or conservation. When a scientist on the Yale-New Zealand Expedition takes all sorts of measurements on each striped marlin, why does he do it? To establish the maxima, the mean, and the minima of the different body proportions to see how they compare with other populations of the same

fish; if they are similar a common spawning area is indicated, but if they differ significantly a separate race with different habits that must be treated as a distinct entity in problems of its conservation is indicated. Why does the scientist preserve the stomach contents of these marlin? Because these game fish are perhaps the best biological samplers of the small fish in the area; the scientist has a better chance of finding in their stomachs small marlin or other game fish that may provide clues to spawning areas and growth rates than he has by towing any gear yet devised by man. . . . The answers to these and a host of similar questions are essential to the solution of the *practical* side of the question, "Why study ocean game fish?" Most fisheries investigations are begun only when a stock shows an alarming decline. This was not so serious in times gone past when fishing methods were relatively conservative. But with modern technology fishing methods give promise of being such that concerted effort (as in the soupfin shark industry) can deplete a species almost to the vanishing point in the space of a few years. Might it not pay with ocean game fish to lock the barn *before* the horse is stolen? . . . Hind-sight once allowed a chance for recovery. Now-a-days it is likely to be synonymous with oblivion.

More and more young people are taking an interest in the problems discussed above by Dan Merriman. More and more are fishing. More money is spent on fishing in the United States than on any other sport, and that includes all spectator sport. And more fishing licenses are being sold each year.

On the New Zealand Expedition, in 1948, Dr. Morrow took data on and went into the insides of approximately 100 big game fish. On the 1953 trip to Ecuador and Peru he not only made similar studies but also collected several thousand smaller fish, which were sent back to New Haven for further

FISHING THE PACIFIC

study. Yes, this expedition, known as YASA—Yale South American—was really a good one, and no one deserves more credit than Wendell Anderson for his work and effort in getting it up and leading it. He did not have much time for fishing. If you don't think it's a big job to take four boats all the way from New England, New York and Florida to the west coast of South America, just try it some time.

Yale has graduated some wonderful fishermen—as well as great hockey, baseball and football players. If I had to list the greatest, I would like to take Tony Hulman, All-American end on the finest football team that Yale ever had—Bill Mallory's team in 1923. As we have already stated in this book, Hulman took three black marlin weighing 911 pounds, 837 pounds and 726 pounds in four days off Cabo Blanco. He is a member there. Captain of the United States Tuna Team, he was on the squad for five years, was on winners for two years, and on second-place teams two years. He is as good a competitive fisherman as he was a football player, crack hurdler, and quarter-miler. He's taken big tuna up and down the Atlantic coast, blue marlin at Bimini, and has many 24-thread fish to his credit. He knows the game.

Tommy Shevlin, along with Michael Lerner, has taken over a hundred blue marlin, the most by far in the Atlantic. He has won the Cat Cay Tuna Tournament, and taken many tuna in the Bahamas. Unfortunately he does not fish as much as he used to or get around like the rest of us.

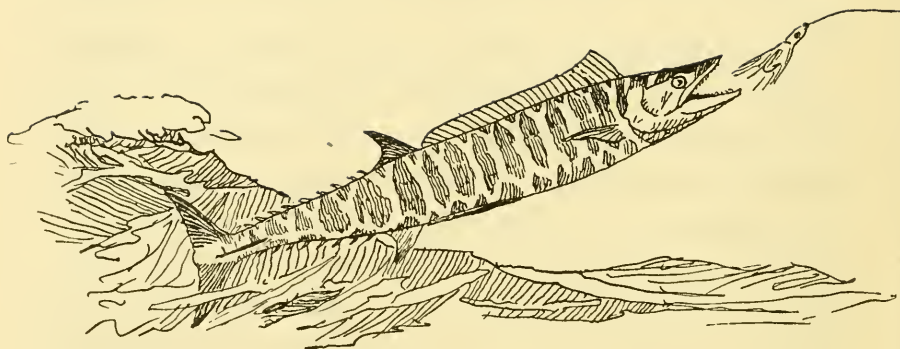
Wendell Anderson, Sr., has taken blue marlin in the Atlantic and many fish in Bermuda and the Bahamas, apart from countless others in New Zealand, where he has also done much good and has helped others in keeping the Otehei Bay

YALE UNIVERSITY'S RESEARCH

Fishing Lodge in operation—a great ambassador wherever he goes.

I should also list Mac Aldrich, captain of Yale's 1921 football team and 1922 baseball team and presently first vice-president of the American Museum of Natural History. He has taken broadbill swordfish off Montauk and blue marlin off the Bahamas. One of the older men and one of the greatest and finest surfcasters on the Atlantic coast is "Pi" Way, class of '16, and one of Yale's football immortals. Dr. Shepard Kreck, '13, of New York, has a swordfish to his credit and has done quite a bit of big game fishing, as has Dr. Arthur Terry, '06, of East Hampton, Long Island, a bluefish expert.

Of the younger Yale graduates that I can think of who are in the fishing game, I would have to put Jack Anderson right at the top. The 738-pound broadbill swordfish off Iquique, Chile, tops his achievements. He has taken many tuna and blue marlin in the Bahamas, as well as striped marlin and makos in New Zealand. He has fished off Australia, Ecuador, and Peru, and he has a great future in angling. His brother, Wendell, Jr., has also taken many marlin in the Bahamas and has fished in New Zealand and Peruvian waters. Another great fisherman and all-round graduate of Yale in later years is Bill Howe, of Boston, New Haven and Nantucket—a great surfcaster as was his late father, who was also a Yale alumnus. My apologies to all the many good Yale fishermen I cannot think of as I write this, but believe me, the boys who are now the members of the Yale Fishing Club have a goal to shoot for if they're going to get out after the big ones and the little ones as the men I have mentioned here have done. They'll have to keep on feeding fish to that bulldog and put that "Y" and bluefish all around the world!



WAHOO AFTER FEATHER

14. Fishing Tackle and Comments on the Sport

IT WOULD be grossly unfair to the International Game Fish Association to write a book about the sport of salt-water angling without paying tribute to this exemplary and unique organization. Since its founding in 1940 by Michael Lerner at the earnest solicitation of Clive Firth of Sydney, Australia, one of the world's most famous sportsmen, the I.G.F.A. has rendered incalculable service in keeping the sport of deep sea fishing on an even keel. Its function is the maintenance of meticulously accurate records and insuring that fish are caught on the fair and square.

Mike Lerner succeeded Dr. William Gregory as president, and the vice-presidents currently are Ernest Hemingway, Van Campen Heilner, Philip Wylie and Ben Crowninshield.

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

All relinquished their records since they may not retain them while serving as officers of the Association. Francesca LaMonte, the efficient secretary, has done an admirable job compiling statistical data and handling the voluminous correspondence. Field associates include Joe Gale, Tony Hulman, John Mahony, Joe Peeler and Erl Roman.

Club after club has joined the Association which maintains constant contact with anglers everywhere and replies to letters from every part of the globe. The organization sanctions no tournaments, sponsors no advertising and operates on a nonprofit basis. Mr. Lerner's contributions to its success are made so modestly that they are generally unappreciated, just as few realize the amount of time and effort he expends in advancing the cause of angling.

The I.G.F.A.'s beautiful year and record books are well worth possessing. They include an enormous amount of valuable data dating from the genesis of the Association.

The new ruling announced in May, 1949, decreeing that line threads be measured in pounds instead of threads is an excellent one. Its adoption became mandatory through the consistent use of 3-thread line which the manufacturers were unable to make for 9-pound test. The result was that many anglers were taking 3-thread fish on line which tested as much as 6-thread or more. Hence the manufacturers insisted that some tolerance be given to the amount of test pounds contained in each thread and that the matter of keeping the record of threads be dispensed with. This also was necessary because there are so many synthetic lines in use today, notably nylon. Therefore anyone hanging up a record as of now must submit not only a picture of the fish with an affidavit

FISHING THE PACIFIC

filled in and notarized, but also twenty-five feet of the line for testing—a sane angling rule that I feel all genuine anglers throughout the world will approve.

There is nothing more important about fishing than the line so, terminating my brief eulogy of the I.G.F.A., I'll proceed to air my views on this aspect of fishing tackle before tackling the others.

THE LINE

Though the angler may use the best rod and reel made, he will not catch his fish unless the line stands up. Personally I would never use a line on more than three big fish without turning it—even though it appears to be in good shape. It is always a good idea to cut off the end of the line after every catch. Particular care should be exercised in watching for blood or other stains and any particles of fish slime that may adhere to the line, as well as for rust, weeds or grass. Watch out also for cigarette and pipe ashes. Smoking around a rod and reel in readiness for use should be avoided. It is a careless habit practiced too frequently in Pacific areas as well as other fishing hot spots. There is no excuse for anybody smoking around a reel, and countless lines have been weakened by burns caused by ashes so miniscule as to be indiscernible.

Be sure that when baits are being trolled from outriggers a watchful eye is kept on the line for any signs of unlaying due to the bait spinning and not swimming well. Fish have frequently been lost as a result, and very often when this condition obtains the line manufacturers have been unjustly accused of having marketed a defective product.

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

Even though good fishing lines are costly, when you consider how much depends on them they are really the cheapest part of your trip. If you haven't good lines, and enough of them, a day of your vacation may be spoiled. I don't believe in taking lines off the reels nightly if you are fishing every day, but I would put them on a line dryer if they are not being used for long periods. You certainly don't want to go many miles on a grand fishing trip only to have line trouble. That would indicate deplorable planning. The line I personally would choose is the Ashaway, manufactured in Ashaway, Rhode Island. Julian Crandall, son of the late head of the company, has spent years in perfecting its product and he and his associates have done a lot for the sport. Their plant has the finest equipment, and their line walk, of which there are only two in the United States, is one of the most extraordinary places imaginable. It's a memorable experience to see the yards and yards of line being stretched and laid in this building, 725 feet long. Frequent fogs and the consequent damp atmosphere of Ashaway make it ideal for the manufacture of lines, and was the reason for the choice of the site. While the Ashaway Company manufactures only about 25 per cent of the fishing line in the United States, I believe that over 90 per cent of the world's record fish have been caught on it, particularly in salt water. The Crandalls have always been noted pioneers and were the first to put glass line on the market. They also introduced the nylon line, and now have their new Dacron Lifesaver, which should be the answer for a synthetic, or nonlinen, line. It does not stretch and has taken fish up to 780 pounds. Dacron looks good and is tops.

J. T. Crandall represents the third generation of the family

FISHING THE PACIFIC

to continue the business. L. R. (Bob) Crandall, a great fellow and excellent fisherman who has had notable success in every category from trout to big tuna, is in the business. He is the fourth in line to carry on.

The Ashaway Company made a splendid contribution to the war effort in manufacturing surgical sutures. They also produced from 85 to 90 per cent of the emergency fishing equipment used by all the American armed services, the Merchant Marine, and the armed forces of several other countries. Julian Crandall was on the committee that designed the kit, and his advice and help, plus his ability to provide millions of hooks, leaders and assorted gadgets, was a tremendous asset to the committee. Julian commuted every week from Ashaway to Washington for many months. Few people realize what an important part the Ashaway Company played in winning World War II.

Of course I've tried other lines, but I can truthfully say that 98 per cent of the fish I have caught have been taken on Ashaway. No other item of my fishing equipment has given me better service—with the exception of Tycoon rods. Whether I was using 3- or 39-thread, Ashaway lines have always been tops, and I have given them some shocking abuse. When I have lost fish as a result of a broken line, which has been rare with 24- and 39-thread, in not a single instance has it been the fault of the line. At no time in my fishing career have I been able to blame the loss of any fish on any fault or weakness in an Ashaway line. It has always been a mystery to me how much strain these lines, particularly 6- or 9-thread, can take. Ashaway lines are manufactured in 3-, 6-, 9-, 15-, 18-, 21-, 24-, 30-, 39- and 54-thread.

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

Only 3-, 6-, 9-, 15-, 24-, 39- and 54-thread are recognized by the International Game Fish Association. If you catch a fish on 18-thread line, it will be classified in the 24-thread size or on 30-thread as 39-thread. For three reasons I would never use anything but white lines. First, I do not want dye on any line no matter what the guarantees are concerning it. Second, bad spots and stains can be more easily detected in a white line. Third, I do not believe the fish can see a white line in the water as well as they can see a colored one. At least, the human eye cannot. A white line is also more easily visible to the boatman.

If you wish to use a double line, it should always be doubled for the length of the leader. The International Game Fish Association allows a fifteen-foot double line and fifteen-foot leader, when using 3-, 6-, 9- or 15-thread. With 24-, 39- or 54-thread you are allowed a thirty-foot leader. I never use one longer than twenty-five feet; usually about twenty-three, but the association is right in giving the extra five or eight feet in case a mistake is made in the measuring. Then again, it is ridiculous to attempt to catch with a fifteen-foot leader a fish that weighs over 300 or 400 pounds and is eleven feet or more in length. One wrap of the leader around its tail or sword and you will have the double line at its tail where it can be cut with one flip of that powerful propeller. It is rather tough on the light tackle angler to have to use the fifteen-foot leader when he is trying to take big fish on 6- or 9-thread, but, as he is seldom after fish that weigh more than 300 pounds, it is long enough. Besides, a leader of that length balances the outfit—a good and fair rule. I have never cared for or used tapered lines. The International Game Fish

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Association has acted wisely in barring them. If you catch a fish on one it will register as having been caught on the heaviest line used in the taper.

I have caught many fish without using a double line. Those who don't like them claim that when you get them on the reel you are likely to tighten the drag to such an extent or fight the fish so hard that the hook will pull out. I don't believe it works that way with 24- or 39-thread, but I would certainly never think of doubling 54-thread if I were using it. I do think, though, that a double line is a help to get on your reel with 6- or 9-thread when the big fish is at the boat, and a great aid with any size of line, for it gives the guide and the angler a warning that the fish is close aboard. This is especially advantageous if you are fishing in the dark. When in waters where fish are striking at the line, I would never double it because I am sure that it makes more of a wake and it is much easier for the line cutters to see. It also produces more bubbles; however, its greatest importance is if the fish gets wrapped up. It has saved many fish on wrap-ups.

I don't believe that 54-thread line should ever be used unless you are fishing in a great depth of water for a very large fish and there is an abundance of sharks that might mutilate your prize, or possibly a great many line-striking fish. In my opinion there is no fish that cannot be handled on 39-thread if the angler is not being harassed by sharks or other extraordinary dangers. In 1935 it seemed pretty certain that few tuna would be caught off Bimini on any lighter line than 54-thread, but in the 1940 and 1941 season practically all of the catches were made on 39-thread and a few were taken on 24-thread. Since the war, many have been taken on 24-thread,

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

and also two on 15-thread which, of course, is just a stunt, but the possibility of getting them in shallow water there and away from the sharks shows that they can be taken on 24-thread. The answer to it all is, of course, that the anglers and guides have learned how to fight these fish far more efficiently, and the fine handling and speed of the boats have been a contributing factor. Also, since the duration of the battle has been shortened by so many minutes, the risk of having the fish mutilated by sharks has naturally been reduced. Believe me, the boys who fish off Cat Cay and Bimini really can fight those tuna. They don't give them anything at all when they don't have to. They really sock it to them, making sure they herd them in on the white and shallow bottom whenever possible.

FAST TIME IN BOATING FISH

There has been a great deal of criticism going the rounds during the past few years about fish being caught too quickly. I feel that this is so completely unimportant that I have heretofore given it no consideration. It has merely served to amuse me, for only people who lack knowledge and experience of big game angling would ever venture the opinion that there is any particular method, if ethical tactics are employed, that enables an angler to expedite the process. However, as long as this topic has become side-line gossip among armchair anglers, I shall offer my own ideas on the subject.

When anglers spend some weeks of the year fishing, go to the right places to catch fish, and have a chance to hook many of them, they are on occasion lucky enough to boat a

FISHING THE PACIFIC

fish in quick time, provided they know how to handle the tackle. There is no doubt in my mind that experience and understanding of the tactics of the fish and knowledge of how to get the most out of the rod and the line are basically helpful. Whether the fish is boated speedily depends upon the physical condition of the fish and *where the hook is lodged*.

I get a great thrill out of boating a large tuna, broadbill, or marlin in short order, for I have many more recollections of spending hours on the rod with one fish, only to lose him. All big game anglers, in fact, have lost many more fish than they have ever caught, and not a man or woman among us can tell in advance what is likely to happen. When the hook is set into a big fish no amount of experience can determine how long it will take to boat him.

I think it only proper that all anglers announce the true time for boating every game fish, whether it be a few minutes or many hours. How unsportsmanlike it would be if, after a large fish had been hooked in the gills or stomach or failed to put up a good fight, the angler were to release his drag when the fish was near or practically in the boat, and then to tell the fishing world that he had had a long drawn-out struggle, while actually his quarry might have been boated in three minutes!

Many of our world-record fish have been taken in less than fifteen minutes to boat. However, as I stated, experience is the great asset. With the proper knowledge of what to do at the right time, an experienced angler has it all over the average tyro. There are only a few anglers who have boated any considerable number of broadbill, giant tuna, and blue, silver,

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

and black marlin, and I am sure that when occasionally these men boat a fish quickly they justly merit such good fortune. It compensates for innumerable tough breaks. Practically nobody realizes that many days are spent by big game anglers riding the ocean without a strike.

It always makes me laugh to hear people say that we deliberately try to hook fish deep in order to make sure of catching them in fast time. How perfectly absurd! If there were any established system or if anyone knew of any way of doing this, there would be very few fish left in the ocean, and every fishing guide in the business could retire with a fat fortune. I have seen a twelve-hundred-foot dropback given to a broadbill and a black marlin and a five-hundred-foot dropback to a blue marlin, and on each occasion the hook was in the corner of the jaw. Yet, on other occasions, I have seen a fifteen-foot dropback given a broadbill and forty-feet to a marlin with the hook set in the heart or stomach. I would be willing to wager a lot of money that if you deliberately set out to hook ten fish in the stomach, seven of them would be hooked in the jaw or mouth, or if you set out to hook an equal number in the mouth or jaw, you would find seven had been hooked deep.

I have also been told that big game anglers attempt to wrap up the fish with a long dropback. This is preposterous. As if anyone in the boat could possibly control the swimming fish or what he does with the bait!

Believe it or not, I have even been accused of foul-hooking a fish on purpose. Any angler, or any student of the game, knows that that only makes the fight more difficult—and how in heaven's name could anyone do that with a fish in the

FISHING THE PACIFIC

water and away from the boat? The fact is, of course, that the term "foul-hooked" is misleading. Instead of being nasty to the fish, it is nasty to the angler.

I can give you still another laugh. The statement has been made to me that swordfish anglers catch broadbill reluctant to strike by dragging the bait across the fish's back, head, or dorsal fin and thus foul-hooking him. In my judgment the odds would be a thousand to one against the success of such a trick. It is practically impossible without having the fish strike the bait. If you were able to foul-hook one in this manner, you would simply be in for another dog-on-the-leash fight like the one I had with a small fish at Montauk in July, 1940.

Legends and old wives' tales have their uses. They help to provide informed and reasonable anglers with comic-section entertainment.

THE ROD

Next in importance to the line, a good rod is the most essential piece of fishing equipment. If your rod breaks, your fish is automatically disqualified. The finest and, by all odds, the most satisfactory rods I have ever seen or used are those made by the Tycoon Tackle Company of Miami, Florida, of which Frank O'Brien is president. One of the best anglers in the U.S., on either light or heavy tackle, fresh water or salt, O'Brien has embodied in these rods many of the ideas he has gained through personal experience. The rod tips made for 39- and 54-thread these days all weigh up very heavy because of their hardware. With the modern roller tips, high guides, heavy ferrules and locking attachments at the butt, the

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

weight is naturally going to be brought up unless the angler exercises particular care in keeping it down. I am in the category of those who do.

Although the roller tip is a very desirable item and no one makes them better than Tycoon, it is not completely essential, nor do I believe that roller guides are a must, but, of course, they are damned nice to have. While I like high guides, since they add to the strength of the rod, I do not consider them an absolute necessity, but I always like to have them. The felt grip, however, is vital to me on rods weighing down to 16 ounces. With a 6-, 9- and 15-thread work, my preference is a cork grip. These grips are detachable and are allowed under club rules if you are fishing in club waters. I have no rods used with 39-thread that weigh over 30 ounces, and I only use the Bimini King and the Tycoon hickories for giant tuna fishing. My two 39-thread marlin and broadbill rods, which I use for swordfish, silver, black or blue marlin, weigh 22 ounces and are HRH's, not the big Bimini King, including all the hardware. Mrs. Farrington's heaviest 39-thread rod is also the same weight. Since she now does practically all her fishing with 24-thread she uses the standard 16-ounce tip made to Catalina specifications. However, off Peru I fish the black marlin with a 28-ounce rod. After all, we may meet the 1000-pounder there.

One of the three greatest Tycoon rods I ever owned, and the one I liked best, I used from May, 1939, when it first saw service off Tocopilla, Chile, until I retired it in September, 1947. This rod took a few fish that I can't remember, but I do know that it took eighteen that weighed 8,918 pounds off Chile, Cat Cay, Ipswich, Montauk; again off Chile, then off

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Nova Scotia and Maine, then back again off Nova Scotia. And since seven of these beauties were broadbill swordfish, they had to be caught. This rod has the distinction of being the only one in the world that ever took two species of fish over 800 pounds, and not until I fought my 830-pound tuna and 600-pound tuna in one day for a total of seven hours and fifteen minutes at Wedgeport, did I even consider retiring it, which I didn't until the following year.

This Tycoon rod went the entire seven years without a single repair of any kind and with no varnish or rewinding. This is doubly remarkable when you consider that the rod was never exposed to the open air during the four war years. It always carried a 12/0 Vom Hofe reel and 39-thread Ash-away line.

I have a deep affection for all my Tycoons, but this one and my 6-ounce tip that took the 425-pound striped marlin, will, I believe, remain my favorites. This rod, which weighed 22 ounces, also made a trip to the Hawaiian Islands in August, 1939. It was in fights lasting all the way from six minutes to eight hours and fifty minutes. It also traveled over 30,000 miles with me around the South Pacific in the fall of 1945, when it was inspected by over 100,000 G.I.'s and Navy men at our tackle exhibitions after Mrs. Farrington and I showed our moving pictures. Some Army and Navy officers also fished it at Guam and other islands of the Philippines, but no large fish were taken. I really believe it deserved its joy ride and its contribution toward stimulating the interest of the servicemen out there. It is now retired and in Frank O'Brien's Rod Museum in his office in Miami. That's why you don't see it in the tackle picture in this book.

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

I like limber rods. I think they help to kill the fish more easily and are also much easier on the back. I avoid rods that are stiff, too large and too heavy; Mrs. Farrington's experience has caused her to feel the same way. Both of us like our rods to set, and once they have done so we make sure the set is never taken out; in other words, we never hang them by the tips. In winter I always keep my rods in a cool place, and it's advisable at all seasons. I am especially partial to the Tycoon hickory for big-tuna fishing. I like the action extremely, and I think that provided hickory is properly seasoned you can really take a chance on it.

Probably one reason I prefer light rods is that I have very small hands and wrists, perhaps the smallest of any man that has caught big fish. For this reason everything I have and use is on the light side. My hockey sticks, tennis rackets, squash racquets, golf clubs and baseball bats have always been extremely light.

It takes years for Tycoon wrappings to become unwound, as you can readily gather from the experience I have had with my pet rods. I'm at a loss to understand just what the company puts into the job, but it turns out a masterpiece. All of the wrappings are beautifully painted—by far the handsomest ever produced. You can get the rods in any color or series of colors you desire. They are all laminated and made of extraordinarily fine bamboo in three pieces. When a man is buying one the usual procedure is to stick to his own color scheme and patent.

Tycoon roller tips and guides have no equal; I have never seen one go wrong. Their high guides are the best I have ever used. The rod grips made by this company are black felt and

FISHING THE PACIFIC

are colorfast; the only colored grips I have ever used that will hold the dye after having been handled with wet gloves. Hardy Brothers were the first manufacturers to put felt grips on their rods, and their white felt grips are exceptionally fine. For some reason they do not get particularly dirty and they resist stain. The device that locks the Tycoon ferrules into the butt to prevent turning is absolutely foolproof. Their butts are the best I have ever used, and the reel seat is beautifully made; none that I have ever used has gone wrong.

All Tycoon rods are made with five guides—the correct number to use. The large sizes are named Bimini King, and take it from me they are the kings of all rods in performance, strength and length of service, as well as price. They cost \$175, but are well worth every cent of it. If you desire the roller guides, the price will be about twenty-five dollars higher. These rods, as well as the rest of the Tycoon line, have caught more record fish than all other salt-water rods, and Frank O'Brien only introduced them in 1936. There is no question in my mind but that the Tycoon rod did more to help develop big game fishing on the Bimini Cat Cay grounds, as well as other places in the world, than any other single item of fishing tackle.

The Tycoon hickory rod is called the Royal Hickory. They also make a fine rod called the Scion, which is hickory with a strip of bamboo along the top. Then there are the HRH, made up to 22 ounces and which cost in the neighborhood of eighty dollars apiece. In the cheaper grades there are the Miami, the Keys, and the Regal, all selling at from twenty-five to fifty dollars. Frank O'Brien made the square rods after the war. They are exceedingly fine, offering great

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

action; I have never had any go wrong in any size. The reason he is making the square rod is that in this shape he can embody the fine workmanship and quality of the expensive Tycoon in a product that can be manufactured at substantially reduced cost. The Tycoon 4-ounce and 6-ounce tips used with 6- and 9-thread under Catalina Tuna Club specifications is simply incomparable. The ordeal I put my 6-ounce Tycoon through in catching that 425-pound striped marlin, immediately following with another 322-pounder and ending up the morning's fishing with still another fight that lasted one hour and forty-five minutes, was beyond belief. In none of the fights did I spare the rod an iota, and the beating I gave it on the third fish, which I really didn't give a hoot for, was terrific. Tycoon rods rarely take a sidewise set, as a great many light tackle rods will easily do if the angler is not extremely careful as to how he pumps the fish. If any rods of mine ever take a sidewise set I never use them again, for I believe that when this happens they can be responsible for a lot of grief.

The Tycoon Company feature an excellent lightweight high guide for their small rods, strong enough to stand the strain and at the same time light enough to use without sacrificing the strength of the stick. Their roller tip for the lightweight size is a dilly but is not used on rods under the 6-ounce size. Before Tycoon rods were on the market I had fine results with the Edwin Vom Hofe rods, which are no longer available. I still have a whole set of them which I have retired.

Hardy Brothers were the pioneer manufacturers of the high-power big game fishing rod of today. Perhaps they got

FISHING THE PACIFIC

the idea from some of their superfine fresh-water rods in which field, along with Leonard, Heddon, Orvis, and Bill Southam of Sydney, Australia, they are supreme.

Hardy introduced the felt grips on salt-water rods, pioneered the roller tip, high guide, locking ferrules, and super-power reel seat, supplying a strong and sturdy butt and a wrench with every rod to lock the reel in place. The only fault that most American anglers found with these butts was that they did not have a locking device for American-made gimbels. Although this slight oversight has never bothered me, as I do not have trouble with the rod or butt twisting or turning, it has been a source of annoyance to some anglers, particularly women.

Hardy put an agate guide with a very fine protector on these rods, the only agate guides I would ever dream of using; but even at that, there is no use taking a chance when it's unnecessary. Hardy also were the first manufacturers to come out with heavy 54-thread rods that had eight guides and when I looked at them always reminded me of the British battleships *Rodney* and *Nelson*. Whenever I used one my back always felt as if I had been hit by a salvo from the *Rodney* such as the *Bismarck* received when that grand old ship caught up with her.

This rod had much too much power for me, but Ernest Hemingway could handle it as he would a 3/6 outfit.

I feel that the choice of surf rods is best left to the angler's judgment. Personally I use Tumas and still have a couple of Vom Hofe's left. I have used a good many other kinds. On the North Atlantic coast numerous tackle shops put out bamboo and glass rods, all of them pretty good sticks. The

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

South Bend Rod Company turns out some very durable double-belt sticks which are bought by small retailers for use in manufacturing surf rods. California's shops have good ones for sale.

I would never employ a glass rod under any conditions except for surf or plug casting. I do not believe glass will stand up for any length of time. The Shakespeare Company puts out a fine line of glass casting rods for anyone who wants to use this type and I can heartily recommend them. Personally I never use any kind of metal or steel rod. With glass you are never forewarned of its breaking as you are in the case of wood. It simply explodes.

THE REEL

While I have caught fish with a variety of reels, I do all my work with the Vom Hofe and Penn models. I use two 12/o's and two 6/o's, and Mrs. Farrington does the same. If we have to use an extra one in employing 3-thread, we use three 6/o's but we put the 3-, 6- and 9-thread on the 6/o's and the 24- or 39-thread on the 12/o's depending upon which we are using. If we employ 15-thread, we usually put it on a 9/o. If I had a 10/o today I would put it on that but I made a present of mine, together with my 14/o, to the members of the armed forces during the war. It is only possible to buy the 9/o and 12/o sizes of Vom Hofe reels with the 4/o's and 6/o's. They are manufactured in St. Petersburg, Florida, by Otto Zwarg. He acquired the patent from the Ocean City Company, which bought out Vom Hofe, and he turns out the same high-standard reel. He does a fine

FISHING THE PACIFIC

job on all his reels. I like them more with the Penn the older I get.

The great Fin-Nor reel is now being manufactured by the Tycoon Rod Company in Miami. They still put out their regular-size reel, which is between a 12/0 and 14/0 and also manufacture special orders of a very large 4/0 reel that is approximately equivalent to the 6/0 Vom Hofe. You can't beat the big Fin-Nor's for a good smooth drag and fine handling reel. Mike Lerner, Alfred Glassell, and many other anglers swear by them. If I owned a 14/0 I would naturally use it with 54-thread. If I were located around the tuna nets in Nova Scotia when net fishing I would use 39-thread line on my 14/0. The 14/0 also, of course, recovers the 39-thread more rapidly than 12/0 because of the larger gear ratio. This is a mighty important point to remember in using all sizes of line on different size reels. It is a trick that every experienced angler knows, particularly the crack light-tackle men who have learned from doing. Put more line on the reel or use the larger reel to get line back faster. Keep this in mind the next time you go out to buy a reel. This is the reason that we use 3-thread line on 6/0 reels, with backing.

On big fish I would never use any reel smaller than a 6/0. On my 12/0 I always use 39-thread line and 24-thread line. Mrs. Farrington puts 24- on a 12/0 for big fish. The 12/0 Vom Hofe take six hundred 39-thread and eight hundred 24-thread. I have owned one of my 12/0 Vom Hofe's since 1929 and it is still as good as new. These 12/0 reels are, I feel, big enough to take fish of any size in any waters of the world.

In the modern school of fighting the fish a comparatively light drag is often kept on the reel, heavy pressure being put

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

on the line with gloved hand by either one of two methods—holding the line against the grip or else pulling it out between the reel and the first guide directly away from the rod. By using either of these methods the angler can react more quickly to the heavy surge or rush of the fish by letting go of the line rather than by manipulating the pilot wheel or star. I still rely heavily on the pilot wheel as I get a great deal of pleasure out of working it. I also believe that the Vom Hofe reels have the best and smoothest drag, not to mention the many variations of tension you can put on them. Of course, the throw-off feature of the Vom Hofe and Penn is indispensable to me in slacking back to big fish and is also in an excellent position for convenience and safety. I believe it is much better to have a throw-off so you can leave your striking drag set where it was originally instead of having to screw up the star before you can strike the fish and then not know how much tension is on it because, of course, it cannot be tested beforehand. The guides love the Fin-Nors because they can see the spindle and know a novice's drag.

If you are worried about the backlashes or the reel running over when dropping back, simply put the click on until you have struck the fish. This will give it just a small amount of tension and may ease your mind. I can honestly say that I have never had a major backlash with a Vom Hofe reel that I was not immediately able to clear myself, and I have never lost a fish through a backlash. Maybe I have been lucky, but I am giving the credit to the reel—and I can say the same for Mrs. Farrington's experience. We have never had a single Vom Hofe reel go wrong on us in all our fishing, with but two exceptions, both of which were no fault of the reel.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Frankly I don't think much of the 9/o reel. It is actually only good for 15-thread work and doesn't take enough 24-thread to really do a job. Also, with 24-thread it does not recover line rapidly enough. Even if you don't need a great length of line when the boat is being handled correctly—as it usually is these days—it is always wise to have that extra little bit for unforeseen emergencies such as kelp, floating wreckage or driftwood, a tug with a tow, a ship, or even an attack from a shark. I consider the smaller size Vom Hofe's—particularly the 6/o—unbeatable. I have owned one 6/o for twenty-six years and my 4/o for thirty-one years, and they still give excellent service.

The Fin-Nor reel is very strongly made and their 15/o corresponds to a Vom Hofe 14/o. They have a beautiful reel seat and their system of counterbracing is the best in the market. Some of them come equipped with a low-gear feature in which I see no advantage. If the angler cannot raise the fish with the high-gear ratio he shouldn't be out in the boat, so there is no reason for him to have the other gear. The Fin-Nor reel, changed frequently in design and model, has now finally been perfected and will, I believe, be standardized from here on. I have found that the Fin-Nor is more difficult to reel than the Vom Hofe and Penn because you cannot spin it as favorably, but it is a fine big game reel of today. However, it costs \$595 compared with the \$525 for the Vom Hofe 12/o, now the Zwarg, or \$80 for a Penn. The Fin-Nor was the first reel to be manufactured with the egg-shaped handle, which is certainly easier on the angler's hands and wrists. It is a great novice's or beginner's reel.

Fortunately the cradle reel is practically obsolete. I never

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

did have any use for it; to me it represented only unnecessary extra weight. The reel is constantly giving the angler trouble with the different types of rods and the ferrule.

The two-handle reel was originally put out by Fin-Nor, but, thank heaven, this bizarre innovation was barred by the International Game Fish Association and the idea has now been discarded and forgotten.

The curved butt put out by Tycoon at the request of some of the Bimini tuna anglers is being ridiculed throughout the world, and I think rightfully so. In Australia and New Zealand it would be prohibited and I do not understand why the International Game Fish Association has not taken such steps. This reasoning is prompted by the fact that if you consistently tolerate such gadgets other freaks like the two-handle reel, and similar artificial aids to fishing, will proliferate. Personally I think the curved butt more hinders than helps the angler. Very few fishermen are using it. The idea is that it helps cut down on the length of the rod tip—which to me is just trying to corner a little too sharply. No doubt the International Game Fish Association would have barred this butt, but some 80 per cent of the people they queried replied that they thought it would die a natural death and that therefore there was no point in ruling against it. Needless to say, many of the persons polled were not big game anglers. It is almost dead. It looks like a "deformity."

Many fine fish also have been caught on Hardy reels, widely used in such British possessions as New Zealand and Australia. Since they lack the throw-off feature, they do not stand so high on my list. The only other reels I would possibly think of using are made by the Penn Reel Company,

FISHING THE PACIFIC

and the Penn Senators have given the salt-water fishing fraternity a line of reels, in large and small sizes, which have caught some very elegant fish and given some laudable performances. For an inexpensive reel, the Penn is hard to beat. The late Otto Henze, former president of the Penn Reel Company in Philadelphia, was an enterprising fisherman. He spent a great deal of time on the beaches of the North Atlantic coast and was ready and willing to tackle fish anywhere. John Egly, a fine angler and all-round salt-water sportsman and marine expert, married Henze's widow, and the two of them are doing a fine and helpful job for the fishing fraternity in the way they are operating the plant and business. Henze started the company in 1933. He should be remembered forever for what he has done for fishing and the anglers of the world.

The Penn Company makes the finest surfcasting reels obtainable. Their Squidder is beyond words, and more anglers use it than any other good reel. The price is nominal—only twenty-seven dollars. My second choice would be their Surfmaster, a wonderful reel selling for around fifteen dollars. Nothing can beat either of these. They can be taken apart very easily and have a nice little drag. The Squidders set up on ball bearings and when the fins are taken off the spools, which are lightweight, I believe you can get more distance with them than with any other reel. They will really spin! The Surfmaster carries a little more line.

Any of the small Penn reels like the Long Beach and Silver Beach may be used for trolling and casting for small fish. For instance, I have taken a 3-thread sailfish weighing around 55 pounds—it was released so I cannot tell exactly—on a 4/0

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

Penn Senator, and I took the 3-thread barracuda record of twenty-one and a half pounds on their five-dollar No. 155, so you can see that they give a good account of themselves. The No. 155 is another small, inexpensive casting reel that is excellent.

They have a fine new level-wind reel No. 209 and the Sailfisher is already very popular.

The Penn Company also manufactures a complete line of left-handed reels in thirty-seven models. This is a grand thing not only for southpaw fishermen but for the physically handicapped—war casualties, and others who, like myself, frequently cast left-handed because of an arm injury. Then also, many good casters are using them so that they can reel faster without changing hands as the jig hits the water.

Tom Bates' 1352-pound black marlin, the world's second largest fish, was caught on a Penn Senator—as was his 1060-pounder in 1952. At the time this pair was the largest of any kind ever caught.

For bonefishing I like the Shakespeare Service very much, and use it for plug casting for big tarpon.

For bait casting the Pflueger Supremes are tops. For any kind of fresh- or salt-water casting for small fish they can't be surpassed. They never corrode and they have never failed me. Many bonefishermen also use the Pflueger Bond if they don't want any sort of star drag. The Pflueger Medalist is, I believe, by far the best reel to use for salt-water fly fishing. If you buy any of these reels for the various types of fishing mentioned, you can't go wrong. The companies manufacturing them are all first rate, the product excellent. Since for any one of a number of reasons you may want to sell or exchange

FISHING THE PACIFIC

your reel, it's the one piece of equipment you should not mark with your name or initial.

If anything goes wrong with your reel don't open it up and attempt to correct it yourself, but send it back to the manufacturer. After all, with the number of fishing reels manufactured today it is only natural that a defect may show up now and then in one of them. Even though it may have cost you your fish and you are pretty sore about it at the time, give the reel company a chance to remedy the trouble. Make it a habit to send your reels back to the manufacturer once every two or three years for an overhauling or even once a year or after a fishing trip if they have been given very hard usage. Believe it or not, I have never opened a reel or allowed any of mine to be opened by anyone.

I always use Penn Reel Oil. It has served me well. I do not believe that reels ever get enough oil. Be sure that you use a first-grade reel oil. Fine reel slick is also a good thing to use. The Fin-Nor reels do not require lubrication. I oil my Vom Hofe's and Penn's every week when I am using them and after every catch if the fight has lasted more than an hour. I believe that reels should be oiled once a month when not in use, although unfortunately I cannot say that I practice this commendable habit myself. But I try to give them a shot at least two or three times a year. If your reel starts to heat up while you are fighting a fish, call for the oil can and give it a drop or two. But remember to do it yourself or you will disqualify your fish. It is a good idea to wipe off your reel with fresh water every night after your trip, and always make sure that no sand or grit gets into or even near the reel. More than any other salt-water anglers surfmen have

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

to guard against this. Many surf fishermen dip the whole reel into the water to wet their line. I never do, preferring to pour water over the reel spool and then to make several short casts before beginning to toss it out.

THE HARNESS

Fourth in importance for the heavy-tackle angler is the harness. There is only one place for it and that is around the waist. The snap should be very strong and made of first-grade metal that will not rust, since you do not want anything rusty near the line. For the same reason no hook should ever be laid across the line or on the reel. Most of the first-grade harnesses today are made of sponge rubber, and in all the latest models the rubber is covered over and the harness reinforced with leather. It is of utmost importance that the harness fit the reel you are using, and don't forget to have it fitted before you hook your fish—even though the harness and the chair are the two items of equipment that may be touched or adjusted by someone else from the time you have hooked your fish until the boatman takes the leader.

A woman angler, especially when she is fighting a big fish, should have a first-class harness that fits her perfectly across the small of her back. Mrs. Farrington has one she swears by that was made for her by the Tycoon Tackle Company in 1940. It has saved her a lot of punishment. In my opinion, the Tycoon harness is by all odds the best on the market today. This company even supplies them attached to a fine cushion seat which will fit around the gimbel. Personally I do not use the seat, although a great many anglers do.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

I am still using what I believe was the second sponge-rubber harness ever built. Although I have had it since 1935, it is still giving grand service and it is plenty good enough for me even though I cannot adjust the length of the snaps from the harness. This is simply red sponge rubber sewed onto an old piece of canvas to which the snaps are fastened by 39-thread. If memory serves, Mike Lerner and I were the first to use this type of harness. What the harness is to the heavy-tackle fisherman, the rod belt is to the light-tackle angler who stands up and walks around while fighting his fish. The rod belt should have a metal sheath with sponge rubber on the inside and a good strong belt and buckle to fit around the waist. The rod socket or gimbel should be in front of the rod belt attached to the metal sheath and should move up and down. This gives the angler complete protection for his abdomen and he can handle the rod just as if he were sitting in a chair. It will not slip out of the gimbel as was the case with the old-style leather-belt socket or when a rubber ball was screwed into the end of the rod butt. Many of the light-tackle butts built today have regular slots for the use of this kind of belt just as their big brothers do. The Tycoon Company also makes the best light-tackle rod belt I have ever used. They call it a fishing girdle.

GAFFS

The finest gaffs I have ever seen were built in southern California. The detachable, or flying, gaff is by far the best kind, with a fine sturdy hook, a magnificently flanged seven-foot pole and the string to release the hook after the fish has

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

been gaffed. This releasing mechanism is a marvelous improvement over the old type of flying gaff. My gaff was used on my 853-pound broadbill in Chile in 1941, and my 1135-pound black marlin in 1952. A big hook is best.

Like the term "foul-hooked" the name "flying gaff" is coming in for some unwarranted criticism. It is really a detachable gaff that was invented to protect the boatmen's hands and feet from the gaff handle whipping around when it could not be detached from the head while in a green fish. (Just try to hold a green fish with a gaff handle and see how you like it.)

The International Game Fish Association allows twenty-five feet of rope and a flying gaff and any fish can be held on six feet of that gear. While it has been done, it is a pretty hard trick to throw a gaff at a fish and have it take hold, and it would be very difficult if he were more than ten feet away from the boat. It is a good rule, however, as a fish should not be played on a gaff rope and, in fact, one should never have occasion to do so, for with one gaff in him it ought to be pretty easy to ram home a second.

PERSUADERS

The finest persuaders I have ever seen are also made by the Tycoon Tackle Company. Sometimes called "marlin maulers," the heavy sizes are made of *lignum vitae* and the less expensive models of heavy hickory. I have taken mine everywhere with me and they were particularly admired by the Chileans, Mexicans, New Zealanders, and Australians, who

FISHING THE PACIFIC

liked them better than any they had ever used. A sawed-off baseball bat or a rolling pin minus the handle also make good persuaders. Big fish should be hit with vigor, prevision and judgment. The head, between and just above the eyes, is the only place a wallop will knock them out. Don't ever be hesitant about using a persuader as much as you want to before lifting your fish into the boat. They are of no use on mako sharks because you cannot knock a shark out as you do a game fish. The small baseball type—a tiny baseball bat full of lead—is handled by Bob Kleiser at his Tackle Shop in West Palm Beach, Florida, and is excellent for bludgeoning sailfish or other small species like barracuda.

HOOKS AND LEADERS

The only hook I would ever use if I could possibly get it in any size is the Mustad. Both in strength and ability to hook fish with consistency it is by all odds the best hook on the market and the best ever made. I have rarely heard of one straightening out or opening up, and it is positively the only hook I would ever think of employing with 54-thread. It is made in Oslo, Norway, and, since the war, is fairly easy to obtain in this country, and is in especially good supply in Nova Scotia. It comes in several different styles and is fine and strong in hooking fish. I have never had any trouble with it with 39-thread line, while I have had four other well-known hooks open up on big marlin when using similar line. This Norwegian company has the finest heating and gives the best treatment to the hooks I have ever seen. I know because I was there. Johannes Westerby, a smart angler, sportsman

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

and grand patriot during World War II, heads the selling end of the company along with Robert Dahl.

The Pflueger Sobey is the best American hook, but should be used on 24-thread or lighter. The 9/0 and 10/0 sizes are good, and for small fish are, of course, perfectly adequate.

It is best to avoid all types of hooks that are too thick and too large, no matter how beautiful and shapely the point. It stands to reason that you will never catch fish if you can't set that hook. Some of the five- and ten-dollar jobs of Monel metal or other rustless alloys shine like your wife's silver teapot and are so large that they couldn't be driven home by Lerner and Hemingway combined, let alone a man of average size.

Tuna are fish that you don't have to worry about as much as marlin and swordfish so far as hooks opening up is concerned, but I still think you would be better off sticking to Mustads. It is definitely a crack idea to offset any hook a trifle, particularly for the marlin or swordfish. This I think is an absolute must, too often overlooked by people fishing. Every hook in New Zealand and Australia must be offset. New Zealand experts wouldn't have a marlin hook on the boat that wasn't offset, and they all believe in big hooks. They would rather use a big shark hook than any hook smaller than a 14/0 or 15/0 Mustad, and everywhere in the world anglers use Mustads if they can possibly get them.

For broadbill swordfish, black, blue, and silver marlin, mako sharks, thresher sharks, and when drift fishing or net fishing for giant tuna, I would always use a stainless-steel cable leader that tests between 500 and 600 pounds (known, I believe, in the trade as size No. 12). I would, of course,

FISHING THE PACIFIC

only use this size with 24-thread or heavier. For striped marlin, Pacific sailfish or Allison tuna, I would use the same type of stainless-steel cable leader referred to in the trade as No. 7, testing 240 pounds. I have had marvelous results with this wire, and I use it for all my 6- and 9-thread fishing. I used to consider it too large for 6-thread, but I learned from experience that I was wrong.

The two kinds described are the only two that meet my requirements. My experience with any of the smaller sizes or any of the braided type is that they always kink up when slacking back to a billfish and usually they end up wound around his bill. I have lost good fish with small cable leaders and don't intend to suffer that agony again. You will have a fish on for a run and then get the bait without a mark on it, the leader showing eloquent evidence of one thing—that it has been around the fish's bill. Under certain conditions when trolling for big-eye tuna or Allison tuna I would use No. 16 piano wire, and for the giant tuna fishing off Bimini and Cat Cay many anglers double No. 16. Experience has taught me that when trolling for big tuna the best results are obtained from piano wire, but since it does not shine on the water when drifting or net fishing a cable leader is the best type. For striped marlin, Pacific sailfish, wahoo, and dolphin I would use No. 10 piano wire, fifteen-foot length for the first two species, ten-foot for the wahoo and four-foot for the dolphin or any of the smaller fish if you are after them exclusively. The size of leader should always be governed by the line you are using and the length of the fish you are going after, but don't forget the rules of the International Game Fish Association.

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

I always make a loop in the end of the leader and use nothing but plain snaps of various sizes except on occasion for 6- and 9-thread work when I employ a snap with a barrel swivel of a very small size. In my opinion swivels are just one more unnecessary link, particularly if your baits are well rigged and swim properly. I don't think they help the line much if at all, and they definitely cause bubbles, thus attracting other fish. This has been proved true many times by the number of lines that have been cut just behind the swivel. The only reason that I still use a swivel with 6- and 9-thread is that I haven't broken the habit. If there is even a bare possibility of giving that little line the least bit of a break I always try to do so. The only swivel I have ever used with heavy tackle is the Apex.

I have never had a knot (you are right, I am knocking on wood as I write this) go wrong on me. The only knot I use is the reef knot. I seize the ends protruding from the knot with regulation dental tape which I also use to seize the other end of the double line besides making a wrap about every foot in a fifteen-foot double line and every two feet in a twenty-five-foot double line with the tape. This dental tape is a wonderfully useful addition to a fisherman's tackle box. It was first introduced to me by Roy Bouche, one of the finest guides on the Atlantic coast. Very easy to handle, clean and inexpensive, it has it all over thread or light line for seizing and wrapping—besides possessing the fragrance of peppermint and being good to chew on if you get a bit hungry. Don't fail to try it. I recommend it as highly for its purpose as anything I have praised in this book.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

FISHING BOATS AND THEIR EQUIPMENT

From 1933 to 1936 I thought I would be damned particular if I had my choice of the kind of fishing boat I wanted. I felt at the time that, although not an absolute necessity, it was fairly important to have twin motors and that the boat should be from twenty-eight to thirty-two feet in length if you really wanted the ideal craft for quick maneuvering.

But since that era I have caught large fish out of rowboats, skiffs, dories, sampans, commercial boats, boats used for fishing at Guam and the Philippines by Naval officers during the war. I have also fished from various pleasure craft that had never been intended for big game fishing—so now I've changed my mind. I believe that the important thing is to have a clearheaded hand at the wheel, one who will keep cool and knows how to handle the boat. He should, of course, have had some fishing experience, but I believe if he knows enough to follow instructions he can operate the boat satisfactorily by taking orders from an experienced angler during the fight. I do not mean to imply that topside controls, twin motors, twin rudders, and high-speed engines are not assets—they certainly are. But I'm convinced that the ultra-modern fishing craft with its plethora of luxurious appointments, in use off so many Atlantic coast ports, is not absolutely essential to an angler's success in taking fish.

I still prefer a thirty-foot boat for light-tackle fishing and fast handling, especially if the water conditions are fairly smooth and if you can return to port every night without too

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

long a run. If I were buying a boat for extended cruising and sleeping aboard offshore, my choice would be a forty-two-footer. If you can afford it, a speedy craft is an asset, not only in going to and from the fishing grounds but primarily because of the territory she can cover. This ranging radius is especially desirable when swordfishing. Usually the more territory you can cover, the more finning fish you can find. I have fished from many beautiful boats of all descriptions but if I were asked to name a couple of the best I would pick the Cape Island boats at Cabo Blanco as far the best. They are better than any I have fished from although I have been aboard many excellent thirty-two- to forty-two-footers. It is tough to pick one that is better than the others. For a Diesel engine I much prefer the General Motors; for gasoline the Chrysler.

All of my ideas on boats, how to build them and equip them, are in my book *Sport Fishing Boats*, published in 1949 by W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York City.

I like a boat that has the fish box and a bait box large enough to hold several 15-pound baits in the cockpit. I prefer a kingpost to other devices for hoisting fish aboard. For instance, I would rather work the block and tackle from the side of the boat and a kingpost than from a roller on the stern. I think every boat should have some kind of lookout or mast; this, of course, is indispensable when swordfishing. Uptop controls, of course, provide for this.

Many anglers are very particular about a fighting chair. I was, too, until I had taken fish while sitting on top of ice-boxes, bait boxes, fish boxes with the gimbals screwed into them. Of course, there are many wonderful fighting chairs

FISHING THE PACIFIC

in use on fishing boats today. You can pay as much as five hundred dollars for one. For big fish I want only a single fighting chair and that must be placed in the center. If you are going for small fish there should be two chairs. The back, of course, should always come out and the foot bracing should be adjustable to meet the physical requirements of different anglers. I have never considered that the holders for drinks and other such luxurious appointments with which some of the Atlantic coast boat chairs are provided are necessary. The chair should always be raised as high as possible and many of the fine elevated chairs have the iron pipe arrangement for foot bracing which is very comfortable and effective. The Wedgeport chair is my favorite. I want a tough one.

The radiotelephone is a fine thing to have aboard a fish boat, but I have never regarded it as an essential adjunct. It is an excellent safety feature as well as a real help in locating fish that have been found by other boats miles away. Also, it is pleasant to be able to report to shore when you are kept out late at night fighting a fish, so that it will not be necessary for other fishermen or fish guides to put out and hunt for you. I can most emphatically state that I have never fished anywhere where fishermen and guides are not always ready and willing to disrupt their plans and stay out all night, if need be, to look for an overdue angler. The only trouble with the radiotelephone is that it can be a source of annoyance many times during the day. For instance, you pick it up to send an important message only to find other fishing captains monopolizing the air waves with interminable conversation which could be ended after a minute or two, and you will hear others who are merely using the telephone

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

because they have it on board and like to hear themselves talk.

I have no use for wooden teasers. Your bait should be your teaser, so why have a wooden plug out there that, if hit by a billfish before you can get it, will so alarm him that he probably will not be seen again? I doubt if you would hit your head against a piece of wood a second time, and I believe the average fish reacts the same way. He would be so frightened that he would sound immediately. If you want to use a teaser, put a whole dead fish out there but keep it short inside the bait and have one man stationed on it all the time. Don't let him take his eyes off it. I call teasers "desperation divers," definitely to be used as a last resort late in the afternoon or some time when you haven't been able to do anything else. Actually they shouldn't be used even then.

I'm always amused when some people say they would not have outriggers on their boats because they make the hooking of fish automatic. It is twice as hard to hook a fish from the outrigger as it is in the wake, for you cannot feel him until the line comes down and therefore cannot use the judgment with him that you would if he hit the bait when you had the rod in your hand. It is very difficult to determine how much slack should be left flying in the air from an outrigger. Since you almost always have to, and definitely should, freespool the reel after the line has come out—what difference does it make? If you try to hook the average marlin with the amount of dropback that is on the outrigger you will usually find that you will miss him and will then have to reel fast in order to get him back to the bait—the correct procedure, by the way, when you fail to hook a fish. Race the bait back and hold the reel on freespool with the bait about

FISHING THE PACIFIC

twenty feet from the stern or as near as you can get it before he grabs it again. The chief functions of the outrigger are to raise fish and act as teasers. In the twenty-four years they have been used they have added much to the development of salt-water fishing, except in Chile and Peru where the fishing is so good they are a hindrance.

THE TACKLE BOX

Since 1935 I have owned, and always taken with me, one of the old, large-size Vom Hofe tackle boxes. I do not always lug it aboard the boat but take what I need out of it to put into my 12/0 leather reel boxes which were also originally designed by Vom Hofe. I put in enough things like wire, pliers, hooks and oil so that I need not take the big box on the fish boat with me. Neither this nor my tackle box are built any more, but I hope someday that someone will duplicate them. The tackle box is about a foot deep, a foot and a half wide, and approximately three feet long. It has two trays and a reel compartment in the bottom and it can just about be carried by one man. The trays and cover are so arranged that if the box is upset nothing will fall out of the bottom. It is covered with a good grade of tan leather that is not affected by salt water. It used to retail for about fifty-five dollars, and there were also two smaller sizes. I shall try to describe my own tackle box.

The upper tray is divided into sections of various sizes. The very small ones on the right side carry hooks up to size 8/0, swivels, snaps, threads for sewing baits, and dental tape. The next section carries reel oil, stones, hooks, and other

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

accessories for repairing rods. Another section carries flashlights, tools, screw drivers and a reel wrench. Another carries sunglasses; another feathers and artificial lures; another bait, sewing needles and other large hooks; and another the Hardy butt wrenches, employed when I used to fish these rods.

A large tray in the center holds sunburn lotions. A second tray is divided into three sections. All the new leaders are kept on the left side. These consist of spools of wire, both piano and stainless-steel cable. On the right side are stored all the leaders that have been in the water, and in the center is a compartment for a camera and another for bonefish hooks and sinkers. On the bottom there is a first-aid kit, a large flashlight, a Tycoon girdle belt, tire tape, extra harness snaps, extra 6- and 9-thread line, gloves, a book on navigation, a small pair of binoculars, charts, and all the reels up to size 9/0.

ACCESSORIES

Fishing Gloves

One of the most important needs of a fisherman is a pair of good gloves. The best I have ever used are the "Fisherman's Friend" made by the Indianapolis Glove Company of Indianapolis. They cost around fifty cents a pair and are pure white—colored gloves should never be used because of the danger of getting dye on the line. Each "Fisherman's Friend" glove has a small band on the back to insure its fitting snugly. I have never seen a pair of these gloves wear out before they've been subjected to rugged use for thirty-five to forty minutes. They are an excellent glove to wear when taking the leader and, by the way, let me warn you that gloves

FISHING THE PACIFIC

should always be worn when the leader is taken or when handlining the fish around the boat as well as when fighting him.

A good many smart fishermen don two pairs of gloves when taking a piano-wire leader. Before discovering "Fisherman's Friend," I used to wear regulation polo gloves. They wear through in a couple of hours, and are far too expensive. I am a firm believer in wearing gloves for both light- and heavy-tackle fishing down to 6-thread. On the 3- and 6-thread work I would not keep them on my hands because one must have more *feel* than the glove can naturally yield. The "Fisherman's Friend" has a sensitivity that is communicated to the hand. Your hands being just about the most important part of your anatomy when you are trying to catch fish, every possible precaution should be taken to guard them against line burns, cuts, blisters and bruises. There is also a ladies' "Fisherman's Friend" on the market.

Hats

There is only one type of hat I would wear on a fishing trip and that is the long-peaked Block Island commercial swordfisherman's hat. The good ones, obtainable in either brown, blue or white, have holes in the crown for ventilation. These hats, I think, give the eyes the best protection and are a genuine help in spotting fish. They are effective in keeping the sun off your lips, chin, nose and cheeks.

Fishing Clothes

While fighting a fish I like to wear Sperry Topsiders, shorts and a crew or polo shirt—the last to protect my back from

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

the harness or if the weather is chilly. If the weather is warm I never wear a shirt. I usually wear a sweatshirt in place of a sweater, but it is better not to have outer garments that have to be pulled over the head. I use the safari type of fishing coat and like it better than any other I have ever owned, although I very seldom wear it in the cockpit. I simply use its pockets as repositories for various odds and ends. When going topside or aloft, looking for fish, I don a heavy lumberman's jacket with a lumberman's shirt underneath if needed. Such shirts are good for general use as they can be slipped off easily and do not have to be pulled over the head. If I have to wear long trousers I choose khaki or, in a very cold locale, corduroy. I never wear socks except with rubber boots, and my preference in the latter is the short doryman's type which reach only to the knee and are no hindrance when you are fighting a fish. For my outside waterproof garment I prefer the khaki-colored rubberized trousers, made for the surf fisherman, instead of the regulation oilskins. They tie around the waist instead of depending on suspenders. The Masland people manufacture comfortable trousers of this type. They also put out the rubber pullover with hood attached which is pulled right over the swordfisherman's hat so there is no need to wear a rainproof job. These rain jackets with ample pockets are much more supple than regular oilskins; however they do have to be pulled over the head. I also use the Abercrombie and Fitch alpaca-lined waterproof Navy jacket in cold weather.

Be sure to wear shorts that have no buckles at the sides, for the harness is likely to press the metal against you with decidedly uncomfortable results. I get mine from Brooks

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Brothers, the New York firm that has supplied all my fishing and shooting clothes. I like my shorts very roomy. I have had to cut bathing trunks and regular squash shorts off me on two occasions because of their tight fit. With ladies aboard it is damned embarrassing to have to fight a fish naked except for a jockstrap (incidentally, I think that an athletic supporter should always be worn when a big fish is being fought).

Binoculars

A good pair of binoculars is one of the most important of a fisherman's accessories. While I have never made it a practice to use them constantly when looking for finning fish, as some fishermen do, they certainly are a great help in distinguishing swordfish from sharks at a distance. They also serve to observe other fishing boats, ranges on shore, and are most important as a navigational aid. One of their most valuable uses is for bird watching. This is a fascinating pastime that provides relaxation for the ambient angler in all parts of the world.

I have had a pair of Carl Zeiss 7 x 50's, the lightweight type (which, however, do not have coated lenses) since 1934, and carry them all over the world because they are light and are stowed in a convenient case. I also use the Bausch & Lomb 7 x 50's, which are terrifically powerful. They were used by the Navy in World War II, have coated lenses and do not have the central eye focusing in the middle. I believe that 7 x 50's are the strongest glass that should be used on a fish boat on account of its vibration. I also have the Bausch & Lomb 7 x 35, which is a good glass and very light. Bausch

& Lomb and Zeiss are tops. If you are going to buy binoculars get the best pair you can possibly afford and be sure they are lightweight.

Sun Protection

In tropic climes I have cruised for many days aboard fishing boats on deck fourteen hours a day, wearing nothing but shorts. I never burn, but my mouth and chin always give me trouble. At the same time I have as tough a beard as the next man, and for years my chin has bothered me, particularly in the afternoon when the sun's reflection from the water is most intense. Consequently, for long stretches I was compelled to limit my shaving to once in every three or four days and had to tie a silk handkerchief around my chin and mouth in the afternoon to protect them. This condition continued until I began to apply Noxzema before shaving and eventually used Noxzema shaving cream. They have not only been a lifesaver for me but have won the affection of my wife and friends. Though my face doesn't automatically terrify children it is not the type that is notably improved by a three-day black stubble. I still have to use a handkerchief in the afternoon in southern climates. Offshore, as a sunburn preventive for chin and mouth I usually apply Unguentine. On my body I never use anything but pure coconut oil, although it is much too strong for many people, tending to dry their skin. Of course, there is nothing like Noxzema after you have been burned, and I also use the Noxzema suntan lotion if the sun is not too hot during the daytime. Many people think No-Burn is the best of the burn preventives. I have used it rarely, yet it is probably one of the best of all

FISHING THE PACIFIC

sunburn lotions. Poslam is the best cure I've come across for bad lips. It can also be used as a preventative.

Seasickness

I can heartily sympathize with the many people who like to go offshore but are deterred by the fear of getting seasick. If I suffered chronically from the malady I doubt if I would go fishing. Although I happen to be lucky in this respect I know plenty of anglers who are consistent victims. I also know many others who have achieved an immunity. Therefore I would hold out hope to the average person who wants to go into the offshore fishing game. From people who have been sick a great deal, and through my own observations, I have gathered a little information that may be helpful.

I would eschew orange juice for breakfast if I were going to sea, and I would avoid bacon and eggs or other fried foods. It is best, in fact, to go out hungry. A little dry toast should be sufficient. I don't even approve of coffee. Fishing guides and commercial fishermen tell me that 90 per cent of the people they have seen seasick had orange juice or bacon and eggs for breakfast, or both, and from my own observations I have found this to be true.

It's best to put to sea on an empty stomach or having partaken of grapefruit and a bit of dry toast. Then when the pangs of hunger attack you about noon, try some good hot consommé or chicken broth and rice, and a chicken, tongue or peanut-butter sandwich. Such a snack should carry you through the rest of the day, or at least to the point where you have forgotten the threat of *mal de mer*. For dessert, if you

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

crave it, fresh peaches, pears or apples are the best things you can eat. Above all, stay away from anything fried. If soup betrays the least trace of grease don't touch it. Coffee, in my estimation, is a poor drink for anyone subject to seasickness. However, I think a bottle of cold Coca-Cola is fine for settling the stomach at any time. Iced Coca-Cola has been a lifesaver for me at many places where I've fished, and I have often drunk a dozen bottles a day without ill effect. Off the Isthmus of Panama in the Perlas Islands, when all the water in the boat went bad in 1939 I lived on Coca-Cola exclusively for six days. They even drink it on the fish boats in New Zealand, and that is a big compliment to it.

If you begin to feel seasick on a fish boat, go topside immediately. Face forward and breathe deeply of the invigorating air. Never go below. If you want to sleep, sleep on deck. I have slept innumerable hours on cabin roofs aboard both commercial and sportfishing boats and I never rolled except once. The one time I failed to stay put was in August, 1941, when I was fishing off Montauk. Luckily I only struck my thigh on the combing and not my head as I fell into the Atlantic, so it really wasn't serious.

I believe the smell of Diesel fuel oil on a small boat is worse than that of gasoline, although fuel oil on a big ship has never bothered me and I love the smell of the exhaust of an oil-burning locomotive or a Diesel. But if you're inclined to be seasick be sure to keep clear of the engine room and the exhaust fumes.

If we could guarantee our friends' actions every minute they would probably never think about being seasick. But since we can't, the next best thing is to follow advice. Many

of the people who are sick would probably get over it if they could go out for two or three days in a row.

I am always careful of my diet for the first two or three days on a trip, and never partake of a heavy breakfast at any time. Only once have I been actually sick on the water. This was in 1925, on a commercial boat about twenty-five miles southwest of Nantucket Lightship. I tried eating tomato sandwiches that had been in line with a leaking exhaust pipe. However, I have felt ill on several occasions, and yet have always managed to pull out of it by following the suggestions outlined above, especially the one about going topsides and getting the air. I might add that nothing is likely to be of help if you have been on a gay party the night before and are consequently going fishing with a terrible hangover. Under such conditions only the balm of time can aid you. I'm convinced that no liquor of any kind is a preventive or cure for seasickness. It is as out of place aboard a fishboat as in a duck blind. Wait until you get ashore to drink. Then do all the celebrating you wish, or else drown your sorrows. You will do a hell of a lot more of the latter after a big game fishing trip than you will of the former.

At last there is an effective seasick remedy on the market—Dramamine. People who have tried it tell me it really works.

Sunglasses

All anglers, and most particularly those who are subject to seasickness, should constantly wear sunglasses—the best procurable—and always have an extra pair along. I am convinced that a great deal of seasickness is due to eyestrain. Reading on board a fish boat is bad for the eyes. I believe that the only

good color for sunglasses is dark clear glass. I have tried all kinds and makes and am satisfied that the best that can be purchased are the Crookes lenses which come in four different shades: Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. My choice is No. 2 and I swear by it. If you use dark instead of colored glasses, you will get much more enjoyment out of the tints of the water as well as the brilliant hues of the different fish. You will also find it much easier to distinguish the different species under water. Everyone to whom I have presented a pair of Crookes lenses has immediately fallen in love with them. As all eyes are different, however, it is best to obtain the sunglasses most suited to your needs.

Abercrombie and Fitch make a specialty of advising anglers on the choice of proper sunglasses for fishing and other outdoor sports.

Navigation

There are many salt-water anglers who, whether fishing in their own boats or aboard chartered craft, pay little attention to navigation. This is unwise not only from the safety-first point of view but also because it's essential to know when you are on the right spot and over the correct bottom. So try to determine your position by reference to U. S. Geodetic survey charts. You should have these aboard and note on them where you have seen fish that day and the day before. It is always advisable to keep checking your position and course as well as the passage of time.

For a practical guide to elementary navigation I recommend a copy of the handbook *Primer of Navigation*. This book should be in every fisherman's tackle box. It embodies

FISHING THE PACIFIC

the pilot rules, tells how to distinguish lights, buoys and fog signals, explains the compass, how to plot a course and take bearings. It introduces you to celestial navigation in such a manner that you do not have to be a mathematics professor to understand it. The late George Mixter deserves a vote of thanks from yachtsmen and sport fishermen for his grand contribution toward helping the layman learn navigation the easy way.

My friend the late Paul Townsend was the greatest navigator among my fishing friends and acquaintances. Hugo Rutherford and Ben Crowninshield are remarkably capable and Joe Gale is another expert in the art. Alfred Glassell always pays minute attention to charts, ranges and bottom.

Light Tackle versus Heavy

One of the greatest rewards of salt-water fishing comes to the man who, after taking different sizes of fish on heavier line, can cut down his line to smaller sizes and still succeed in boating a goodly number of fish. This is one of the great achievements in the salt-water game. It is possible to change the complexion by changing the size of the line. At the same time, light-tackle fishing is a test of good sportsmanship in its highest expression. The expert must not be selfish and take all his companions' fishing time in attempting to boat a fish on 9-thread when 15-thread or larger should be used. I think that a man equipped with 15-thread and a 10-ounce rod going out after school tuna would be pretty sore, and rightfully so, if a shipmate elected to use 6-thread on these junior torpedoes. The lighter-thread man would probably have to fight them for from thirty minutes to an hour, thereby immobiliz-

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

ing the rest of the party and causing the guide to lose a school of fish that otherwise might still have been surfacing.

If, on the other hand, the whole party elected to use 6- and 9-thread, everybody would have the same opportunity and everybody probably would have a good time. There is no doubt that small fish in the Atlantic, like the dolphin, bonito and school tuna, show their true colors when caught on light tackle. It is unfortunate that these grand fish so often have to be taken on heavy outfits that have been trolling for marlin or other large fish. But while there is bigger game in the sea most of us who have spent many hard days on fishing trips will always want to catch them ahead of the little fellows.

After I have caught enough large fish on heavy tackle I reduce my line size so as to take little ones on the lighter outfits, but I would never jeopardize the only chance I might have of catching one or two fish on one trip by so doing, and I doubt if I would ever go after broadbill swordfish or black marlin with any other tackle than that suitable for them.

To take a fish over 150 pounds on 6-thread or one over 300 pounds on 9-thread is definitely stunt fishing. It provides a terrific thrill when you are successful but I don't think it should be done continuously at the expense of breaking off fish to swim around with your hook in their mouths, gills, stomachs or hearts. I don't consider it sporting to try to catch fish on very light tackle merely to satisfy one's vanity.

I know anglers who feel that as long as they are strong enough to fight a fish with heavy tackle and are able to put it to them they will never use light tackle for any of the larger species. I can appreciate this point of view because I must admit that on several occasions after an hour's fighting

FISHING THE PACIFIC

I have become a trifle bored with the whole proceeding of using 6- and 9-thread—something I never feel after a six- or eight-hour fight when using 39-thread. I might add that many of the light-tackle enthusiasts and others who contend with heavy tackle would be all at sea if placed in a chair with a 12/0 reel filled with 39-thread and told to fight a fish. I am sure that many of them couldn't cope with the physical stress. Then again, the man who fishes with heavy tackle in his youth can always fish light tackle when he is older, and incapable of standing the strain of the heavy drag set with the 39-thread required.

I have heard heavy-tackle anglers facetiously remark that they'll use 9-thread when they're sixty, 6-thread when they're in their seventies and 3-thread when they reach eighty. They really have something there. However, I still like to do my share of stunting and take a few big fish on very light line. Monofilament line should be barred, for it is simply fishing with a leader. A man using this has a decided advantage over the linen-line devotee, particularly in a fish's action around the boat.

Hook Your Own Fish

In offering counsel to those who are tyros at the exciting sport of salt-water fishing I cannot overemphasize the fact that it affords greater enjoyment (even though it may cost a fish or two in the beginning) when you hook a fish, fight him, manipulate the star drag on the reel and bring your prize to gaff unaided. In addition, that is the only way to have your fish recognized as legitimate catch. No part of the fishing tackle may be touched by anyone except the angler from the

time the fish is behind the bait until the guide takes the leader. If any repairs or adjustments have to be made on the rod, reel or butt the angler himself must make them. The fighting chair may be handled and your harness adjusted by someone else. Otherwise you're on your own. Don't let the guide manipulate the drag for you. On the way to the grounds test this important mechanism yourself and get an idea of the various degrees of tension that can be put on the line. If you will listen to advice from your guide or the mate in charge of the boat you will find it to your advantage.

Above all don't let the guide or the mate hook your fish for you. Many fish-boat skippers are so eager to have their parties catch fish that they are prone to grab the rod and reel and set the hook for anglers who appear befuddled in the excitement of the moment. If your captain does this let him catch the fish himself. You will have the enjoyment of watching him fight the fish and will learn a thing or two about the strategy involved. The chances are, too, that neither the captain nor the mate will interfere again. En route to the fishing grounds rehearse what you are going to do, with your fishing guide acting as teacher, and run through the performance two or three times. Discuss every possibility with him and make sure everything is organized and that you know exactly what you are going to do when the fish makes his entrance on the scene. Don't fail to follow the captain's advice from the minute you board the boat until you're back ashore. Remember you are paying him to take you out, so follow his instructions just as you would those of a doctor or lawyer. Don't forget that he wants you to catch fish as much as you do yourself. The best word of advice I can give a

FISHING THE PACIFIC

novice is to keep everlastingly watching those baits when trolling. This is an absolute necessity if you are fishing from outriggers and not holding the rod and reel, which is what you should do all the time. When a fish hits the bait, the two or three seconds that you may have after he first puts in his appearance permit you to be ready and may mean the difference between hooking and not hooking. It may bother you in the beginning to keep looking astern at the wake, and the glare may annoy you, but after you have been offshore for six or seven trips it should become almost second nature. If you feel sleepy, give someone else the rod and reel and go take a nap, but while you are on the job keep your eyes on the bait.

Fishing Ethics

Fishing ethics on the Pacific coast have always been superior to those on the Atlantic due to the traditions of the Catalina Tuna Club and the way anglers fishing off California observe the rules. The sport prevails all along the Central and South American coast and in the Hawaiian Islands. The fierce enthusiasm for big game salt-water angling did not really become evident in the Atlantic until the early 1930's, and so suddenly was it aroused that there were bound to be a few *aficionados* who in their ebullience were careless of the rules that must be observed in catching a fish fairly and cleanly. Happily this condition has measurably improved as a result of experience and education. The International Game Fish Association has had tremendous influence in effecting reforms. Then again many anglers who were not playing fair are no longer around and those who still refuse to conform

to the tenets of the sport form an unpopular minority. We have a new crowd who are record happy and constantly fishing only 3-thread and 6-thread to try to make the record charts.

Harpooning Swordfish

It has always been a major mystery to me how owners of yachts, motorboats and other fishing craft in the Atlantic can harpoon the defenseless denizens of the deep such as turtles, sunfish and giant ray. Why molest these harmless and fascinating creatures that people the vast ocean and are part of its unfathomable mystery? What skill is there in hurling a harpoon into such targets from the bow of a boat that is barely under way?

Off Palm Beach many turtles may be seen mating and on occasion I have witnessed boat owners or some members of their crews drive a harpoon clean through the male turtle and into the female. And I have seen porpoises harpooned. Why should anyone want to harm these playful, warm-blooded children of the sea? With the exception of some of the turtles the carcasses are simply left to rot on the docks when the killers have brought them ashore.

I also feel strongly about the harpooning of swordfish on the Atlantic coast. Some of the gentlemen engaged in this pursuit haven't even a rod and reel aboard their elaborate and costly craft. I know of wealthy men who harpoon fish and bring it ashore to market. Still others harpoon fish only for the so-called "sport" of it, and I know others who will harpoon a swordfish after it has refused to strike a bait when it has been presented only once or twice. What thrill they

FISHING THE PACIFIC

can get out of harpooning this great sporting fish whose habit it is to swim slowly along the surface of the ocean during certain hours of the day is beyond me. It just isn't sport in my estimation.

Commercial fishermen have been in the business for eighty years or more, and I don't begrudge them the fish they take in this manner. For, after all, they are food merchants and "sword" always brings a good price.

Many good friends of mine harpoon fish. Many men, who as duck shooters, bird shooters, golfers, tennis and squash players are the finest sportsmen in the world, harpoon swordfish. Some of them argue with me that if it is all right for the commercial anglers to harpoon them, why isn't it all right for the amateurs? My answer to this is: "Are you a commercial fisherman or a sport fisherman?" There is no such thing as a sport harpooner to my way of thinking, and I know of few people who don't agree with me on this matter.

I have often been offshore between Shinnecock Inlet, Long Island, and Gay Head, Massachusetts, when no commercial fisherman has been within five miles of me, and seen a private boat harpoon a fish directly on the course I was on within a half mile of me. If the sport fisherman had not been a harpooner no doubt I would have sighted the fish and had a chance to bait it. Personally I would always drive the fish down or call a commercial over before I would give a sporting harpooner a chance to strike a fish. One of the best stories I have heard in this connection happened to Coot Hall, the great Cuttyhunk, Massachusetts, striped-bass guide. He was off No Mans with a green youngster acting as mate when they sighted a swordfish. They were working the fish, en-

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

deavoring to harpoon him (Coot was fishing for the market) when a private yacht barged right in on them. Hall, seeing that in a few seconds he would run the fish down anyway, yelled to the boy at the wheel to run him down, seeking to beat the private boat out of his chance. The green kid misunderstood the instructions and proceeded to run the yacht down, driving the pulpit right into the wheelhouse. If these tactics were employed more often there would probably be less harpooning by private yachts.

I know of cases where rod-and-reel anglers were baiting the fish when a private boat cut in and harpooned him. In 1940, off Freeport, New York, a swordfish was harpooned after he had been hooked and was being fought by a rod-and-reel angler. So many fish were harpooned by the Freeport charter boats during that season, one of the finest Long Island has ever known for Mr. Xipheas Gladius, that several lawsuits resulted—disagreements in each case occurring between the party and the charter boat skipper about whom the fish belonged to after it was harpooned. The boatman, not content with the sixty- or seventy-dollar-a-day charter fee, also wanted to stick the fish and keep the money for his own account. Some of the boats didn't even have the proper tackle with which to catch fish, which was reason enough for the angler in the charter boat to claim it.

Most of the time, however, the angler was given no time to bait the swordfish—whether or not he was capable of hooking and catching it. There is no question but that if you charter a boat for a day's fishing, any fish taken, no matter by what method, belong to the charterer. If he elects to make himself a commercial fisherman by selling it, that is his own

FISHING THE PACIFIC

business. However, it is common practice to give all the small fish that one does not need to the guide.

Perhaps the reason for taking swordfish by harpoon is that they bring such a high price. If the sporting harpooners feel that it is a great art and real sport to harpoon why don't they concentrate on sharks, which are rarely of any use? The answer is that sharks are too hard to hit. It takes some real skill to stick them. After trying for six years to catch my first swordfish off Montauk and knowing many men who have been after them twice as long and have not caught one yet, and knowing what American anglers as a group have had to take from them in physical beating, particularly the women, do you wonder that it burns me up to see physically able men harpoon them? If they are not physically able why go after them at all? Why not concentrate on small fish that can be taken on rod and reel, or go trout fishing? To me, harpooning a swordfish or tuna is far worse than shooting a sitting duck.

Many easterners also like to harpoon giant tuna even though they are harder to strike than swordfish. I hold no brief for this so-called "sport," and as these grand fish bring but from seven to twelve cents a pound there is even less reason for harpooning them than there is for sticking swordfish. I will never forget one fine July Sunday morning in 1940, when I was fishing for big tuna with Ben Crowninshield off the mouth of Ipswich Bay, Massachusetts. There were forty-three rod-and-reel boats in the tuna fleet all drifting and trolling around the commercial draggers.

Believe it or not, a well-known New Englander sailed right through the fleet two or three times attempting to har-

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

poon the tuna. The yacht was about a hundred feet overall, the lookouts were aloft and the striker never left the pulpit. If I had been aboard my own boat and had a radio telephone I certainly would have tried to raise this fellow.

Fortunately for them, Pacific coast rod-and-reel anglers have never been, and never will be, harassed by this type of harpooning. Except for commercial interests, no one in fishing circles where there is broadbill and marlin fishing would ever dream of doing it. The Catalina Tuna Club even asks its members not to rig pulpits on their boats and it would be unthinkable to have a harpoon pole or dart aboard. I have no objection to pulpits since they make a good lookout and are sometimes handy for picking up buoys and moorings, but it is the harpoon and dart that I don't like. If you don't carry a harpoon lashed to your pulpit no commercial fisherman will ever bother you. Having it ready and waiting is visible evidence that you are a harpooner and he has every right to get in ahead of you and beat you to the fish if he possibly can. I have never allowed a harpoon to be rigged on the striker's stand and I have fished close aboard every kind of commercial boat without ever having any trouble with their skippers. On the contrary, these fine hard-working men have often called me over and let me bait fish that they could have harpooned. Of course a great many big blue marlin have been harpooned in the North Atlantic without even an attempt being made to bait them.

Some acquaintances of mine have said, "Have you ever harpooned a fish? If you had the experience you might enjoy it." Well, I have harpooned one swordfish in my life and that was from a commercial boat in 1926. I have harpooned

FISHING THE PACIFIC

plenty of sharks but I haven't the slightest desire to harpoon any more. On only one of the boats I have been aboard since 1930 have I allowed the harpooning of a swordfish. That was in 1935 off Montauk when I was fishing with an old friend, Harry Conklin, a charter boatman who had just acquired a new boat and was badly in need of the money to pay for it. I permitted him to harpoon a fish that refused to strike my bait and I still think I was wrong.

Commercial Fishermen

Today, as in years past, commercial fishermen risk their lives in all kinds of weather and take a terrible beating from the elements. No body of men works harder and gets a smaller return for the amount of time and labor involved. Ninety-eight per cent of them are good chaps and I have never received anything but courteous treatment from them from Nova Scotia to Cuba and from Chile to Australia and New Zealand and the Philippines and back to the Hawaiian Islands.

It seems to me that if it were not for the efforts of the market fishermen the rod-and-reel fishermen all over the world would be retarded except on the California coast. Not only does the commercial fisherman inform us when the fish have arrived so that we may know when to begin our season's fishing, but he saves us many miles and much hard work in trying to find them. But for him we would often have a hard time locating places to fish; there are very few rod-and-reel fishing centers where he does not supply us with bait. Furthermore, he tells us what weather conditions to expect and sometimes comes in pretty handy for other information

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

out on the ground as well as for lifting fish into a boat and giving us a tow home.

However, commercial fishing should not be allowed to get out of hand. It has no doubt seriously hurt fishing for many species. Netting needs regulation, as it can be much overdone.

If any readers of this book are interested in current news on commercial activities in the Pacific waters I would recommend that they subscribe to the *Fishing Gazette*, published in New York City. I know that this magazine has been a great help to my piscatorial education, particularly in enlightening me on where and how the small species spawn, the grounds where they are taken and the general status of the fishing industry.

Fishing Tournaments

Thousands of anglers have participated for years in many famous fishing tournaments. Since the international matches between the British Empire and the United States were inaugurated at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, in 1937, fishing tournaments having sprung up all along the Atlantic coast.

There has been criticism of many of the contests from various sources; it has been stated that they are nothing more than publicity stunts or else that fishing is too much a matter of luck to permit direct competition. But if the tournaments are correctly managed, the fish legitimately caught and no cash prizes offered, I can see no harm in them. After all, if you don't want to enter one there is no obligation to do so. If any fishing center has enough fish there to run a tournament, you can be sure that before the tournament was

FISHING THE PACIFIC

inaugurated the place has already been well publicized and there is excellent fishing there. Of course it's a matter of luck as to what size fish will take your bait, but luck doesn't always play a part in getting them raised, or in the manner in which a man hooks, fights and boats them. So if there are enough fish in a certain body of water and a group of anglers wants to go into a tournament and fish for them competitively, why should anyone object? I believe that competition is often good for the soul and it certainly lends zest to the sport-fishing game.

I am proud to have been a member of the United States team in the international matches. Fishing contests between this country and others are a great thing for the sport and help create cordial relations among nations just as international yacht racing, polo, the Davis Cup and Walker Cup matches do. They are all great sporting events. In a body of water like the Lobster Bay tide rips in Nova Scotia, skill plays a good part in the game where all boats and crews are uniform and fishing out of the same rip.

In my considered opinion it is a great mistake to offer cash prizes or extremely valuable prizes like automobiles and boats in fishing tournaments. Such awards do not tend to promote good sportsmanship and may be instrumental in creating unethical practices among the contestants and guides. Evidence of this came to light in the great Salmon Derby held off Seattle in 1941. When the winner went to claim the automobile offered as a prize it was found that his winning salmon had been netted and procured for him by outside interests.

If it is the policy to offer cash prizes why not have them

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

take the form of orders on sporting-goods stores for fishing tackle or other equipment, or else pay off in Government bonds? Certainly anyone who accepts a cash prize in a fishing tournament becomes an out-and-out professional, just as a golfer or tennis player does. In fishing, a professional is classified as one who receives money either from the charter party or the boat owners for taking people fishing. When anglers accept money for prizes it is only proper that they be put in the same category. I don't even approve of the practice of giving guides or their mates any kind of a cash bonus for fishing the winning angler. Too much money being a temptation, the practice may easily introduce unethical methods into the sport. Don't get the idea that I am against professional sports. Some of my best friends are professional hockey and baseball players, and these two games, played by some of the finest and best sportsmen in America, have no more ardent devotee than I. Furthermore, I would gladly have played professional hockey at the drop of a puck if I were good enough.

I will close this discourse on do's and don'ts with two more suggestions—important ones. Don't feel that you have to test every line by tying it around a tree or a dock and then running it off in an automobile to break it before you take it on the fishing grounds. Don't feel that you have to put a weight on every rod that you purchase and lift it off the bottom alongside some dock. All the fishing tackle and lines made are tested by the makers and put through stresses and strains that they will never possibly be called on to resist in actual fishing. The real test is what they will do in open water. In some parts of the United States this fetish of testing lines

FISHING THE PACIFIC

before using them has become almost fanatical. It is the same idea as testing a locomotive on an indoor test plant. You can make that engine do almost anything you want in the way you run it on the test plant but the real way to get the tonnage rating of a locomotive, steam or Diesel, is to take it out on the road and put what is called a "dynamometer car" behind it in actual road operation where it is hauling the tonnage it is going to be required to every day. Then, from the graphs on this car you can determine how it is operating, how much fuel it is using, the oil, coal and water consumption, its steam pressure, drawbar pull, etc., and from these data you will be able to figure its tractive effort, horsepower and how much tonnage it will haul.

My final suggestion is to keep close track of what is said about conditions by the fishing editors of the various newspapers throughout the United States, especially those in the vicinity of the waters you want to fish. All careful reporters, these men do a great deal of fishing and shooting themselves and consequently are qualified to keep their readers well posted on conditions in any season of the year. And here is one more bit of advice on the subject of fishing tackle—avoid buying from various fishing guides up and down the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Many of these men are receiving commissions on fishing tackle from various companies and are simply trying to build up trade for the manufacturers. What gear I have recommended here is guaranteed by my personal experience with it and I never use any but the best equipment made by reliable manufacturers. When buying fishing tackle it is preferable to obtain it at one of the ports that are constantly fished, such as Balboa, San Diego, or any place large

FISHING TACKLE AND COMMENTS

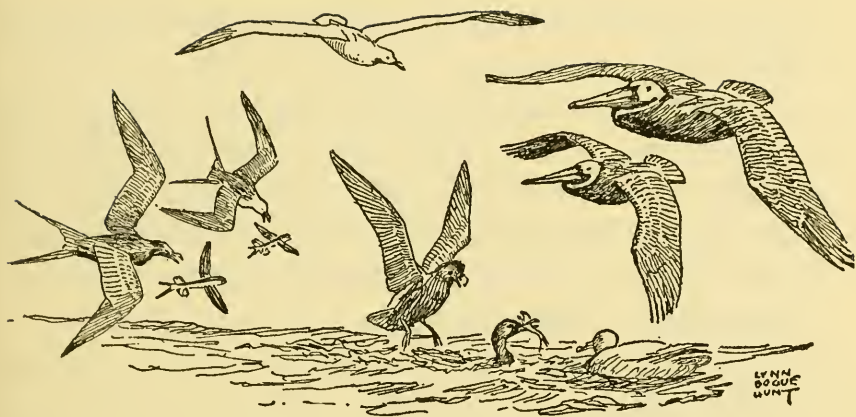
enough to sell fishing tackle regularly rather than in the stores in cities many miles from the grounds.

Many of these stores are staffed by salesmen who have never been nearer the Pacific, the fresh-water ponds or any salt-water fishing spots than the Main Street of the city where they work. Don't let anyone sell you tackle who doesn't know the game. Only a genuine fisherman can do you a service in this respect. It is much better to go to a man like Bob Kleiser at West Palm Beach, Florida, one of the greatest tackle authorities in the country. He has the best all-round fishing tackle stores I have ever seen, and handles everything. That's logical because he has fished from Nova Scotia to Peru, the Pacific coast as well, and knows his fishing from A to Z. Men of this caliber are the ones to service your equipment and give you sage advice. Don't spend a lot of money experimenting with things. I went through all that and I know what it costs. Pick out a darn good fishing-tackle dealer and stick to him. You will never regret it.

After all, experience is the main thing in the fisherman's career. Once you have acquired it—from buying tackle to fighting fish—you've got the necessary confidence in yourself. Probably the first two things to remember are to keep cool and remain calm. After all, a good fisherman is the man who can put the most strength on the tackle he is using, whether it is 6-thread line with a 4-ounce tip or a 39-thread with 22-ounce tip. The man who can give the fish the most without breaking his line or rod is usually the best fisherman, and he usually takes his fish in pretty fast time, depending on how the fish is hooked and what condition he is in. The main thing is to learn to manipulate the drag. Always try to keep

FISHING THE PACIFIC

one guess ahead of the fish. Try to out-think him and out-smart him and don't ever forget that if you take two minutes' rest the fish will probably get four. Keep fighting him all the time. Don't let up on him and be sure to make him realize you are master. Unless you do so the chances are he will master you in the end.



SCENE IN THE PACIFIC EVERY HOUR

15. *Signposts of the Ocean*

THE salt-water angler who is wise in the ways of the game never fails to avail himself of any aid that might possibly help him in locating, hooking or catching fish whenever he is out after them. Experienced fishermen are constantly using every trick of the trade they have learned through the years, and smart newcomers to the sport are forever watching and listening to these men.

There are many telltale signs for the salt-water enthusiast to follow, whether he is surfcasting from the beach, bay-fishing, bottom-fishing along the shore or trolling many miles at sea. But after a fisherman has ascertained his proper information on wind, weather, tide and water conditions, and is sure in his own mind that he is fishing in the right spot, then,

FISHING THE PACIFIC

in my opinion, the important signposts for him to follow are the birds.

I only wish that all the readers of this book could have had the opportunities I have had to observe all the wonderful bird life of the sea on so many fishing grounds throughout the world. I also wish that I could remember all the things I have seen birds do, and the many times they have aided me in locating and hooking fish.

If the surfcaster on either the Atlantic or Pacific coast sees birds sitting just out beyond the breakers, it usually means that there are good-sized fish in the vicinity and that the birds are waiting for them to drive the small fry to the surface so that they can have their evening meal. This is also a good sign for the angler who is arriving on his favorite ground to troll for albacore, striped bass, bonitos, or yellowtail close to shore, or for the man who may intend to live-bait fish for the last two species named.

When anglers are trolling for any surface-feeding fish, whether inshore or offshore, and birds are discovered beginning to get active, it is advisable to start toward them but not to go under them for a while until they really begin feeding. There is a difference between birds that are working over a school of fish or a flush of bait, and are really feeding on them. When the birds actually begin to feed, the fish or bait will usually be breaking on the surface and, when this condition occurs, you should troll right under the birds or around the edge of the school if you do not wish to drive it down.

The most spectacular diving birds I have ever seen while fishing are the various gannets—whether off Nova Scotia, California, Mexico, Ecuador, Peru or Chile—the booby bird,

SIGNPOSTS OF THE OCEAN

also a graceful diver, and the bo'sun bird of the Pacific. In the Hawaiian Islands the fisherman call the latter the "marlin bird" since it is usually found over surfacing marlin. The bo'sun bird was so named by sailors because it carries what looks like a marlin spike in the tail. Its correct name is the "tropic bird" and there are three members of the family.

The gannets and boobies commonly dive to depths of fifty to one hundred feet below the surface and have been caught in fishermen's nets at a depth of ninety feet. There are three varieties of gannets and a half-dozen boobies. I have picked up several gannets on ships where they had flown aboard at night. Every one was extremely difficult to handle, attempting to peck my hands in a fighting spirit.

Next to Canada geese my favorite birds are pelicans. They too are talented divers and are found in all warm climates. I have had many pelicans light on my boat and take whole fish right out of my hand. They usually fly in single formation and, whether there are three or fifty in the line, if the leader is coasting they all coast; and if he beats his wings twice or ten times they will all follow his example to the letter. At times pelicans will assume small V formations, and from a distance look somewhat like brant, except that the pelicans keep a perfect line. Sometimes they rise high into the air and soar around in circles, gliding on motionless wings. They are such large, heavy birds that much flapping is necessary to enable them to rise from the water but once fairly launched their flight is buoyant and strong. On wing, their heads are carried well back on the shoulders so that the large bill rests on the front of the neck. Frequently they form in line a short distance from the shore and, by flapping their wings, drive

FISHING THE PACIFIC

shoals of small fish into the shallows where they then scoop them into their capacious pouches.

The brown and Chilean pelicans obtain their food by diving. Like gannets, birds of these species circle around and flap to and fro at some height above the water until they observe fish swimming near the surface. Then the wings are almost completely folded and they plunge downward with such force that the spray dashes high about them and the resulting splash may be heard half a mile away. There are eight different varieties of pelicans and all are great spotters of fish, particularly in shallow water, so keep your eyes glued on them if you are fishing near the birds.

Another great favorite of mine is the frigate bird, or man-of-war hawk. They are the most completely aerial of all the water birds and can soar and float for many minutes without using their wings. These interesting birds hover over schools of dolphin which they customarily follow. They never settle on the water or on a level coast, and I am told they could not rise from the surface if they did so as they require an elevation from which to take off.

Frigate birds are marvelous fliers, being very swift, and they pick up their food from the surface of the water by a rapid movement of the bill while in flight. They pursue pelicans, cormorants, terns and gulls, forcing these birds to drop fish which they have caught. Other sea birds have little chance of escaping from these fast-flying burglars, and if they are overtaken before they have dropped their food, the man-of-war gives them a terrific peck with his long hooked beak, a blow which may easily dislocate a wing. Usually before this happens the victim drops its prey, upon which the man-of-

SIGNPOSTS OF THE OCEAN

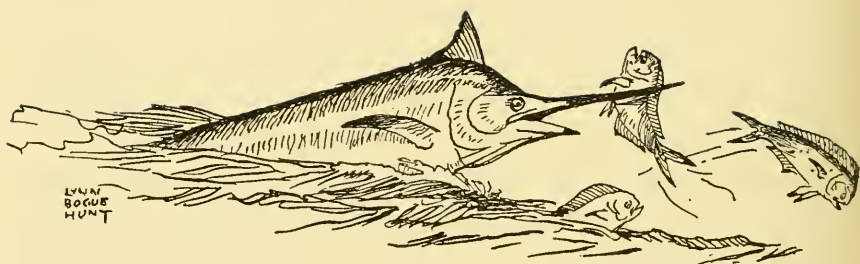
war bird pounces on it before it reaches the water. There are five different varieties of frigate birds.

The albatrosses also are fascinating to watch. Large and beautiful birds, they have guided me to many a swordfish. There are thirteen different albatrosses in the family.

Shearwaters are another species that the angler should observe. They always seem to know where the fish are. And the tiny petrels, small as they are, should be carefully studied. These little birds, called "Mother Carey's chickens," often-times feed on oil that comes from a school of fish which cannot be seen with the human eye. Petrels are extraordinarily interesting marine birds. The pinado petrel of Peru and Chile is one of the most interesting.

The only place I have fished where I have never seen any of the many members of the cormorant family—of which there are twenty-nine in number—has been in the Hawaiian Islands. None of these birds has ever led me to fish. Off the Peruvian coast I have seen the guano, or Humboldt cormorant, flying single file in a line that must have been twenty miles long at a height of about fifteen feet above the water. This cormorant has a white breast and is the best looking of the family—if that is any compliment—and this is the guano bird of the west coast of South America. It is protected by the Chilean and Peruvian governments because of yielding this valuable product.

So, if you want a tip, learn all about the birds of the sea and their habits in the vicinity of where you intend to fish. Talk to commercial fishermen and baymen about the birds and their actions over the various species of fish. They know them better than anyone else. Members of the Coast Guard patrolling our beaches are also excellent sources of information.



BIG SILVER MARLIN AFTER DOLPHIN

16. *Glossary of Fishing Terms*

MANY of the terms used in salt-water angling are not only puzzling but misleading. As salt-water editor of *Field & Stream* I have had many inquiries about these colloquialisms of the sport and have had some experience in interpreting them for the layman. I am listing those in most common usage in the hope that they may be of interest at least to the novice.

Ferrule. The ferrule is the lower end of the rod tip which fits into the ferrule in the butt. To distinguish them, the ferrule on the tip is called the male and the one in the butt the female.

Rod tip. The rod itself, which fits into the butt, is called the rod tip. In determining the official weight of a rod only the tip is counted. The line runs over from the reel through the guides, and this is the part of the stick that actually fights the fish.

Low guide. A low guide carries the line very close to the rod tip. The majority of expensive salt-water rods of today are not equipped with them.

GLOSSARY OF FISHING TERMS

High guide. High guides are believed to add uniform strength and make for better balance, for the line is not close to the rod tip.

Roller guides. Guides on rollers.

Reel sizes. All reels that do not have definite names are made in sizes 1/0, 2/0, 3/0, 4/0, 6/0, 9/0, 10/0, 12/0, 14/0, 15/0, and 16/0. This numbering system was introduced many years ago by the oldest American reel manufacturer, with the idea of designating their line capacity; the "o" is supposed originally to have meant "ocean." Today the two numbers tell you nothing except the relative size of the reel (since any size naturally will carry more yards of smaller line and less of larger). The only exceptions are the reels made by a leading British manufacturer, which are called six-inch, eight-inch, etc., according to the size of the reel plates.

Cradle reel. Cradle reels are now practically out of use. The idea was to have the rod ferrule enter the butt ferrule on top of the reel, with the butt attached to the reel directly in its center. This idea was supposed to create better balance, but it really only increased the weight.

Star. The star is the wheel (sometimes called the pilot wheel) which controls the drag or tension applied to the line.

Drag. Tension put on the reel by the use of the star, to keep the fish from running off too much of the line.

Throw-off lever. This is the lever which is used to throw the reel into free spool.

Backlash. A backlash usually comes from a hard strike at the bait when the reel is on free spool, or with a very light drag. It is the result of the quick pull taking the line off the reel so rapidly that the spool overruns, and the line backlashes on the reel, or in other words, becomes tangled. Overrun a fast turn or two.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Rings. This term is applied to the rings on the reel to which the angler's harness is fastened.

Counterbrace. The counterbrace is adjustable and is used as a support between the rod and reel against the pull of the angler's harness. It goes around the rod ferrule and is attached to the lower set of rings on the reel.

Reel plates. These are the sides of the spool.

Egg-shaped handle. A descriptive title. Used on all reels today.

Hooks. Hooks are numbered from 1/0 to 14/0, the same as the reels, to designate their respective sizes. Some of the smaller varieties are numbered, with the style of hook also named.

Leaders. Leaders made of piano wire are numbered in sizes two to twenty-four. Cable leaders are usually designated by their thickness or pounds of breaking strength. The angler may take his choice of stainless, or ordinary, steel wire. There are also different varieties of gut or nylon leaders for small fish.

Snap. A snap is used in lieu of a swivel, the line being tied to it and the loop on the end of the leader being placed inside of it. Then the snap is snapped shut. They are also used at times with swivels.

Tail rope. This is the rope that is put around the tails of big fish after they have been gaffed, so that their tails can be lifted out of water and the fish then hauled into the boat.

Floats. These are usually attached to the end of the leader or line, and are employed to keep the bait at a certain depth or to enable the angler to keep his bait clear of a boat or net when a strong tide is running.

Balloons and glass balls. These are used to keep baits at a certain depth when a large heavy bait is being fished below the surface for big fish.

GLOSSARY OF FISHING TERMS

Tapered lines. This is a line made of three different sizes, all spliced together. The heaviest size is used next to the leader, followed by the next heaviest, and then the lightest—the idea being to give the angler more line on his reel, with the heaviest end doing most of the work, as this is naturally the portion which the fish is caught on. Tapered lines have been barred by the I.G.F.A. and, if a fish is caught on one of them, it will be recorded as having been taken on the heaviest part of the line.

Line markers. In most instances these are pieces of thread or light fishing line, placed at one-hundred-foot lengths on the angler's line, to show him how much of it the fish has out.

Outfits. The 3/6 outfit originally consisted of a 6-ounce rod, including the butt. Under present-day rules the tip is limited to 4 ounces, and any size butt can be used. This change was made so the angler would not fish with a 5-ounce rod and a very tiny butt made of some light wood or metal. This outfit is 6 feet in length over all and is used with 6-thread line, and, as it used to weigh 6 ounces in its entirety, hence was, and still is, called the 3/6. This is the lightest outfit in regular use today, although some anglers are using 3-thread line with a 2- to 3-ounce rod tip for certain species of fish after they have become well acquainted with 3/6.

Six-nine consists of a 6-ounce rod tip, exclusive of the butt, and a 9-thread line. Other terms commonly heard are 8/12, 10/15, 12/18, 14/21, and 16/24. In all of these the first figure refers to the weight of the tip and the second figure to the thread line.

Rod weight. The weight of a rod includes its tip, guides, ferrule, grip, varnish and wrappings.

Gaff. A hook made of steel and attached to a wooden handle usually from two to eight feet in length. It is used for lifting the fish into the boat after it has been brought alongside.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Flying gaff. The flying, or detachable, gaff hook falls out of its handle when driven into a fish, and is attached to from ten to twenty-five feet of line. The reason for using this type of gaff is that it prevents serious injury to a boatman while he is handling a wild or lively fish alongside the boat.

Bale hook. A large gaff that is held in the hand, or else with two or three feet of rope attached to it, usually used to pull a fish's tail out of water.

Persuader. A round blunt instrument, usually made of hickory, for subduing billfish, sharks, barracuda or other bad actors, when they misbehave alongside the boat after the boatman has the leader or when they become unruly in the cockpit. Rolling pins and sawed-off baseball bats also are commonly used.

Rod belt. This is fastened around the fisherman's waist to hold the butt of his rod.

Gimbal. The socket placed in the fighting chair to hold the rod butt.

Fighting chair. On most of the boats that have more than one fishing chair there is usually one of special design, placed in the center of the stern, called the fighting chair. The majority of them have foot rests.

Fighting flag. This is a red flag that is hoisted to show other boats that an angler is fighting a fish, and to warn them to keep their distance.

Prize flags. Other types of flags, generally flown after a major game fish such as marlin, broadbill, tuna or sailfish has been boated.

Outriggers. Long poles made of bamboo or spruce, extending out from twenty-five to sixty feet on each side of the boat. The angler's line runs from his rod tip to a clothespin fastened to the outrigger clothespin line, at the end of the outrigger. From

GLOSSARY OF FISHING TERMS

there it extends to one side of the wake of the boat, as far astern as the angler desires to fish. The advantages of using outriggers are many, the chief ones being that they make the bait skip and act as a teaser, keep it out of the wake of the boat, hold the leader out of water, and permit two other lines to be trolled in the wake. The line may be either lengthened or shortened by pulling the clothespin down on the outrigger clothespin line which runs to the cockpit. The angler regulates the amount of slack he wants to have out between his rod and the clothespin.

Kingpost. A kingpost is a wooden post to which is fastened the block and tackle for hauling the fish into the boat.

Gin pole. The same as a kingpost.

Roller. Many of the boats out for big-game fish are equipped with a roller on the stern or on the side to assist the crew in rolling the big fish aboard and into the cockpit.

Hang. Hang, or hung, is the big game fisherman's expression for "catch" or "caught."

Tailed up. When the leader becomes entangled around the tail of a fish, the fish is often rendered powerless and, after dying well below the surface, is brought to the boat tail first.

Wrapped up. This is said of the leader, or part of the line, when it gets twisted around the body of the fish.

Gill raked. A fish that is hooked in the gills is said to be gill raked.

Hooked deep. When a fish swallows the hook, which catches in its gullet or stomach, it is hooked deep. As when gill raked, it loses all its blood in a very short space of time and, in addition, vomits its food and throws its stomach. Usually it dies very quickly.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Threw hook. When a fish gets rid of the hook it is said that he "threw the hook" or "has thrown it."

Foul-hooked. Applied to a fish that has been hooked in the fins, tail, outside of its head, eyes, or any part of its body except in its mouth or through its mouth. The expression is extremely misleading, however, since the hook rarely hurts the fish as much as if it were in the fish's mouth, and the angler is in for a much harder fight.

Green. This is an expression used to describe a fish that is very wild around or in the boat. In other words, one that is hard to subdue or kill.

Hot spot. Any choice fishing place where numbers of fish have been caught or seen.

Fast-running stream. When the Gulf Stream, Humboldt Current, or Niño Current are moving fast, they are called "fast-running streams."

Blue water. When blue water is found, it usually means that plenty of fish are found in its vicinity; it is clear, and the fish usually hang around in it.

Dirty water. Dirty water is usually found inshore of the blue water, and, while fish are sometimes found in it, it is usually more difficult to get them to strike.

Milky, muddy or cloudy water. These are almost always the poorest waters you can fish in. This condition is usually found after a storm and when the bottom has been churned up.

Billfish. All the members of the marlin family, plus the broadbill swordfish and the sailfish. Since none of them has teeth, their bills or swords are used both as defensive weapons and as weapons of offense in obtaining food.

GLOSSARY OF FISHING TERMS

Tail-walking, greyhounding, charging, jumping, rushing, dancing. These are terms applied to surface-fighting fish by admiring anglers.

Tailing, or tailing out. Descriptive terms for any species of fish swimming on the surface and showing their tails. Applied particularly to marlin, which rarely show their dorsal fin.

Breaching. An unhooked fish seen jumping is said to be breaching. They usually do this when ridding themselves of the annoying parasites called remora or suckerfish, and sometimes when traveling, feeding, or about to start a migration.

Finning, or finning out. Said of any fish when it is swimming on the surface and showing its dorsal fin.

Sounding, or sounds. Words used to indicate that a fish has gone down and is swimming deeper and deeper.

Breaking out and rolling. When tuna, bonitos, mackerel and other species outside of the billfish show themselves on the surface, these terms are used.

Throwing gullet and stomach. In trying to rid itself of a hook a fish will sometimes vomit its stomach or gullet.

Throwing marker overboard. When a finning or tailing fish has been seen and then goes down, a buoy, tin can, keg, cracker box, or piece of paper is tossed overboard, serving to mark the spot where he was last seen, so that the captain may remain in that vicinity.

Pumping. Working the fish with an up-and-down motion, reeling in line at the same time.

Striking, hitting or socking. These three terms describe the manner in which the rod is handled when the fish has first taken the bait and the angler is endeavoring to set the hook. The action

FISHING THE PACIFIC

consists of giving the rod a good hard swing or jolt, in an arc of from one to five feet.

Hossing. Rushing a fish in with fast, high pumps.

Screwing up on him. An expression used when the angler is tightening the drag by the use of the star.

Running him down. Running the boat up on a fish to enable the angler to recover line and keep the fish near him.

Gunning the boat. Opening the throttle wide to speed up the boat after a fish has been struck in order to help the angler set the hook.

Billing a fish. Grabbing a marlin or sailfish by the bill and boating him without using a gaff.

Weaving. Running the boat from right to left while following a fish, thereby enabling the angler to recover line more rapidly and evenly, as the boat will not overtake the fish so quickly, reducing the chance of the line bellying or being overrun. Usually employed when a fast fish is making a long run, way out ahead of the boat, on light tackle.

Planing. A method used to get a fish that refuses to move up on another level, or to start him on a course. The boat is run ahead very fast, with a heavy drag on the reel, and then reversed at high speed while the angler gets back his line.

Circling against. Another method of endeavoring to get a stubborn fish on a course. The boat is run on a reverse circle from the way the fish is circling or swimming.

Pulling the clutches. Stopping the boat when the angler is slacking back line to a billfish that has hit the bait. This, too, aids the angler in hooking the fish.

Fishermen's public enemy No. 1. Any variety of shark except the mako or thresher.

GLOSSARY OF FISHING TERMS

Scavenger. The same as above.

Apple core. A fish that has been badly mutilated or eaten by any kind of shark or other fish.

Mutilated. This term also describes a fish that has been so bitten.

Jigging. A type of fishing in which the bait is a heavy jig which is lowered to the bottom and then quickly retrieved, this operation being repeated over and over.

Squidding. The action of surfcasters while fishing from the shore and casting a squid.

Chumming. Cutting up or grinding small fish, such as menhaden, mackerel or herring, and throwing them overboard so as to induce other fish to follow the chum line to the boat.

Slick. An oily stretch of water made by the chum as it is put overboard.

Reel slick. Reel slick is a first-class grease put out by several manufacturers for use in fishing reels.

Grinding. To cut up any type of fish, for chumming, in a meat grinder.

Trolling. Towing an artificial lure, or a cut or whole bait, behind a moving boat.

Net fishing. A type of fishing in which the angler anchors near, or fastens to, a fisherman's net.

Dragger fishing. Drifting around commercial draggers that are trawling for various kinds of bottom fish.

Making a drop. Stopping over a new location so all aboard can resume bottom fishing.

FISHING THE PACIFIC

Drifting or fishing deep. Shutting off the motor when the boat is not anchored and fishing near the bottom or at any desired depth. It is usually practiced without using a sinker or any weight to keep the bait down, the trolling bait being allowed to sink by its own weight.

White water. Just inside where the surf is breaking along the beach.

Flush of bait. Any school of small fish that shows itself for an instant on the surface.

Squid. A squid is an ink fish which is used whole as bait for a good many species of fish; pieces of it are also popular for still fishing. When, however, the surfcaster is "squidding," or "using a squid," he is using a gadget made of block tin or other metal which may be cast easily due to its weight. It is supposed to imitate a small squid that game fish are feeding on in the surf.

Sticking. A term used by commercial fishermen in harpooning swordfish.

Brass bait. A term given by rod-and-reel anglers to the dart used by market fishermen.

Spear boat. Commercial swordfishing boats are called "spear boats" off the California coast.

Live-bait boat. When live bait is being thrown from a fishing boat as chum, that boat is called a "live-bait boat," the live bait usually being carried in large tanks on deck near the stern.

Tuna clipper. A name given all the large Pacific commercial live-bait boats which fish for tuna or affiliated families. Their crews line up and use short, heavy cane poles with barbless hooks and hoist the fish aboard almost as soon as they are hooked. These boats also fish for albacore, and, on occasion, two men are stationed on each rod.

Index

Index

A

- Acapulco, 123-124
 light tackle tournament, 124
 Accardo, Mrs. Clarisse, 13
 Accessories, 241-45
 Africa, 182
 Alaska, 141, 154
 Albacora, 3, 17, 32-35, 39, 40, 46,
 55
 Albacore, 40, 42, 130, 131, 142,
 148
 Allende, Ezequias, 13
 Allison, Don, 11, 32-35
 Allison, Mrs. Don, 11, 32-35
 Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Don; Log
 of Fishing Trip, 32-35
 Allison, James L., 159
 Allison Museum, 159
Alone, 68
 Alto, El, 84
 club, 96
 oil field, 103
 Amberjack, 113, 115, 118
 American Fishing Team, 88
 American Museum of Natural His-
 tory, 31, 66, 128, 168
 Anchovies, 48, 138
 Ancieta, Dr. Félipo, 196
 Ancón, 109
 Anderson, Jack, 11
 Anderson, Mrs. Jack, 62
 Anderson, Wendell, Jr., 197
 Anderson, Mrs. Wendell, Jr., 62
 Anderson, Wendell, Sr., 62-63, 71,
 109-110, 169, 195
 Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell,
 Sr., 197
 Anglo-Chilean Nitrate Co., 42
 Anglo-Ecuadorean Oil Co., 109
 Antofagasta, 5-6
 Aquarium, Bermuda, 159
 Argentina, 47, 70, 182
 Arica, 4, 52
 Arkush, Ellis J., 133, 136
 Arlidge, Francis, 166, 168
 Ashaway lines (see Lines)
 Ashworth, Jack, 72
 Astor, Vincent, 130
 Atlantic Hotel, 109
 Auckland, 166
 Australia, 76-77, 172-87
 surf fishing 185
 varieties, 182
 Australian Current, 177
 Avalon, 133-134
 "Avenida Espada," 75
 Avila, Enrique, 196

B

- Backlashes, 25, 223
 Bagby, Sam, 136
 Bahamas, 158
 Bait fishing, Australian, 183,
 184
 Baker, Dan, 130
 Baker, George F., Jr., 117

INDEX

- Baker's Beach, 150
 Balboa (discoverer), 110
 Balboa, 35, 118, 121, 132, 139
 Barandarián, Lt. Cdr. José, 196
 Barges, 139, 146
 ferries to, 146
 Barracuda, 133, 138, 142
 Bass, striped, 47, 139, 147-152
 commercial traffic in, 149
 Derby at Rio Vista, 1935, 151
 Bass, giant, 138
 Bates, Tom, 45, 63, 72, 87-90, 92-96,
 102
 data on black marlin taken by,
 102-103
 Bates, Mrs. Tom, 59, 85-86
 Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Tom, 96
 Bay of Islands, 78, 165, 177
 Bay of Plenty, 171
 Belmar Hotel, 125
 Bermagui, 174, 178
 Bermagui Marlin Club, 174
 Bermuda, 159
 Berry, Leonard W., 70, 109
 Billfish, 26, 58, 125
 Bimini, 43, 64, 77, 85, 127
 Binoculars, 244
 Bird life on the sea, 268-271
 Bird Rock, 166
 Black brant, shooting of, 130
 Black marlin (*see* Marlin)
 "Black Marlin Boulevard," 75
 Black snapper, 141
 Blue marlin (*see* Marlin)
 Boats and equipment, 236-240
 Bonefish, world's record catch,
 158
 Bonito, 6, 36, 41, 47, 61, 63, 85,
 100, 105, 118, 158
 oceanic, 36, 41
 Boobies, 170
 Boschen, W. C., 133
 Bouche, Roy, 235
 Brane, Robert, 11
 Brazil, 47, 71
 Brimsek, Frank, 57
 British Columbia, 153
 Provincial Government, 155
 Broadbill, 3, 6, 8-10, 15-16, 18, 21,
 26-29, 31, 36, 38, 43, 44, 46, 53,
 56, 59, 65-68, 75, 88-89, 100,
 104, 133, 136-137, 142
 Buenos Aires, 60, 63, 70-71
 Buffalo, N. Y., 71
 Buffum, Harry, 133
 Burbank, 134
 Bustamante, Julio, 13
 Butterfish, 14
- ### C
- Cabezón, 142
 Cabo Blanco, 16, 31, 38, 44-45, 47,
 56, 58-60, 63-70, 72-74, 78,
 84-90, 96, 98-103, 105, 112, 164
 Fishing Club, 58, 60, 70, 71-74,
 195
 fishing fleet, 105
 largest fish harpooned off, 67
 preëminence of, 56-64
 tuna records, 57
 Cagafuegos, 111
 Caldera, 6
 Calderon, Inez Alvarez, 86
 California, 6, 35, 42, 62, 94, 113,
 128-130, 138-152
 legislation, 149-150
 California, Gulf of, 119, 127
 Callao, 78
 Campbell River, 153, 155
 Canal Zone (*see* Panama)
 Cape Brett and Light, 166
 Cape Hatteras, 147
 Cape Island hull, 73-74
 Cape San Lorenzo, 110
 Cape San Lucas, 113, 126, 128-
 130
 Carlander, Arvard, 62, 71
 Carnero Point, 115

INDEX

- Carpenter, Peter, 63
 Carpenter, William K., 62, 71
 Carquinez Straits, 148, 150
 Carrerra Hotel, 53
 travel bureau, 53
 Carroll, C. M., 70, 72
 Cat Cay, 38, 64, 77
 Catalina, 9, 35, 44, 132-137, 148
 waters of, three largest species
 of game fish first taken in,
 133
 Catalina Island Co., 134
 Catalina Tuna Club, 94, 129, 133-
 136, 219, 259
 Cavaglia, Enrique, 63
 Cavaglia, Eujenio, 13
 Cedros Island, 129-130
 Central America, 113
 Cerralvo Island, 128, 129
 Chañaral, 6
 Charter boats and boatmen, 8, 125,
 129, 132
 rates, 7, 125, 129
 Charts, Geodetic Survey, 249
 Chile, 3-17, 27-28, 30-36, 38-55, 66,
 70, 85, 94, 99, 104-106, 127,
 165, 178
 delicacies, 4
 fishing pioneers, 41
 glossary, 46-48
 Northern, 4
 wines, 5
 Chilean Air Line, 5
 Chimborazo, 73, 112
 Chinook salmon (*see* Salmon)
 Chisholm, Hugh, 130
 Chrysler marine motors, 8
 Cincinnati, 71
 Clarence, Ellis, 45
 Clay, Walter, 124
 Close, Capt. Forrest ("Boney"),
 U.S.N., 192
 Clothes, 48, 242
 Cocos Islands, 121, 193
 Coffey, Jack, 11
 Columbia River, 151, 154
 Commercial fishermen, 4, 6-8, 20,
 30, 50-51, 67, 111, 130, 143,
 261
 methods, 149
 Syndicate, 51
Congrio, 4, 41
 Conklin, Harry, 260
 Consorcio Hotelero de Chile, 5
 Cook, Charles M., III, record,
 158
 Coppel, Ernesto, 125-126
 Corbina, 48, 61, 118, 139-140
 Cordevez, Louis, 112
 Cordilleras, 52, 73, 112
 Coronado Hotel, 143
 Coronado Islands, 113, 143
 Costa Rica, 121
 Cotopaxi, 73
 Coulson, F., 12
 Cowden, Ralph E., 12
 Crandall, Julian, 71, 117, 207
 Crandall, L. R. Bob, 208
 Crawford, Max, 72
 Croaker, 139-140
 Crowninshield, Ben, 250, 258
 Cuba, 15, 53

D

 Dahl, Robert, 233
 Dallas, 10
 Dean, Dr. Roy B., 124
 Deer, 170
 Detroit, 71
 Discovery Passage, 153
 Dolphin, 39, 47, 58, 62, 104, 113,
 121, 142, 158
Don Freddie, 69
 Donnelly, Thorne, 68
 Douglas, Donald, 130
 Dove shooting, 3, 53-54, 129
 Drake, Sir Francis, 110
 Duck and goose shooting, 53, 148

INDEX

Iquique (*cont.*)
 Scorecard of charter parties,
 11-13
Isabel Victoria, 109

J

Jack crevalle, 125, 158
 Japan, 15, 154
 Jigs, Japanese, 160
 Jones, Charles S., 133, 136
 Juan, 80
 Jump, J. W., 44

K

Kaiwahi, 166, 175
 Kaufman, Vice Admiral J. N.,
 ("Reggie"), 191
 Kelly, John, 179
 Kelly, Red, 57
 Kent, Milton, 169
 Kenya, 195
 Kingfish, 175
 Kinkaid, Admiral, 190
 Kirkland, T. J., 65
 Klamath River, 154
 Kleiser, Bob, 231, 265
 Knox, Northrup R., 71
 Koehler, Otto, 11
 Korea, 75
 Kreck, Chapin M., 71
 Kreuger, Paul, 42
 Krieger, Mrs. Thelma, 12, 13
 Krieger, W., 13

L

LaMonte, Francesca, 31, 205
 La Paz, 128, 129
 La Plata Island, 110-111
 Las Cruces, 129
 Las Palmas Bay, 128
 Lawson, Max, 177
 Leader, 28, 101, 144-145, 233

Leavey, Maj. Gen. Edmund H.,
 191
 Lerner, Michael, J., 5, 9-10, 21-22,
 29, 31, 36-37, 43-45, 66-68, 78,
 104, 115, 168, 205
 expedition to Australia, 179
 expedition to Chile, 31
 expeditions to Peru, 66-68
 record of two black marlin in
 one day, 169
 system of baiting, 20-23
 Lerner, Mrs. Michael J., 168
 Lerner Museum of Natural His-
 tory Laboratory, 43
 Libertad, 109
 Licenses, 201
 Lima, 64, 68, 70, 72, 86
 Linea Aéreo Nacional, 5
 Lines, 206-211
 Ashaway, 48-49, 207
 Cuttyhunk, 184
 Dacron Lifesaver, 207
 hand, 15
 Live-bait boats and fishing, 138,
 139, 146-197
 Llavallo, Jamie, 60-61, 70-71, 74
 Llewellyn, Edward T., 133
 Lobitos Oil Co., 69, 70, 109
 London, 70, 109
 Long Beach, 132, 134, 139
 Los Angeles, 6, 133-134, 155
 Louis, 92-93
 Louisburg, N. S., 44, 52, 104-105
 Lower California, 147

M

Mackerel, 63, 138, 141
 Sierra, 58, 60, 90, 105, 115, 118
 Spanish, 115, 125
 Magdalena Bay, 130
 Maier, Philo, 72
 Maine, 152
 Mako, 166

INDEX

- Maley, Fred, 11
 Mallory, Bill, 202
 Malmo, 166
 Mancora, 44, 66, 69-70
 Manila, audience reaction to movies at, 189
 game fishing display, 188
 Mankowski, Robert C., 133, 136-137
 Mann, Daulten, 66
 Manning, Jo, 130
 Manta, 110
 Maoris, 165
 Maria Elena, 42
 Marianas, 192
Marise, 196
 Marlin, 14, 16, 26, 32-34, 36, 64, 101, 110-112, 126-127, 135-136, 148, 164-166
 black, 6, 8-9, 20, 26, 31, 44, 46, 49, 57-61, 63-68, 74-78, 85-87, 91, 93-102, 110, 115-118, 122-123, 166
 blue, 44, 76, 91, 100
 Atlantic species, 76, 85
 method of fishing in Australia, 176
 boats, 143
 characteristics, 100
 data on black marlin taken by
 Bates July 29th, 1953, at Cabo Blanco, Peru, 102-103
 differences, Atlantic and Pacific, 160-161
 light-tackle, 143
 migration, 177
 season, 147
 silver, 161
 striped, 3, 8-10, 35-38, 44, 49, 57-59, 62-63, 68-70, 75, 78-79, 85, 91, 99, 104, 109, 110, 121, 123-126, 136, 165
 bait and tackle for, etc., 36-38
 temperature of water, 178
 tournament for, first, off Panama, 1952, 117
 Marron, Genie, 13
 Marron, Lou, 12-13, 43, 45, 117
 Marsh, Gardiner, 113
 Martin, Andy, 129
 Maya, Raymondo de Castro, 59, 63, 71
 Mayor Island, 165
 Mazatlán, 124-126
 fleets, 125
 hotels, 125
 McGill, 92-93
 McLaughlin, Harold, 196
 Mediterranean, 14-15
 Merriman, Dan, 196, 198, 199
 Mexico, 35, 113-114, 131
 coast, 120, 126
 fishing permits, etc., 129
 port of entry, 129
 Mexico City, 123
 Meyer, Mrs. Maurice, Jr., 62
 Miami, 5-6, 66, 68, 73, 88, 112
 Miami (Fla.) University, course in fishing, 199
 Migdalski, Edward C., 196
 Mines Field, 134
 Miraflores Locks, 121
Miss Texas, 74
 Mitchell, Laurie, 164
 Mixer, George, 249
 Money spent on fishing, 201
 Montague Island, 176
 Montauk, 18, 38, 44, 61, 76, 105
 Monterey Bay, Cal., 151
 Montgomery, W. S., 12
 Moore, Eddie, 85
 Morrow, James E., 196
 Motels, 125
 Moving pictures, showing of, 173
 Mowbray, Louis L., 159
 Muertos Bay, 128

INDEX

Mussel Rock, 150
 Mustad hooks (*see* Hooks)
 Muttonbird, 170
 Myers, L. W., 130

N

Names of fish, in Hawaii, 162
 in Mexico, 131
 Nantucket, 113
 National Railway of Mexico, 126,
 131
 Navesink River, 148
 Navigation, 249
 Negley, William, 11
 New Jersey, 148
 Newport, Cal., 139
 Newport Beach, 132
 New South Wales, 182
 New York, 70-71, 117, 148
 New Zealand, 4, 9, 35, 38, 44, 57,
 60, 64, 75-79, 100, 164-71
 bird life, 170
 Niagara Rock, 118
 Niño Current, 197
 No Mans, 256
 Nogales, 125-127
 Norris, Richard, 72, 84, 95-96
 Norton, E. Hope, 108
 Nova Scotia, 10, 20, 89, 94, 103, 262

O

Oahu, 163
 O'Brien, Frank, 214, 218
Oceanic V, 69
Old Man and the Sea, The, by
 Hemingway, 91
 Oldendorf, Admiral, 190
 Olin, John M., 71, 103
 Oregon, 151
 Organos, 92, 105
 Osborn, Captain Douglas, 66, 99
 O'Shea, Mrs., 174

Otehei Bay, 165-166, 169-70
 Outriggers, 16-17, 66, 99-100, 116,
 168, 176
 Oxford, England, 77

P

Pacific or Blue Ocean, 110, 121
Pacific Game Fishing, 8, 179
 Pacifico Hotel, 122
 Paita, 66, 102
 Palawan Island, 190
 Pam, Walter, 12
 Pan American Airways, 72, 107,
 125, 130
 Pan American Grace Airways, 5,
 65, 107, 112
 Panama, 6, 73, 99, 110, 114, 116-122
 Panama, Bay of, 118-120
 Panama Canal, 73
 Panama City, 117
 Panama Hotel, 117
 Pardo, Enrique, 66-72, 78
 Passports, 127
 Patron, Louis, 125
 Patton, Gen. George S., 134
 Pearl Harbor, 163
 Pedro Miguel Lock, 121
 Peeler, Joseph D., 62, 130, 133, 136
 Perch, salt-water, 141
Perdiz shooting, 3, 54
 Perlas Islands, 118
 Persuaders, 231
 Peru, 4-10, 15-17, 25, 27, 31, 35, 38-
 39, 44, 47, 49, 51, 56-107, 109-
 111, 127, 165
 Hydrographic Service, 196
Pescador Dos, 74
Petrel, 74
 Pettit, Dr. Harold, 169
 Philippines, 190
 Piercey Island, 166
 Pile worms, 140
 Pillsbury, George, 9

INDEX

Pinas, 118
 Pisagua, 33
 Playa de Cortes Hotel, 126-127
 Playas, 108-109
 Plover, 53
 golden, 170
 Point Loma, 142-143
 Pompano, 191
 Porpoise, 118-119
 Port Maitland, 173
 Porto Montanida, 109
 Posner, Gerald S., 196
 Pratt Hotel, 48
 Price, Mrs. Alice, woman's world
 record established by, 62
Primer of Navigation, 249
 Pritchard, Stuart, 11
 Puerto Lopez, 113
 Puget Sound, 157
 Punta Arenas, 52
 Pye, Allan, 170
 Pye's Fishing Camps, 170

Q

Quail and dove shooting, 129, 148
 Quito, 73, 112

R

Rabbeth Drag, 134-135
 Radiotelephone, 8, 139
 Records and Famous Firsts, 43-46
 Reef fishing, 193
 Reels, 23, 221-229
 care of, 228
 Fin-Nor, 100
 left-handed, 227
 level winding, 184
 Penn, 23, 101
 Vom Hofe, 83, 221
 Zwarg, 23, 101
 Reeves, Graham, 11
 Rio de Janeiro, 63, 71
 Roberts, E., 65

Rockaway Beach, 150
 Rockefeller, Rod, 59
 Rockfish, 141
 Rods, 48, 214-221
 Bimini King, 215, 218
 care of, 217
 Hardy Brothers, 219
 O'Brien Museum, 216
 Royal Hickory, 218
 Shakespeare Co., 221
 South Bend Rod Co., 221
 Tycoon, 48, 214, 218
 record established by, 215
 Vom Hofe, 219
 Roman, Erl, 198
 Roosterfish, 58, 61, 63, 105, 108,
 112-115, 118
 trolling for, 114-115
 Ruiz, 110
 Russell, 165
 Russian River, 151
 Rutherford, Hugo, 18, 250

S

Sacramento River, 151, 154
 Sailfish, 58-59, 63, 68, 104, 112, 115,
 117-121, 123-125, 129
 contrast with Atlantic, 120-121
 first tournament for, off Panama
 (1952), 117
 St. Louis Obispo, 139-140
 St. Nicholas Hockey Club, 75
 St. Petersburg, 83
 Salada Beach, 150
 Salango, 68, 109, 111
 Salinas, 109, 112, 115
 Salinas River, 150
 Salmon, 152
 Chinook, 47, 153
 Derbies, 157, 262
 habits, 154-155
 king, 153
 spring, 153

INDEX

Mussel Rock, 150
Mustad hooks (*see* Hooks)
Muttonbird, 170
Myers, L. W., 130

N

Names of fish, in Hawaii, 162
 in Mexico, 131
Nantucket, 113
National Railway of Mexico, 126,
 131
Navesink River, 148
Navigation, 249
Negley, William, 11
New Jersey, 148
Newport, Cal., 139
Newport Beach, 132
New South Wales, 182
New York, 70-71, 117, 148
New Zealand, 4, 9, 35, 38, 44, 57,
 60, 64, 75-79, 100, 164-71
 bird life, 170
Niagara Rock, 118
Niño Current, 197
No Mans, 256
Nogales, 125-127
Norris, Richard, 72, 84, 95-96
Norton, E. Hope, 108
Nova Scotia, 10, 20, 89, 94, 103, 262

O

Oahu, 163
O'Brien, Frank, 214, 218
Oceanic V, 69
Old Man and the Sea, The, by
 Hemingway, 91
Oldendorf, Admiral, 190
Olin, John M., 71, 103
Oregon, 151
Organos, 92, 105
Osborn, Captain Douglas, 66, 99
O'Shea, Mrs., 174

Otehei Bay, 165-166, 169-70
Outriggers, 16-17, 66, 99-100, 116,
 168, 176
Oxford, England, 77

P

Pacific or Blue Ocean, 110, 121
Pacific Game Fishing, 8, 179
Pacifico Hotel, 122
Paita, 66, 102
Palawan Island, 190
Pam, Walter, 12
Pan American Airways, 72, 107,
 125, 130
Pan American Grace Airways, 5,
 65, 107, 112
Panama, 6, 73, 99, 110, 114, 116-122
Panama, Bay of, 118-120
Panama Canal, 73
Panama City, 117
Panama Hotel, 117
Pardo, Enrique, 66-72, 78
Passports, 127
Patron, Louis, 125
Patton, Gen. George S., 134
Pearl Harbor, 163
Pedro Miguel Lock, 121
Peeler, Joseph D., 62, 130, 133, 136
Perch, salt-water, 141
Perdiz shooting, 3, 54
Perlas Islands, 118
Persuaders, 231
Peru, 4-10, 15-17, 25, 27, 31, 35, 38-
 39, 44, 47, 49, 51, 56-107, 109-
 111, 127, 165
 Hydrographic Service, 196
Pescador Dos, 74
Petrel, 74
Pettit, Dr. Harold, 169
Philippines, 190
Piercey Island, 166
Pile worms, 140
Pillsbury, George, 9

INDEX

Pinas, 118
 Pisagua, 33
 Playa de Cortes Hotel, 126-127
 Playas, 108-109
 Plover, 53
 golden, 170
 Point Loma, 142-143
 Pompano, 191
 Porpoise, 118-119
 Port Maitland, 173
 Porto Montanida, 109
 Posner, Gerald S., 196
 Pratt Hotel, 48
 Price, Mrs. Alice, woman's world
 record established by, 62
Primer of Navigation, 249
 Pritchard, Stuart, 11
 Puerto Lopez, 113
 Puget Sound, 157
 Punta Arenas, 52
 Pye, Allan, 170
 Pye's Fishing Camps, 170

Q

Quail and dove shooting, 129, 148
 Quito, 73, 112

R

Rabbeth Drag, 134-135
 Radiotelephone, 8, 139
 Records and Famous Firsts, 43-46
 Reef fishing, 193
 Reels, 23, 221-229
 care of, 228
 Fin-Nor, 100
 left-handed, 227
 level winding, 184
 Penn, 23, 101
 Vom Hofe, 83, 221
 Zwarg, 23, 101
 Reeves, Graham, 11
 Rio de Janeiro, 63, 71
 Roberts, E., 65

Rockaway Beach, 150
 Rockefeller, Rod, 59
 Rockfish, 141
 Rods, 48, 214-221
 Bimini King, 215, 218
 care of, 217
 Hardy Brothers, 219
 O'Brien Museum, 216
 Royal Hickory, 218
 Shakespeare Co., 221
 South Bend Rod Co., 221
 Tycoon, 48, 214, 218
 record established by, 215
 Vom Hofe, 219
 Roman, Erl, 198
 Roosterfish, 58, 61, 63, 105, 108,
 112-115, 118
 trolling for, 114-115
 Ruiz, 110
 Russell, 165
 Russian River, 151
 Rutherford, Hugo, 18, 250

S

Sacramento River, 151, 154
 Sailfish, 58-59, 63, 68, 104, 112, 115,
 117-121, 123-125, 129
 contrast with Atlantic, 120-121
 first tournament for, off Panama
 (1952), 117
 St. Louis Obispo, 139-140
 St. Nicholas Hockey Club, 75
 St. Petersburg, 83
 Salada Beach, 150
 Salango, 68, 109, 111
 Salinas, 109, 112, 115
 Salinas River, 150
 Salmon, 152
 Chinook, 47, 153
 Derbies, 157, 262
 habits, 154-155
 king, 153
 spring, 153

INDEX

- Salmon grouper, 141
 San Clemente, 133
 San Diego, 130, 139, 142, 145, 148
 San Diego Marlin Club, 144
 San Francisco, 139, 148, 152
 San Francisco Bay, 150
 San Joaquin River, 151
 San José de Cabo, 128
 San José Island, 118
 San Luis Obispo, 139
 San Nicholas, 133
 San Pablo Bay, 151
 San Pedro, 69, 133-134
 San Pedro Island, 126
 San Rafael, striped bass carnivals, 152
 Sand crabs, 140
Sansky (ex-Mako II), 68
 Santa Catalina, 133
 Santa Elena Point, 109
 Santa Monica, 139
 Santiago, 3, 41, 52-53, 70
 Sardines, 139, 150
 boats, 143
 Scavenger fishing, 175
 Schmidt, John, 116, 124
 Schmidt, Louis, 116-117
 Schmidt, Milt, 57
 Schwabacker, John, 130
 Scorecard of charter parties at
 Iquique, 11-13
 Sculpin, 138
 Scup, 141
 Seasickness, 246
 Seattle, 141, 155
 Seeley, G. P. Ted, 65-66
 Selwyn, Bishop, 77
 Shark, 15, 33, 38, 97, 111
 blue, 46
 bonito, 144
 hammerhead, 47
 mako, 6, 18, 38-39, 47, 59, 62, 68, 165
 thresher, 6, 39, 47, 165
 Tiburón, 46
 toys, 46
 whale, 126
 Shaver, Roy F. B., 136
 Shea, Andrew B., 107
 Shearwaters, 170
 Shevlin, Tommy, 195
 Shooting, 170
 Shore, Eddie, 57
 Shrewsbury River, 148
 Shrimp, 155
 Siesta Hotel, 125
 Skiing, 3, 53
 Skipjacks (oceanic bonitos), 158
 Smelts, 155
 Snapper, 118
 Snare, Frederick, Corp., 65
 Snook, 88
 Soby hook (*see* Hooks)
 Societies
 Act of British Columbia, 155
 Society Islands, 193
 Sonoma County, 151
 South Africa, 183
 South America, 75, 109
 South China Sea, 190
 Southam, Bill, 182, 184, 185
 Southern Pacific R. R. of Mexico, 131
 Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Keith, 128
 Spanish Club, 4
 Spanish equivalents of English words, 48, 53-54
 "Spear boats," 143
Sport Fishing Boats, 237
 Squid, 20, 67, 103, 150
 Stahler, Mr. and Mrs. Tex, 117
 Stockholm, 71
 Stokes, Thomas G., 64-65
 Storz, Dr. Leon, 37, 44
 Striped bass (*see* Bass)
 Striped marlin (*see* Marlin)

INDEX

- Stuart, Red, 61, 69, 99
 Styer, Lt. Gen. D. W., 191
 Suckerfish, 126
 Suisun Bay, 148, 151
 Sun glasses, 248
 Sun protection from, 245
 Surf casting; surf fishing, 48, 57,
 61, 88, 113, 139-140, 142, 150
 Australia, 184
 rod, 142
 tackle, standard, 152
 Surigao Straits, 190
 Swaffield, Phil, 94
 Sweeting, John, 61
 Swimming beach, 4
 Swivel, Apex, 235
 Swordfish, 6, 8-10, 14-18, 19-21, 23,
 27, 29, 31, 36, 38, 43, 50-52, 57-
 58, 60-61, 65-66, 69, 74, 137,
 148
 baiting, etc., 16-20
 breaching, 20
 guides, 27
 habits, 14-15
 harpooning, 255
 sailing down, 67
 Sydney, 169, 176
- T
- Tackle, 36, 204-266
 Australian, 175
 boat fishing, 145-146
 box, 240
 early use, 133
 light versus heavy, 250
 regulations, 135
 surf fishing, 142-143
 trolling, 145
 Tahiti, 193
 Talara, 69-73, 84, 88, 96, 109
 Talavera, Louis, 90
 Tanganyika, 195
 Tape, dental, 235
 Tarpon, 121-122
 Tasman Sea, 173
 Taupo, 170
 Tauranga, 165
 Terms, glossary, 272-282
 Terms, salt-water, 106
 Terre Haute, 70-71
 Texas, 10, 71
 Thomas, George C., Jr., 130, 136
 Thomas, George C., III, 136
 Thompson, Dr. Ernest F., 198
 Thousand-Pound Club, 45
 Time element in boating fish, 211
 Tippet, J. C., 62, 72
 Tipping, 7
 Tivoli Hotel, 109
 Tocopilla, 5, 9-10, 42-44, 50-51, 66,
 105
Tortollila and *perdiz*, hunting of,
 54
 Tourist *El Pacifico*, 73
 Tourist's card, 127
 Tournaments, 261
 Townsend, Paul, 249
 Trabert, Tony, 57
 Tres Marias Islands, 124
 Trippe, J. T., 107
 Trolling, 16, 78, 111, 115-116, 141,
 152
 Trout, 3, 53, 55, 164
 brown, 3, 164
 California, 148
 rainbow, 3, 164
 Tucuman Airport, 6
 Toker, W. E. S., 5, 9, 21, 23-26, 28,
 38, 41-43, 45-46
 record established by, 1934, 46
 system of baiting, 20-21
 Tuma, Bert, 61
 Tumbes, 110
 Tumi, Rufino ("Old Man"), 97
 Tuna, 88, 94, 128-129, 133, 135-136
 Allison, 57, 121, 129, 158-60

INDEX

Tuna (*cont.*)
 presence of, 160
 canneries, 4
 blackfin, 58
 bluefin, 9, 40
 Cat Cay Tournament, 202
 speculation as to relationship
 to others, 159
 tackle for, 160
 clippers, 143
 International Tuna Cup Match,
 British Team (1952), 169
 "long yellowfin," 159
 records, 57
 school, 115
 United States Team, 201
 Yellowfin or big-eye, 6, 39-40,
 57, 59, 62, 88, 103, 118
 "Tuna Hospital," 134
 Tycoon rods (*see* Rods)
 Tycoon Tackle Co., 214
 Tyee, "light tackle," 156
 trolling for, 155
 Tyee Club, 154-157
 prestige of, 157
 tackle regulations, 156
 three-button members of, 156

U

Union Club, 4
 United Airlines, 134
 United Fruit Co., 116
 Uruguay, 47
 Utz, F. W., 45

V

Valparaiso, 9
 Vancouver Island, 64, 155, 156
 Vaughn, Tony, 53
 Ventura River, 154
 Verdugo, Louis, 13
 Vermont, 42
 Viña del Mar, 9
 Vipond, Harold, 168

Visas, 55, 107
 Von Nida (golfer), 181

W

Wahoo, 56, 107, 110, 111, 114, 158
 Wainae, 159, 163
 Walford, Lionel A., 130
 Wall, Eddie, 43
 Wallace, Cecil, 11
 Walter Cay, 77
 Warne, George, 168
 Washington, D. C., 157
 Wedgeport, N. S., International
 Matches at, 73, 88-89, 93
 Weisner, Frederico, 11-13
 West, Percy, 134
 West Coast, 142, 151
 Westerby, Johannes, 232
 Western Pacific, 187-194
 Westport, 157
 Wheatland, Sarah B., 196
 White Friar Islands, 124
 White-Wickham, 44
 Whiting, 14
 Wiborn, Dr. J. A., 155
 Willapa, 157
 Wilmington, Del., 71
 Windsor, Norman F., 44
 Winner, Howard, 166
 Wolverton, A. N., 155, 157
 Wood, F. C., 11
 Wood, Helen, 11
 Wood pigeon shooting, 53
 Woodward, H. A., 62

Y

Yale Fishing Club, 198
 Yale University, 122
 Bingham Oceanographic Labo-
 ratory, 195
 courses in oceanography and
 meteorology, 198
 Davenport College, 198

INDEX

- Yale University (*cont.*)
 Expedition (1952), 63, 109-110
 expedition to Ecuador and Peru
 (1953), 195, 201, 202
 fishermen graduates, 192
 New Zealand Expedition (1948),
 201
Peabody Museum, expedition
 for, 169, 195
Peabody Museum, Hall of
 Fishes, 198
Yellowfin croaker, 140
Yellowtail, 40, 129-130, 139, 146
Yoder, Forrest, 108
- Z
- Zwarg, Otto, 83, 221



